

WE COVER THE WORLD

WE COVER * * *
* * * THE WORLD

By
SIXTEEN FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

Edited with an Introduction by
EUGENE LYONS



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I

WE COVER THE WORLD

AN INTRODUCTION

By EUGENE LYONS

WE COVER THE WORLD

AMERICAN newspaper-men abroad are a gregarious lot. At some *Stammtisch* in a Vienna *café*, at a Berlin or Paris bar, at the *valuta* counter in a Moscow hotel, at the club in Shanghai or Tokyo, they forgather day after day for shop talk that has the whole world and its affairs as its shop.

Besides the resident correspondents there are usually a few transient reporters on special assignments or pausing for a little 'dope' *en route* to some exciting sector of the world stage. They are a close-knit community. Though their particular posts may be five thousand miles apart, they have at some time sat together at a Press conference, or 'covered' a war, famine, royal wedding, or international conclave together. For the most part they know one another and have friends in common scattered over the whole map.

Much of the talk is, therefore, parochial—talk of colleagues hired, fired, transferred, getting 'scoops'—but the parish embraces the whole globe. Front-page names and epochal events are tossed into the conversation casually. Impending revolutions, wars in the making, coronations and catastrophes, economic trends and scandal in high places, are seasoned with pungent personal anecdotes, the foibles of the great, penetrating judgments on the 'show' of world affairs and its actors. There are off-hand references to routine adventure in the line of duty, each of which might make a thrilling book in itself—and sometimes does. The talk is pervaded by a sense of intimate and continuous contact with living, pulsating history.

The prevailing tone at these impromptu gatherings is faintly cynical and a bit bored. That's the convention of the trade. But under the professional pose these men and women are earnest enough and deeply aware of their unique function and privileged vantage-point. The talk is not nearly as casual as it might sound to the uninitiated. The bits of information, the hints of political trends, the neat characterizations of some dictator or

Premier, are garnered and sorted and fitted into the pattern of current 'stories.' The absorption of information, with the correspondent, becomes almost automatic—a species of mental osmosis.

It was while taking part in such gatherings during my own years as a foreign reporter that the project for this book took shape in my mind. Again and again, at the Adlon Bar in Berlin, the National Hotel in Moscow, or the Café Louvre in Vienna, I found myself thinking:

These men and women are the eyes of America in the outside world! Some of them have been reporting foreign news for American readers for a quarter of a century or more. Others began their careers as correspondents in a world already conditioned by the World War and its chaotic aftermath. Many of them are celebrated: their 'by' lines add vastly to the significance of their dispatches. Some belong among the 'slaves' of the foreign Press corps—the Press agency men, mainly anonymous and harried by the perpetual race against time.

But, whoever they may be, famous or totally unknown, theirs are the minds through which the great and small events and personalities and movements of our generation have been filtered before reaching the American public. In accordance with the American tradition of impersonal reporting, they have tried to be utterly objective. Yet a little of the texture of their minds, a little of the colour of their moods, has adhered to the events and personalities they have 'covered' in these crowded years. Millions of their countrymen hold views on world affairs, on economic and political experiments abroad, shaped gradually but inexorably by the reports of these correspondents.

"If the quintessence of this talk, half serious, half banter, but all of it in deadly earnest underneath," I thought, "could be recorded, what a magnificent book it would make!"

And the volume now in your hands is at least an approximation of that book. . . . Between its covers a group of outstanding American correspondents have been brought together and encouraged to talk. Their individual experiences, when summed up, total an account of history in the making during a quarter of a century. Taken together, they have covered literally the whole world. There is hardly a single occurrence or per-

sonality of more than local importance in these years that is not compassed by the cumulative experience of the men and women represented in this volume.

Obviously a whole encyclopædia would scarcely suffice to record the whole of that experience. The most that we could hope was to set down a fraction of it, dredged almost at random from the rich mines of these correspondents' memories. Yet, because each reporter has dug into those deposits in his own brain and heart which seemed to him most significant, their combined contributions have the authentic flavour and accent of our times.

What is more, these correspondents have succeeded in showing us their own relation to the places, people, and events which they describe: how they covered them, and how they reacted to them. In practically every contribution we have not only the events reported, but the reporter himself. In their dispatches the public is offered merely the final product of their labours, the facts and opinions that make news; here the public is vouchsafed also a glimpse of the fascinating process of gathering those facts and opinions.

Over and above the facts and figures and characters of an epoch is its atmosphere, its special emotional pattern. These correspondents, precisely because their methods and their matter are not standardized, have succeeded in conveying that atmosphere as no other book with which I am familiar has done. It is revealing that so many of the contributors have touched upon their running battle with censorships and other official pressure; their awareness of dictatorial tendencies in Government; their deepening sense of a solemn obligation to the readers of their dispatches. One cannot peruse the mosaic of people, places, and happenings in the following pages without sensing the turbulence at the heart of our epoch. The various flesh-and-blood laboratory experiments of new economic and political systems, nationalist and racial phobias, the titanic tussle between dictatorship and democracy, between capitalist individualism and State collectivism, between private happiness and public purposes—these and a hundred other strands in the tapestry of current history run through their stories.

It was a temptation to limit each of the correspondents to one

or two of the most exciting episodes in his or her career. The volume would then unquestionably have merited a place on a shelf of thrilling adventure books. The sheer adventure of the correspondent's life is perhaps slightly exaggerated in the popular imagination, but it certainly is a large element in the total. A distillation of the narrow escapes, the daredevil excursions, the sensational scoops, of any group of reporters abroad would provide a super-thriller.

Even at the risk of detracting from the glamorous do-and-dare concept of the correspondent, however, we must recall that risking his neck is only one of his prerogatives. He risks his immortal soul and conscience as well, and the melodrama of his life is not all on the physical plane. His real adventure is infinitely larger and deeper. It is the adventure of watching critical events unroll under his eyes, of penetrating to the motives of individuals and nations, of being himself subjected to the influences of history in flux.

For six years I was stationed in Moscow for the United Press—years that included the launching and completion of the first Five-year Plan, immense social changes measurable in the lives of millions of men, women, and children. There was nothing melodramatic in my personal existence during this period, mostly years of gruelling routine filled with the minor defeats and triumphs of competitive journalism. Yet I carried away a memory of multitudinous excitements, of profound adventure. That memory, of course, takes its colour from the things that happened to Russia rather than to myself.

The same thing holds true for every other correspondent, I feel certain. The conventional assumption that the reporter is a sort of animated camera, recording events to which he is exposed, but himself remaining essentially unaffected by those events, is a useful piece of make-believe. His 'neutrality' is a professional discipline, but at best merely relative. Inevitably his own philosophy of living is moulded by the history which he reports.

William Henry Chamberlin observing at close range the first proletarian revolution; Hallett Abend and Randall Gould caught up in the drama of an Orient reawakening in a world owned by Occidentals; Karl von Wiegand and Junius Wood

and Jim Mills and "Spike" Hunt and Linton Wells in intimate contact year after year with dozens of lands and their struggles for happiness or survival; George Seldes defying the dictators; Jack Starr-Hunt fascinated by the panorama of life as it flows through Mexico—these and the rest of them are adventurers in a profounder sense, beyond the hazard to their lives and limbs. Their larger hopes or disillusionments feed upon the events which they cover.

And these aspects of the foreign correspondent's job, we felt, would have been suppressed had we limited the joint effort to a recital of isolated episodes only.

Instead we have given the contributors *carte blanche* to write what seemed to them significant in their own careers, using some exciting slices of it by way of illustration. In some cases—as in the chapters by Seldes and Mills and Mary Knight, for instance—a few highlights of incident characterize effectively their crowded, dynamic careers of action. Other chapters—those of Frazier Hunt and Wells and Ekins, for example—give some single episode in a correspondent's crowded experience. Still others—Hallett Abend, Chamberlin, Hedges—summarize protracted observation of a sector of the world stage over a period of years.

In thus giving each correspondent the freedom of his chapter, with a minimum of editorial suggestions, we have come nearer perhaps to conveying the impromptu character of those gatherings of correspondents in which the idea of this book was born. Not only the stirring events of these years are reflected in this informal exchange of memories and impressions, but also the nature of the people who did the reporting for a hundred million Americans. There is reflected, moreover, what is endlessly absorbing to the layman and the professional newspaperman alike—a lot of the technique, the romance, the inspiration, and heartache of the foreign reporter's work. If these correspondents agree on nothing else they agree in their conviction that theirs is the most fascinating job in a fascinating world.

The impromptu character of the book is also shown, I think, in its accent on Eastern lands—China, Asia Minor, Russia. This emphasis was not intentional on the editor's part. Contributors

whose journalistic activities took them to all five continents, having sat down to record some aspect of their career, tended to select the more out-of-the-ordinary setting, the exotic, the lands invested with the special glamour of distance and difference.

The spread of censorships over an ever larger portion of the globe has made the correspondent's task vastly more difficult and hazardous. The hazards to which I allude are not physical; the worst that can happen is expulsion from the censored area. I refer to the pervasive temptations now faced by our foreign reporters to relax standards of fearless and unbiased reporting. News-gathering to-day is becoming a continuous test of the correspondent's moral fibre and intellectual integrity.

Under conditions of keen journalistic competition, with some of the world's most important news sources guarded by rigid censorships, the pressure to 'play the game' with those in power is enormous. Reporters with a passion for facts and a *penchant* for digging for them in out-of-the-way places are not popular in the straitjacketed nations. The 'manageable' correspondent, easy-going and leaning heavily on Government 'hand-outs,' is naturally welcomed with drums and cymbals. If, in addition, he is a little vague on current history and inclined to respect official pronouncements because they are official, he has the makings of a Foreign Office favourite. Even in places where democratic forms still survive the tendency to control news sources and 'discipline' the foreign correspondent is growing.

Covering German atrocities or Russian famines or Japanese incursions upon Chinese independence in the face of bland official denials is a challenge to the essential honesty and professional integrity of the foreign reporter. What to an outsider may look like a simple process of gathering and transmitting authentic information is in reality a continuous problem in diplomatic jugglery; the correspondent must protect news sources by not antagonizing one's hosts too grievously, and at the same time protect his readers by giving them the facts. All the temptations are in the direction of comfortable conformity, and the correspondent who never gets 'in bad' with dictators, whether black, brown, or red, has probably taken the easier path.

The fact that so many of the outstanding American correspondents can boast expulsions from foreign countries is therefore a measure of the lusty battle American journalism is putting up for independent reporting. In nearly every capital of the world the American Press corps is the largest national group, and the one that usually gives the local authorities most trouble by its insistence on getting the news and getting it straight. There are individual journalists in the foreign Press service of all nations enjoying world-wide reputations and influence. But the foreign Press corps of no other country, taken as a unit, is of such high quality or enjoys such real prestige as our own.

Before the World War international diplomacy was secret. To-day nearly everything, from vital statistics to mass executions, is secret in some sector of the world. The honesty of the correspondent and the intelligent backing of his editors are therefore more important than ever before.

In the ancient, pre-War days foreign news was of interest largely to the highbrow and the specialist. For the ordinary newspaper customer it was something far-off, eclectic, divorced from his everyday affairs. Only on those rare occasions when great disasters wiped out thousands of lives, or royal marriages were celebrated flamboyantly, did foreign news dispatches crash the front pages. For the rest, they were used to fill the interstices between advertising lay-outs on the inside pages.

The Great War changed all that. Its half-wit offspring, the Great Depression, deepened the change. Events abroad now have serious domestic implications for America. Social experimentation is in progress in many countries which cannot but have repercussions in our own land—already some of the ideas are being preached here with fanatic zeal. It is essential that we retain a clear, unobstructed view of those experiments. The problems of the outside world—armaments, war debts, tariff walls, dictatorships, minority races—are also our problems. The affairs of Europe, Asia, Africa, the Latin Americas, are in the forefront of the news parade, waving 'banner-heads.'

The calibre of our foreign correspondents is the chief guarantee of objectivity, independence, and completeness in this foreign news. This book in its totality stands as a monument

to a difficult job well done and as a challenge to the American Press to maintain foreign reporting on a high plane.

Dozens of other correspondents by right belong to this gathering. Space limitations have kept them out, or the fact that they were too deeply involved in covering the Spanish Civil War or some other major news event to spare the time for a contribution. The effort has been to obtain a group which, taken together, has been in touch with the whole world on its more significant news fronts. The choice of a particular man as representative of some portion of the map or some major complex of events was in many cases purely arbitrary.

With the authors scattered over the face of the earth, many of them at the very centre of exciting and tragic events, the task of gathering these articles has been something of an editorial feat, akin to the journalistic feats described on some of these pages. Contributions started in Ethiopia were given their finishing touches in Shanghai or Hollywood, or under fire in Spain. An editorial conference begun at long range with Paris was continued at Chicago and concluded in Moscow, following the trail of the correspondent in question. An episode in Vladivostok was ironed out amidst the Dionne quintuplets in Canada. The address of most of these correspondents is "The World, in Either or Both Hemispheres." I am particularly pleased to express my appreciation of the fine co-operation I have received in such trying circumstances from my colleagues in the following pages, and from others who could not join the gathering.

II

SCOOP-HUNTING ROUND THE
WORLD

By JAMES A. MILLS

UNIQUELY among veteran newspaper-men, James A. Mills entered the profession by a side-door, as it were, when he became secretary to the general superintendent of the Associated Press in 1909. He was born in New York in 1883, and educated in that city. During the World War he served with the Red Cross as a volunteer, with the rank of Major, in Rumania, Russia, Serbia, Montenegro, Greece, Italy, and France. In 1917-18 he was at the front in France for the Associated Press, and thereafter was appointed its correspondent in the Balkan countries. Twice he headed the Moscow Bureau, from 1924 to 1927 and again in 1929-30, with two years as chief of the Vienna Bureau in between. In October and November 1930 he reported the spectacular coronation of the Emperor Haile Selassie in Addis Ababa—and went back there five years later to report the war that drove the Emperor from Ethiopia. As head of the Associated Press service in India in the crowded years 1931-32, he travelled widely through all parts of that country and Ceylon; he accompanied Gandhi to London for the Indian Round-Table Conference, and returned to India with him. The years 1932-34 Mills spent in China and Manchuria, reporting the coronation of Henry Pu-Yi, the Japanese military campaigns in Jehol Province, Manchuria, and Mongolia, and other Far Eastern head-line events. Returning to Vienna in July 1934, he covered important Central European developments following the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss. In the early months of 1935 Mills toured all the Balkan and Near Eastern lands, reported the revolution in Greece and Crete, the flight of Venizelos, and the return of former King George of Greece, interrupting that tour to rush to Ethiopia, where he obtained the celebrated Associated Press scoop on the Rickett oil concession. After a protracted journey through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and India he was appointed to China in 1936. An enthusiastic and expert photographer, Mills has made pictures an essential part of his work, providing the Associated Press with thousands of news pictures as he went along. No one has ever seen Mills on a story or a trip without a camera ready to click.

II

SCOOP-HUNTING ROUND THE
WORLD

TWENTY years of assignments in the foreign service of the Associated Press, as correspondent-at-large for one of the world's greatest news agencies, took me into fifty-four countries on five continents, and involved 340,000 miles of travel. Here, in the heart of China, where this is being written, I look back on the panorama of those years of scoop-hunting. I should like to select a few highlights that might, taken together, give a reader the feel of my profession—that combination of hard work and high romance, big moments and dull stretches of plodding, sheer luck and careful planning, which add up to a foreign news-gatherer's career.

But it is not easy. The greatest events are swallowed up for a reporter by the event of the moment. He lives in the here and now, as measured not in months and weeks, not even in days, but in minutes. An agency correspondent especially works with an eye on the clock, whether he is in the midst of wars, earthquakes, revolutions, famines, divorce scandals, international conferences, royal coronations, or everyday fires. Somewhere an edition of a paper is being 'put to bed' every minute of the day, and it is that extra minute which will decide whether a dispatch will catch an edition or not.

Yet a few of the stories I sweated over, or stumbled upon without sweat, do emerge from the blur as I look back. Without notes or diaries to help me, writing wholly from memory, I am aware that errors may creep in, that I may misquote some one; I ask the indulgence of those affected. The habit of a lifetime of impersonal reporting is upon me, so that I re-evoke those stories in their bare outlines, without adornment or padding, and with the narrator as far in the background as possible. Through the reporter's habit, too, I reverse chronology and speak of more recent events first.

Many of my more striking experiences have been in relation to the rulers of the world, kings and queens and emperors. If I

out midnight. The capital, nestled on the pinnacle of a mountain, two miles above sea-level, was in total darkness. Almost everybody, including nearly all the newspaper correspondents, had gone to bed. No sound broke the solemnity and silence of the still African night except the weird, unearthly cries of prowling hyenas and jackals in search of food.

The only sign of human life was in the Emperor's palace. There, in the dim light of flickering lamps, a few furtive figures moved mysteriously to and fro. Phillips and myself, the only ones 'in the know' on the great secret midnight drama, were aware that the strange, silhouetted figures were the Emperor of Ethiopia, Rickett, and Everett Andrews Colson, the Emperor's political and financial adviser. A fourth figure, dark and diminutive, was George Herouy, son of the Ethiopian Foreign Minister, a graduate of Oxford, who acted as interpreter between the Emperor, Rickett, and Colson. They were making history, deep, dark, and dangerous. Not a single member of the Emperor's own Cabinet, not a single foreign legation or consulate, knew of the proceedings.

At the Emperor's feet were two small white dogs, the pets of the King of Kings. It was long past their bedtime, but they refused to leave the side of their master until he himself had retired for the night.

The Emperor yawned. He looked tired, haggard, worried. He had been up every night for two weeks until long after midnight, negotiating with Rickett while his ten million subjects were deep in sleep. Because of the necessity of preserving the utmost secrecy about the master *coup* that was about to startle the world the Emperor and those negotiating with him worked only after everybody else had retired.

Rickett handed the Emperor a sheaf of typewritten sheets.

"There is the revised contract, your Majesty," he said quietly. "It is ready for your Majesty's seal and signature. The text is in English and in Amharic, but in the event of any future dispute the English text will prevail."

The King of Kings read the Amharic text of the document which gave more than half his Empire to the American oil company for exploitation. He made notes here and there.

"I don't think," his Majesty observed, "that all the clauses are quite clear. I suggest that those I have edited be re-written."

Rickett and Colson nodded assent, and the contract, as revised by the Emperor, was handed to a confidential Imperial secretary for retyping. In the meantime coffee, cigarettes, and cognac were served at the Emperor's order. The three negotiators chatted. Outside in the city everything was dead. Even the palace guards had dropped off to sleep. "What an explosion there would be," thought I, "if the outside world knew of this mysterious midnight drama in this far-off highland of forest and jungle!"

Presently the revised charter of the concession was brought in.

The Emperor looked it over, approved it, and placed his seal as the "Conquering Lion of Judah" on it. It represented the seventh successive revision of the original text in two solid weeks of negotiations.

Excusing himself on the ground that it was long past bed-time, the Emperor directed that his Minister of Mines should sign and seal the contract on his behalf at some place outside the palace. Rickett, Colson, and the interpreter then went quietly, by a secret back door of the palace, to Colson's home, a tiny, obscure, tin-roofed bungalow, a few blocks from the Imperial palace. Here, over a cup of American coffee, one of the most amazing concessions in all history was consummated. By one gesture the Emperor had signed away the richest part of his domains. Once this part of his country was in the hands of powerful American interests like the Standard Oil Mussolini would never attempt to challenge the American claims—nor, indeed, even try to invade that part of Ethiopia. Such was Haile Selassie's belief, naïve though it may have been.

A few minutes after this second midnight drama was enacted Rickett, by prearrangement, came to the hotel where Sir Percival Phillips and I were living. We all spoke in whispers. We must have looked like conspirators. Rickett was smiling and jubilant.

"Here is the contract—signed, sealed, and delivered!" he said triumphantly, as he threw the sensational agreement on our table. "It will make history. It may even make war. It may,

indeed, make peace. In any case, it will be a triumph for American and British capital and industry."

Phillips and I studied the text hurriedly. It startled us by its sweeping, almost staggering, terms. The document gave the Standard Oil Company exclusive rights for the exploitation of all the mineral and oil wealth in an area three times the size of the New England states for the period of seventy-five years. It assured the Emperor an annual income far greater than the whole yearly national income of Ethiopia. It granted the Americans the right to build railways, pipe-lines, bridges, refineries, new highways, ports, whole cities, and a hundred other great enterprises. It involved an investment of several hundred million dollars.

"The thing is so gigantic," gasped the veteran Phillips, who had been handling big world-stories for forty years, "that I am afraid to send it to my paper. They won't believe it. The whole thing seems too fantastic, incredible!"

"But it is signed and sealed by the Emperor's Minister of Mines and by Rickett," I said. "There can be no question about its authenticity."

"You can accept it as Scriptural truth," Rickett assured us, arguing that he would not dare to mislead us.

Rickett then explained that, as he was worn out from the prolonged all-day and all-night negotiations of the last fortnight, he was going to bed, and that he would leave the main points of the concession with us all night, so that we could work on it and prepare our dispatches. He also asked us to frame a brief *communiqué*, based on the concession, which the Government could hand to the other correspondents when the time came.

"I am leaving by aeroplane for Cairo the first thing in the morning," he added. "Be sure to have everything ready before I go."

We drafted a hundred-word 'official' *communiqué* as Rickett had requested, for the use of the other correspondents two days later. We then spent the rest of the night preparing our dispatches and devising plans for keeping the story a secret from our competitors.

When day broke we each sent about one thousand six hundred words to our respective organizations, giving the essential

details. We followed this later with an additional two thousand words giving the actual text of the concession, which I secured from Colson, the Emperor's American adviser, after Rickett had departed.

By nine o'clock in the morning we had cleared the whole story to our home offices. We spent the rest of the day in nervous uncertainty, fearing that such a tremendous story must inevitably leak out of the telegraph office to our competitors, thus destroying the exclusiveness of our dispatches.

Word did leak out, which sent our colleagues scattering to all corners of Addis Ababa in search of corroboration and details. A flock of fifty or more reporters assailed the Emperor, the Minister of Mines, the Foreign Minister, Mr Colson, the American Legation, the British Legation, the 'Pope' of Abyssinia. All these sources, however, remained silent. Some, like the American Legation and the British Legation, professed absolute ignorance of the concession, which was literally true —neither the American nor the British Minister even knew that Rickett had been in town. Other legations said the story must be a pure invention.

When the story reached the United States it fell like a bombshell. The sceptical and conservative Associated Press questioned it, although I had served the organization for more than twenty-five years. Their doubts apparently were based upon the fact that the Standard Oil Company repudiated the story altogether, declaring that the company had absolutely no connexion with such an enterprise. The State Department, in turn, gave no credence to the story, avowing that it had no knowledge of any such negotiations, and adding that the affair seemed too preposterous to believe.

At five minutes before seven in the evening, on the day I dispatched the story, just as the Government telegraph station was closing down for the night, I received an urgent cablegram from my New York office, which threw me into a panic. It expressed grave doubt about the authenticity of the story, and demanded complete proof for every statement in my dispatch as well as the specific source of my information. This message was sent to me after the State Department and Standard Oil had thrown down my story, and after one of the biggest New York

papers refused to print my dispatch, saying it was impossible to believe.

For a moment I thought I had been 'let down'—victimized—by Rickett, Colson, and even the Emperor. "Is it all a great hoax?" I asked myself. Phillips looked bewildered too.

But we stood our ground. There was no time to seek out the Emperor or any of the other actors in the strange drama for confirmation of the story. Besides, Rickett, our chief source of information, had departed. Hatless, coatless, and breathless, I raced to the telegraph office, with New York's alarming cable in my pocket, so as to catch the operators before the station closed down for the night. In the next two minutes I wrote out an urgent reply to New York's sceptical cable, explaining that all the details in my dispatch had come 'straight from the horse's mouth'—from Rickett himself; that the actual text of the concession was given to me personally by Colson; and that I had personally seen the original of the contract, bearing all the signatures and seals of the participants.

That seemed to satisfy New York. I heard nothing more until the next day, when I received a series of commendatory messages saying I had scooped the world on the story.

Two days after the concession was signed, and more than thirty-six hours after the Associated Press and the *Daily Telegraph* had published all the details and the full text of the concession, the hundred-word 'official' *communiqué* which Phillips and I had prepared two days previously, at Rickett's request, for the use of other correspondents was given out by the Government Press Bureau in Addis Ababa. Even that brief *communiqué*, innocuous as it now seemed, created a sensation among the Press corps in Ethiopia, for it was still not generally known that Phillips and I had covered the whole story completely almost two days before.

On the strength of this world-wide 'beat' Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press, nominated me for one of the Pulitzer Prizes. Sir Percival Phillips received lavish congratulations from his paper for his part in the drama. We had fallen into one of the biggest stories of the year.

The concession is still alive, but Italy's military occupation

of Ethiopia presumably has turned it into another "scrap of paper."

Addis Ababa was familiar ground to me. I had been there five years earlier under quite different circumstances. It was not a capital convulsed with fears then, but festive and high-spirited for the coronation of its ruler. No one dreamed that so soon after the excitement of the coronation the country would be gobbled up by a European power.

I arrived in Ethiopia, along with other white newspaper-men, diplomats, guests, to witness the glory of the only independent African state in a moment of celebration. It was in the heyday of Haile Selassie's power, domestic popularity, and foreign prestige. He was determined to use the occasion of his coronation to 'ballyhoo' his power and his independence to the world. It was one of the most extraordinary spectacles I have seen and reported in all my years of working for the newspapers.

First of all, to impress the foreign delegations that he had a real country the "King of Kings of Ethiopia, the Conquering Lion of Judah, and the Elect of God," as the Emperor modestly styled himself, spent a clean million dollars in building new roads and making other improvements in Addis Ababa, which was one of the strangest, most primitive capitals in the world. He even built miles of tall barriers made of bamboo and eucalyptus-trees to screen from critical Western eyes the long lines of wretched, vermin-infested mud-and-bamboo huts in which the natives lived like so many rats.

Then, to impart a real royal flavour to the coronation, Haile turned to his fellow-Emperor, former Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, and asked his white cousin if he wouldn't lend him his golden imperial coach, so that he and his eighteen-stone Empress, who was too fat to walk, could ride in state through the principal streets of the capital of Abyssinia while the admiring populace applauded.

Wilhelm, being then a little short of money, said in effect: "You can have my golden coach for good if you'll pay me five thousand dollars, coin of the realm." The King of Kings, whose fortune then filled several National City Banks, took the carriage and asked no questions.

But, then, what to do about horses to pull the golden chariot?

Haile asked Wilhelm. Wilhelm replied he was not selling horseflesh, but referred the African potentate to the Hungarian Government, which, he said, possessed some fine Arabian steeds. The descendant of Solomon and Sheba imported a dozen of these prancing pedigrees from Budapest. In due time they were hitched to the glittering German chariot—whereupon they promptly ran away, with the coach, Emperor, Empress, and all hitched behind!

The Hungarian groom who had come with the horses had an excuse ready. Such high-spirited and shy animals, he explained, were not accustomed to "black faces," and naturally they took fright and ran away. The two African royalties, being very sensitive about their complexions, took this as an insult to the coloured race, and thereafter declined to ride behind the blooded, aristocratic Hungarian horses until they had become accustomed to dark skins.

But again—and this time during the coronation—the fickle animals ran away, and Haile and Ouizero Menen, his regal partner, got a greater thrill out of it than they did from their coronation. Thereafter the fractious animals were led by equerries and never driven by the rein. The ex-Kaiser's golden coach is still in Addis Ababa. It is regarded as one of the Crown Jewels. When Mussolini comes there the conquering Italian dictator may elect to ride in it in triumph down the main street, where Haile Selassie, only a few years back, was acclaimed as the "Conquering Lion of Judah."

But to get back to the coronation. The last week in October 1930 was selected for the great ceremony. The Governments of the world, anxious to have the favour and goodwill of the last independent empire in Africa, tried to outdo one another in the distinction of their delegates to the big show. The King of England sent as the British Empire's chief delegate the tall Duke of Gloucester; the King of Italy sent his nephew, the Duke of the Abruzzi; the French Government sent Marshal Franchet d'Esperey; Japan, Germany, Belgium, and the other countries designated their most distinguished ambassadors.

But President Hoover appointed a New York broker, one H. Murray Jacoby, to represent the United States. Presumably

to assist the inexperienced Jacoby and his American delegation in the matter of social behaviour in front of a King of Kings and an Elect of God, President Hoover also appointed George Lee Cooke, Chief Ceremonial Officer of the Department of State, as a delegate. On the boat *en route* to Ethiopia the American Government's "Hoyle on Diplomatic Etiquette," Mr Cooke, was robbed of all his money. Mr Jacoby, who had already given Hoover a fat cheque for his Presidential campaign, to help the good Republican cause, now made good Cooke's stolen cash, and the latter at least had his railway fare from Djibouti to Addis Ababa.

It was primarily in the lavishness and costliness of their respective coronation gifts to the Emperor that the Powers tried to outdo one another. The King of England, for example, sent Haile Selassie an enormous golden sceptre of power, a yard long and studded with jewels. It must have cost a fortune. Mussolini, hearing that the Emperor was an enthusiast about aviation, presented him with a modern Italian flying machine. France, not to be outdone by Italy, also presented the African sovereign with an aeroplane. The French plane crashed on the way from Paris to Addis Ababa, and its two French aviators were killed, but France later followed up with a second machine. The King of Egypt, forgetting it was a coronation and not a wedding, sent the Emperor and Empress a period bedroom suite. President von Hindenburg, of the German Republic, sent the most practical gift of all. Hearing privately that Haile Selassie was fond of a good glass of wine, the great Field-Marshal sent the Emperor 650 bottles of the finest vintage Rhine wine. It was whispered later—with what truth I cannot vouch—that for weeks after the coronation the King of Kings did not see a sober day!

However, it remained for our own President of the United States to give the Emperor the oddest of the coronation presents. Mr Hoover sent the proud descendant of King David and King Solomon—shall I say it?—an autographed photograph of Mr Hoover! This caused amusement and amazement in diplomatic circles. When the American delegation was criticized for this strange coronation gift they explained that American tradition and custom forbade the giving of costly presents to foreign potentates.

That autographed picture of Herbert Hoover still hangs on the walls of Haile Selassie's palace in Addis Ababa, unless Mussolini has ordered it to be removed. All the other gifts—except von Hindenburg's Rhine wine and King Fuad's bedroom suite—were taken out of Ethiopia by the Emperor when he fled before the invading Italian armies. If he pawns them, as has been reported, he will probably receive enough money on which to live for several years yet.

A day or two before the coronation of the King of Kings and the Queen of Kings Haile Selassie gave a gargantuan raw-meat feast to twenty-five thousand of his warriors. They squatted in an open field like swarms of locusts come to devour all before them. The Emperor, as Chief of the Clan, sat at their head.

Two hundred live cows were led into the enclosure by groups of slaughterers armed with daggers. One by one the throats of the animals were slit in the old Mosaic way, the frenzied groans of the dying cows mingling in weird fashion with the shouts of the famished warriors, who clamoured for their share of the raw meat. Before the unfortunate animals were quite dead barbaric-looking butchers sliced great steaks from the flanks of the still shrieking animals and flung them to the Emperor's mob of braves, who fought for them like maddened wolves. For ten hours these hardy denizens of the African highlands gorged themselves with great, gory steaks, still palpitant with life and dripping blood. They washed down the bloody mess with great draughts of potent native wine called *tej*, made of wild honey. They continued to eat and to drink until they became absolute derelicts.

With an American friend who came to film the coronation I managed by secret means to get to this barbaric spectacle. We had succeeded in getting only a few photographic 'shots' of the amazing scene when the Emperor's Chief of Police spotted us, placed us under arrest, and later threw us out. He explained that his Majesty, fearing that such banquets might be misunderstood abroad, had forbidden any alien visitors to witness them.

The eating of raw meat in Ethiopia is a regular practice among the natives. They cannot understand our cooking meat, declaring that the cooking of meat not only destroys its flavour, but makes it tough. As a result of this constant eating of un-

cooked meat all Ethiopians suffer chronically from tapeworm, which is the national disease. To combat this they take at intervals of two or three months a powerful herb called *kosso*, which kills the parasites.

I called to see the Emperor one afternoon at the Imperial Palace in Addis Ababa, but was informed he could not receive me because he was taking the 'cure for worms,' and would be indisposed for two or three days. He had just gone through a series of ritualistic raw-meat banquets to his armies, extending over several weeks, and was ordered by his doctor to take the *kosso* expurgating treatment.

The Ethiopians proudly claim that their dynasty is the oldest in the world—running back, they assert, 4478 years before the birth of Christ, omitting the period between the Deluge and the fall of the Tower of Babel. Haile Selassie prepared a setting for his crowning that was pagan in its grandeur and Hollywood in its glamour. He ordered the great Cathedral of St George, named after Ethiopia's patron saint, to be entirely reconstructed for the occasion.

His Ethiopian Majesty summoned to the capital all his great feudal lords, princes, and tribal chiefs from far and near. With their robes of lions' skins, their headdresses of lions' manes, and their medieval spears and shields, they imparted a truly barbaric aspect to the spectacle. The scene resembled a glorified rodeo or a modified Buffalo Bill show.

Lacking sufficient crowns for the occasion, Haile Selassie lavished hundreds of thousands of dollars on the making of new crowns for himself, his Empress, and his twelve 'Assistant Kings.' For it must be remembered that Haile's full title is King of Kings, and that of his olive-skinned wife is Queen of Kings—almost a full house! Haile's own crown, heavy with gold and aflame with precious stones, was as big as a water-pail. Its diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and other jewels would have made the fabled King Minos of Crete happy. The Queen's golden casque, which resembled an inverted flowerpot, and her bejewelled neck, ears, hands, and feet, evoked memories of the exotic days of her great forbears, Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba.

To give the coloured members of his Cabinet the appearance and gentility of European statesmen Haile Selassie ordered

them to eschew their primitive cotton togas, their bare feet, the buttering of their hair, and the anointing of their bodies with oil. They had to adopt temporarily Western dress and habits. But they had no European clothes. Even to wear shoes was a torture to them. The Emperor therefore ordered for them 'full-dress' ceremonial uniforms from London and Paris. These uniforms were embellished with yards of gold braid, dazzling brass buttons, scintillating epaulettes. With each went a befeathered Napoleonic hat with a red rosette. At the coronation the Ministers of the Cabinet looked like Rear-Admirals or characters in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

Foreign guests, including the newspaper correspondents and photographers, were asked to wear full evening dress, silk hats, white gloves, and spats, although the ceremony began at four in the morning. Some of the scribes and cameramen, lacking this formal garb, were forced to borrow what nondescript dress-clothes they could from the foreign legations and other sources. In this impromptu raiment we resembled delegates to a head-waiters' ball.

Forty-nine bishops, five hundred priests, and four hundred acolytes participated in the coronation, which lasted a whole week. Scores of bearded and kinky-haired monks and priests, attired in rich ritualistic robes, and holding aloft long, slender 'prayer sticks,' performed weird dances outside the church, accompanied by the sonorous roll of drums resembling whisky-barrels, and the strident clatter of sistra, which produced a weird Oriental cacophony, unlike anything in the West.

The scene transported the spectators back through the ages to the time when African warriors performed tribal dances in order to placate some paganistic god. The strange dance of the priests, which is believed to be peculiar to the Coptic Church, was a revival of the religious practices of Biblical days, when the King of Israel danced before the Ark of the Covenant. As the pounding of the drums became louder and more furious, and the rattle of the sistra mounted higher and higher, the dancing priests worked themselves up into a frenzy of motion and ecstasy. They swayed, careened, bowed, and gesticulated like wild apaches.

Suddenly the thunder of the drums, the clatter of the sistra,

and the cries and moans of the priests died down like a subsiding storm, and the dancers fell exhausted. They had honoured their newly crowned Emperor, and had done full obeisance to their God. It was difficult for the Westerner to associate such wild, exotic dancing with the Christian religion.

Meanwhile the heat within the small, stuffy cathedral became unbearable. The thick smoke of the mutton-fat candles, the nauseating odour of burning incense, and the overpowering smell of unwashed Ethiopian humanity, greased from head to foot with rancid butter and rotten fat, nearly asphyxiated the American and European guests. Some of them carried flasks of brandy in their hip-pockets to revive themselves.

The Emperor, a small, frail man of forty, with aquiline nose, refined Hebraic features, kinky hair, and curly black beard, carried himself with great dignity, as might befit a descendant of the great King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. His gigantic golden crown seemed topheavy and wobbly on his small head as he walked, but he balanced it with the skill of an acrobat.

The Queen, a dwarfed, rotund, yellow-faced woman of forty-two, looked anything but regal. Throughout the coronation she had to be assisted by two attendants, who kept her from toppling to the ground by supporting her under the arms.

Surrounding the Emperor and Empress were a dozen provincial 'Kings,' whose red and blue velvet trousers, lace-trimmed velvet cloaks, buttered heads, and shining black faces made them look like figures in a burlesque show. All wore small golden crowns over their fuzzy black hair. The crowns were far too small for their heads, and they perched on their shining domes perilously, like miniature hats on circus clowns. Two of the provincial 'Kings,' in their ardour to do honour and obeisance to their Emperor and Empress, rushed forward in the church to the throne-chairs and prostrated themselves on the stone floor before their Majesties, and as they did so their crowns fell off and crashed at the Emperor's feet with a clang.

When the coronation was over the Emperor handed us all gold medals; whether as a token of his friendship or as a reward for surviving the ordeal of the coronation was not clear. On one side of the medal was an engraved likeness of Haile Selassie as

the King of Kings, and on the other the inscription, "Ethiopia shall reach out her hand to God." How prophetic that expression may be, in the light of Italy's present occupation of Ethiopia, and to what extent that hand may guide the Emperor and his brave people out of their present misfortune, only future history will reveal.

A coronation no less fantastic was the enthronement of Tokyo's hand-picked candidate as ruler of the Japanese-made 'Empire of Manchoukuo' in the city of Hsinking, Manchuria. The undersized, near-sighted, rather pathetic-looking Henry Pu-Yi, the so-called "Boy Emperor" who once sat on China's Dragon Throne in imperial Peking, was now made by grace of Japanese arms into Emperor Kang-Teh. This event, which brought me and a bevy of other foreign journalists to the wintry barrenness of North China, was held in the open air on the wind-swept and snowbound plains, when the thermometer showed 30 degrees below zero, and one's breath literally froze. Between African heat and Manchurian cold there is little to choose, but it may indicate symbolically the range of a correspondent's experience.

Being anxious to install the "Son of Heaven" in his new job on earth with the greatest pomp and panoply, the Japanese masters ordered everybody to dress up for the occasion like Christmas-trees. Men had to wear full-dress evening attire, though the coronation began at five in the morning, while women had to wear evening gowns. In defiance of the thermometer wraps and overcoats were strictly forbidden!

Henry Pu-Yi, or "Hank," as we newspaper-men called him among ourselves, had spent some years in exile in Tientsin after the Chinese Republican authorities informed him that the king business was ended, and hinted that he had best make himself scarce. Hank then packed his bags, rid himself of all his concubines and eunuchs, shaved off his ceremonial pigtail, discarded his crown and title, adopted European clothes, and became an ordinary citizen. He took refuge in the Japanese concession in Tientsin, and became plain Mr Pu-Yi, citizen of the world.

Twenty years later, when the Japanese were casting around

for kingly material to fill the throne of their new Manchurian Empire, carved with bayonets out of Chinese territory, they asked Hank how he would like to be Emperor of their "Kingly Paradise" in Manchuria.

Mr Pu-Yi needed a steady job. It was better to be Emperor of a make-believe empire, he decided, than a refugee worried about his next meal. He had been living like a gipsy in Tientsin, driven hither and thither by Chinese police, and watched eternally by Japanese police. "Besides," he thought, "Manchuria is the birthplace of my family and my dynasty, and maybe I'll feel at home in the Paradise, even if it is run by Japanese."

So the Japanese army sent to Tientsin a group of soft-spoken, spying secret service agents, who virtually kidnapped Mr Pu-Yi and brought him quietly to Port Arthur, whence, after a month in hiding, he was shunted to Hsinking, centre of this new "Earthly Paradise." Declaring that thirty million oppressed Manchus and Chinese, victims of the former Chinese *régimes* in Manchuria, clamoured for Pu-Yi (of whom, alas, most of them had never heard) to rule over them, Japan then made Hank their Chief Executive. They housed him in the nondescript old Salt Administration Building, which is well fortified, and has a high stone wall around it. This makes it hard for people to get in; it also makes it hard for people—even unto newly created kings—to get out.

Hank is still the principal occupant of the Salt Building. Japan has built a magnificent palace for its own ambassador to Manchoukuo, but hasn't begun to build one for the hand-picked Emperor Kang-Teh (which means "noble virtue"). "I want no palace," Hank is reported (by Japanese sources) to say, "until all other necessary buildings in the new Earthly Paradise have been completed." Whether he says it or not, it is a fact that he has no palace.

For two years Hank served faithfully as Chief Executive, never daring to venture out of the Salt Administration Building. Then he was elevated to the full dignity of Emperorhood. It was the achievement of this change that we had gathered to witness.

On the plains of Manchuria, where in centuries gone by Genghis Khan and Kublai Khan had marshalled their countless

warriors and horsemen, the Japanese conquerors now used brick and sand and mortar to build a 'Celestial Altar of Heaven' whereat Pu-Yi could worship. This was to give the enthronement a realistic touch. Here, in the centre of the circular altar, on the day of coronation, the new ruler, foster-child of Japan, prostrated himself in turn to the gods of Heaven, Earth, Water, Fire, and Air. Meanwhile sacrificial cows and calves, fattened for the honour, were roasted on a ritualistic spit, the smoke from the burning flesh mingling with the fumes from holy incenses, which mounted in thin grey spirals to the skies.

The whole countryside was covered with snow and ice that bitterly cold March morning. Coatless, shivering, fast turning into icicles in our formal clothes, we somehow went through that inquisitional ordeal. Not only hands, faces, and feet froze, but even—what was much more important professionally—the curtain shutters of cameras. One American woman writer suffered so acutely from the cold that she began to cry with pain. We rubbed her hands and feet, and revived her with brandy. For several hours we were forced to stand on the frozen earth, overcoats and wraps over our arms instead of our backs. Those who attempted to break the rule were quickly called to order by the soldiers, and reluctantly stripped off their coats once more. It was an 'act of disrespect' which could not be countenanced on this important occasion.

Finally the Emperor appeared, and the formalities were begun. Throughout the ceremonies the Japanese seemed in mortal terror that their creature might be bombed. An army of a hundred thousand soldiers was deployed to guard him. There were fifty times as many soldiers in evidence as civilians. Not content with this elaborate protection, a bomb-proof American motor-car had been especially built for Pu-Yi. In this Hank went to and from the coronation, guarded on all sides by throngs of armed Japanese.

Merriment swept through the ranks of chilled foreign guests, and chagrin through the Japanese official ranks, when it was discovered that the Son of Heaven would not fit into the bomb-proof car while he wore his high silk hat. What was to be done? The alternatives were these: to discard the ceremonial hat, remove the roof, or lower the seat. The Japanese decided to

remove the entire floor of the car (made of steel to resist bombs, and therefore no easy task), and then to lower the rear seat. This was done, and the Emperor Kang-Teh was able to ride upright with the full dignity of a Son of Heaven in a mechanized age.

In order to attend the ceremony journalists and photographers had to secure an elaborate series of passes and personal credentials from the Japanese army authorities. All foreigners in the East are automatically suspect. One lively, vivacious woman correspondent, a Spaniard with a keen sense of humour, was asked by the Japanese major in charge of the Press Bureau whether she intended to cable something to her paper about the coronation.

Blandly, without a smile, she replied in broken English: "Oh, for my zhournal, ze coronation, it eez nozting. But if there eez azzazzination, yess, I send zee cable—oh, yess, I do. . . ."

She had her little joke, but the shocked and horrified major refused to give her a pass. She missed being frozen like the rest of us. For all the elaborate effort at counterfeit grandeur, the thing was dull, painful, and anticlimactic. Few rulers in all history have mounted their thrones less auspiciously.

My memory leaps across years and continents to King Constantine, father of the present King of Greece, and how a dispatch of mine almost cost that sovereign his throne.

"Tino," as the newspaper-men, following the ex-Kaiser, called him, had just returned in triumph to Athens from his second period of exile in Switzerland to reassume the Hellenic throne. His erstwhile enemy and head of the Greek Republic, Venizelos, had been defeated for re-election, the majority of the people expressing a wish for the return of the monarchy.

Constantine had been in Greece only a brief time when his Cabinet, headed by Gournaris, conceived the grandiose plan of having the restored monarch go in grand style across the Ægean Sea to Smyrna, where, for the first time in centuries, a Greek monarch would thus put foot on the soil of Asia Minor. The old American battleship *Mississippi*, renamed *Kilkis* by the Greeks, was selected for the journey. The battleship had been sold because she was considered obsolete. But she had, fore and aft, magnificent steel conning-towers so tall and graceful that they

again you might try the old Kentucky method of fighting them."

"What method is that? I've never heard of it," said Constantine.

"Well, down in Kentucky, where I lived for some years after I left England, whenever the people are annoyed with bedbugs they put soap on the legs of the bed and on the wainscoting of the wall."

"But what effect would the soap have?" asked the King in surprise.

"You see, the soap being slippery," replied Beaumont, "it would prevent the bugs from crawling up the wall and up the legs of the bed."

Constantine laughed. "Ah, but you could never prevent a Smyrna bedbug from crawling up anything. Here the bugs are St Bernards in size, and they always succeed in crawling up the wall and getting to the ceiling, where they drop down into your mouth while you are sleeping or snoring."

Now, even the sombre Beaumont had to laugh openly at this remarkable royal commentary. The theme apparently exhausted, I tried to ask him about something else.

"Do you go bathing in the bay?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes, I love swimming; but how can I go in when all these funny veiled women from Turkey peep out from the side of their veils at me? They don't seem to realize that the King in a bathing suit looks just like any other mortal."

"Maybe they admire your shape?" I was about to say to the King, and then suddenly caught myself. Instead I said: "Do you like boating?"

"Yes, I love to row, but, then, I have a bad rib, and the doctor forbids me."

"Do you enjoy playing cards?" I continued.

"Very much. I like poker."

"Do you have any luck at it?"

"Oh, yes; I usually bluff my way through, like a good American player, and I generally win."

The King then explained that the game of poker actually originated in the city of Smyrna several centuries ago, and was a great pastime among the Greeks, Turks, and all Levantines.

"If you go to the front you may have the same luck in war as in poker," I observed.

"Yes, provided I can keep those armies of bedbugs back!" rejoined the King laughingly.

Thus concluded the most astonishing interview I have ever had, beginning and ending with bedbugs. Back at my hotel, I began turning over in my mind the various things the Greek monarch had said. Since he had refused to discuss the political or military situation, and declined to comment on the attitude of the Powers towards his return to the throne, there was nothing left to write about—except bedbugs!

So I sat down at my typewriter and tapped out a three-hundred word dispatch on King Constantine's discourse on bedbugs, featuring the fact that his Minister of War had been attacked and vanquished by an army of these lowly creatures the night before. The story went off immediately to New York.

An hour later the Chief of the Greek Press Bureau, who had arranged the interview, came running to my room in great agitation. He said he had just learned that the King, in the course of the interview, had made some very serious criticisms of the "sanitary conditions" in Smyrna. I assured him that his Majesty had done much more than that, and that he said Smyrna was "alive with bedbugs." The official was panic-stricken.

"If that is published," he exclaimed tremblingly, "it will cost me my job, and it may cost the King his throne. You know, if those Venizelist newspaper correspondents in America get hold of such a story they will cable it back to their papers in Greece, which are sure to use the interview against the King. There is very bitter feeling, you know, between the Venizelists and the Royalists."

I explained to the head of the Press Bureau that there was nothing political about bedbugs.

"Ah, yes, but you see it is very unusual for a visiting King to comment so severely on such a delicate subject as bedbugs in a city where he is really the guest of the Greek people. If the bedbug story gets back to Athens it is sure to cause a dangerous scandal."

The Greek official begged me to 'cancel' the interview. I

explained to him that even if I wanted to 'kill' the story it was too late; I was sure the bedbugs had already found their way into print.

To appease the Press Chief, however, and to show my appreciation for his having arranged for me to see the King, I cabled to New York, "Chief Press Bureau asks Constantine's bedbugs be killed." New York cabled back, "Too late. Bedbugs already crept into print."

Two days later a Greek steamer from Athens appeared in Smyrna harbour with the latest Athens newspapers on board. Because these papers contained a reprint of my 'bedbug' interview, which had already caused a scandal in Smyrna, the Governor-General of Smyrna ordered all copies to be thrown overboard. It developed later that, as the Chief of the Greek Press Bureau had feared, the Venizelist correspondents in New York picked up the King's dissertation on bedbugs and recabled it to their papers in Greece. The ensuing scandal, I thought, might cause Constantine to lose his crown, and me to lose my head. For three days I was threatened, both verbally and by letter, with violence on the part of Greek Royalists, who charged me with having deliberately invented the bedbug interview to embarrass King Constantine.

One of these missives, which came from an ardent Royalist army officer, said, "If you value your life and your reputation you had better leave town. You are our enemy and a marked man." This was followed by numerous threats from other sources. The situation became so 'hot' that I thought it best to get out of Smyrna and back to Athens, where at least I would be among friends. I took the next boat back.

The first man I met in the street in Athens upon my return was Count Soutzo, Chamberlain to King Constantine. When the Count saw me he threw up both hands, his face took on an expression of horror, and he came running towards me, shouting excitedly, "Oh, Mr Mills, you have killed our King! You have killed our King! You have wrecked the royal throne! You insulted our King and country! How could you have done such a thing?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, that terrible bedbug interview," he wailed. "It is the

scandal of all Greece. It may cost the King his crown, his throne—even his life!"

Count Soutzo took from his coat-pocket three local Venizelist newspapers, each with my interview with King Constantine on the front page, each accompanied by a derisive cartoon, and each featuring Constantine's remarks about Smyrna's bedbugs.

"Look here! Look here! See what mischief you have done! You have killed our King! You have destroyed his good name! How can he ever come back to Athens and face his people after such a scandal?"

I told the Count quietly that in my opinion he and his fellow-Greeks had no sense of humour and little sense of proportion. I explained that I had written the interview from a humorous standpoint, with no malicious or political motive. I added that American newspaper readers appreciated a humorous story, such as this, especially when it concerned a king.

"Ah, but don't you realize it is *lèse-majesté* to speak of kings and bedbugs in the same breath. It is almost criminal! The Venizelist papers here are making the greatest capital out of this affair. They are using it as ammunition against the King's return to Greece. They may try to prevent him from returning to the throne. You can't tell what may happen! Some one may even try to kill him. Feeling is running very high. You know the Venizelists claim that it was Mr Venizelos who won Smyrna for Greece at the Peace Conference at Versailles, and so they resent the King criticizing conditions in Smyrna."

The Court Chamberlain then said if I wished to avoid trouble I had better get out of Athens; the Royalists bitterly resented what I had written. Despite this warning, I remained in Athens several days, during which I had numerous calls and received many letters concerning the bedbug classic from Venizelists and Royalists alike, the Venizelists praising me for my interview, the Royalists condemning and threatening me with violence. Finally I decided I had better go back to Smyrna, to see the King and apologize for any embarrassment I might have caused him through the interview.

His Majesty received me immediately. He was, as usual, very cordial and friendly. I told him I had come from Athens

to explain, and to apologize, if necessary, about a certain dispatch I had written concerning him.

"Oh, I suppose you mean that dispatch about the bedbugs," the King said quickly, relieving me from the embarrassment of explaining further.

"Yes," said I. "It seems to have stirred up a lot of talk among the Venizelists in Greece. I assure you I meant no harm by it, your Majesty."

"Oh, pshaw!" the monarch said. "It's all a tempest in a teacup. I heard something about it through the Governor-General, but I gave it no further thought. I know you wrote that story from a purely humorous view-point. I realize how much Americans appreciate a good story. Don't worry about it. It's silly of the Venizelist papers to take such things as I said seriously. You can dismiss the whole matter from your mind. I agree with you that many Greeks have no sense of humour."

The King, who was a big, broad-minded, witty fellow, of Russian-Danish origin, shook hands with me heartily in farewell, and invited me to come to see him again at the front, where he expected to go within a few days.

"There are sure to be a lot of Turkish soldiers up there," said he laughingly, "but I hope there will be no bedbugs to fight."

I was living in an hotel in Bucharest, capital of Rumania, when I received an urgent telephone message from Prince Barbu Stirbey, then manager of the royal estates and confidential adviser to Queen Marie, asking me to come to see him at the royal palace in Cotroceni, near Bucharest. I explained that I had just arrived by aeroplane from Vienna, where I had reported the Socialist riots in which a hundred and ten persons were killed in the street fighting. The only clothes I had at the moment were the soiled white linen suit in which I stood, hardly an appropriate costume for a royal palace.

"Come as you are. It doesn't matter," the Prince said.

I motored to the palace, where to my amazement some twenty thousand people had gathered to show their affection for King Ferdinand, who had just died in Sinaia, in the Carpathian Mountains. With difficulty I forced my way through the dense

masses of peasants to the main door. I presented my card, and was ushered in almost immediately.

I went upstairs to what I thought was a waiting-room. Presently a door on the opposite side of the long hall opened suddenly, and there, in the middle of the adjoining room, stood Prince Stirbey, beckoning me to come in. I became uncomfortably conscious of my soiled linen suit, canvas tennis-shoes, and weather-beaten straw-hat, and hesitated to enter. But the Prince beckoned a second time, and I stepped in.

"How do you do?" I said, laying my nondescript straw-hat on a chair.

Instead of answering he looked to the other side of the room. I followed his glance. There, to my utter consternation, sitting on a Turkish divan and dressed in deepest black like a Mother Superior in a convent, was Queen Marie of Rumania. She was weeping. Around her were lighted candles, and above her a magnificent gold crucifix. All the windows in the chamber were hung with black shrouds bearing great white embroidered crosses, shutting out all natural light. The smell of burning incense was heavy in the already oppressive air. It was a setting dramatic and weird beyond words.

I was speechless with surprise. In the next room was the dead King. I had expected to see only Prince Stirbey. Again I was painfully aware of my shabby, dirt-crusted clothes. Of all garments mine seemed the most grotesque in which to enter the presence of royalty at a moment like this. Prince Stirbey continued to stand immobile in the centre of the room, like a black-draped statue with ashen-white features. His trance-like attitude added to my discomfiture and to the macabre atmosphere.

The Queen, who was sobbing, looked up, and, wiping her eyes, said in a broken voice that sounded like a voice from the tomb, "Oh, Mr Mills, how sad that we should meet again on an occasion like this!"

My one thought was, "Why have I been asked to come here?"

Between sobs, the bereaved Queen began to make conversation. "You knew the King, didn't you?"

"Yes. It was to me he gave his first interview during the

World War, and it was to me again he gave his last interview before he died. He was a fine man."

"Yes," the Queen added, "and he was a good man."

At this point she broke down completely and sobbed aloud. Prince Stirbey left the room, so that we were alone. Never before did I feel so ill at ease. I was deeply moved by the poignancy of the Queen's grief. Then, recovering her composure, she began to describe the last hours of his Majesty. It was like first-class melodrama, with a queen playing the *première rôle*.

"The King clutched at my arms," she said, "and begged me to save him from the grave. 'Don't let me die! Don't let me die!' he pleaded. 'Save me! Save me! My country—you—my people—still need me!' And what could I do to save him? I had never before faced death in such a cruel, inexorable form. It paralysed me with fear to see the King slipping from me into the grave. Oh, it was dreadful!"

Then, suddenly calm, she asked me to sit down. At last she gave me the first hint as to why I had been summoned.

"I asked Prince Stirbey to have you come here to-day," said her Majesty, "because I wanted to ask your advice on a certain matter."

I was flattered, but also a little frightened. It isn't every day that a queen turns to a reporter for advice.

"You see," she began, "since the King's death I have received hundreds of the most touching telegrams and messages from all over the world, but especially from my dear friends in America, expressing sympathy and sorrow. Now, I shall never be able to answer all these kind messages personally—at least, not for some time. I thought, therefore, that you might suggest some method by which I could acknowledge these condolences collectively."

The Queen knew, of course, what my answer would be.

"Your Majesty, the Associated Press will be very glad to transmit to America any message you would care to send in connexion with the King's death."

"Ah, yes," said the Queen, "I know from my recent tour of your country that the Associated Press does reach all the important papers in America."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Well, I wish you would transmit through your agency a message of thanks from me to all those dear friends in America who have thought of me in my sorrow. Please tell them how much I appreciate their sympathy and encouraging words. And please tell the women of America especially not to forget me in my sorrow. They were all most kind to me when I was over there, and I shall never forget them."

Then followed what I believe was the most remarkable interview ever given by any crowned head to a newspaper correspondent. The Queen poured out her heart to me, not only about what the death of King Ferdinand meant to her, but about the infinite sadness her son Carol (now King of Rumania) had caused her by his waywardness and his love affairs and morganatic marriage with a commoner, which had led King Ferdinand to demand that Carol should renounce all his rights to the Rumanian throne.

The Queen also revealed her grief over the unhappy marriage between her eldest daughter, Princess Elizabeth, and the present King of Greece. The unconventional love affairs of her youngest son, Prince Nicholas, formerly Regent of Rumania, also grieved and worried her, she confided. She had not been able thus far, she added, to find any royal personage suitable to marry her youngest daughter, the lovely Princess Ileana, who was her idol and her ideal. Her Majesty recounted a whole series of other problems, sorrows, and worries which beset her.

But it was when she touched upon the political and dynastic situation in Rumania that the Queen said the most startling things. She declared that her enemies had said that she wanted to be the sole ruler of Rumania after King Ferdinand died.

"Those who are opposed to me," she exclaimed dramatically, "say that I am an ambitious woman, that I want to be the sole Regent of Rumania, that I have a lust for power and prestige, that I want to be a modern Cleopatra, that I want to conquer all before me. These are all lies, cruel lies. I never expressed the wish, even while the King lived, to become the ruling Regent of Rumania. Had I any such ambition I could easily have arranged it with the King before he died. But, as a matter of fact, we never even discussed the question of the throne."

In that mournful setting of crucifixes, burning candles,

incense, and tomb-like silence, the weeping Queen presented a tragic spectacle. Over her beautiful chestnut-brown hair she wore a long black veil, with a white linen headpiece covering her forehead, which gave her the appearance of a Mary Magdalen. Her eyes were red with weeping. Never, she said, had she felt such a sense of loneliness, helplessness, and despair.

As this stirring scene was being enacted profound stillness and mystery enveloped everything. The only sounds that broke the deathly quiet were the shuffling footsteps of the Rumanian peasants as they filed by the King's coffin in the adjoining chamber. I felt a sense of eternity bearing down upon me. I seemed to be in a reverie.

Suddenly the Queen broke the suspense by exclaiming, "Yes, and my enemies even accuse me of being jealous of little Prince Mihai, who is to assume the throne when he comes of age! How silly and cruel to charge me with such a base feeling against a child whom I love! They even accuse me of disliking Princess Helen [Prince Carol's beautiful wife], whom I really love. Only to-day I presented her with a beautiful house which the King left me in his will. Is that an act of hate, or of love?"

The Queen talked about many other things. Our interview had lasted nearly two hours.

"I suppose you are coming to the King's funeral?" the Queen asked as she rose.

Instinctively I looked down at my grotesque attire. Surely I could never attend any royal funeral in such shabby dress, I thought. But here was a chance to apologize to the Queen for appearing before her in such a strange garb.

"Your Majesty," I said, "I hope you will forgive me for having come here to-day in such a fashion as this. I thought I was only to see Prince Stirbey, not your Majesty, and I knew the Prince wouldn't mind how I was dressed, especially as I explained to him that I had come very hurriedly to Bucharest from Vienna by aeroplane."

"Oh, that's quite all right," said the Queen, who is the most democratic and understanding of persons. "I know that you newspaper correspondents must move about quickly in order to get the news, and that you don't have much time to think of

clothes or anything else. But of course you will come to the funeral of the King, won't you?"

"Well, yes, your Majesty," I said falteringly, wondering where I could beg, borrow, or steal a black suit.

The Queen then took her leave and entered the death chamber of the King.

I returned to my hotel, my head dizzy and buzzing with all the remarkable things I had heard. Separating those declarations which I thought were of a confidential nature from those remarks which I believed could properly be told the public, I sent 1200 words on the interview, the unprecedented circumstances in which it was given, and the amazing setting—the weeping Queen, the dead King, the crucifixes, Bibles, prayer-books, the burning incense, lighted candles.

Two days later the King's funeral was to be held, and I was still without suitable clothes in which to attend it. Regarding the Queen's parting remarks about the funeral as in the nature of a royal command, I decided I must take heroic measures to borrow a black suit for the mournful occasion. I went to the American Legation, and then to the British Legation, to see if any of my friends there could lend me a black suit. But all of them had been invited to the King's funeral, like myself, and could not help me.

Then I went to the professional "Dress Suits to Hire" shops in Bucharest. Their available goods were all either too small, too badly worn, or too badly stained with grease or wine. At the suggestion of the head waiter in my hotel I went to the Head Waiters' Union in Bucharest to see if I could borrow a black suit. I tried several on, but none would fit me.

The funeral was arranged to begin within an hour, so that I had no time to lose. In despair I went to my old friend Prince Stirbey, and told him that the Queen was expecting me at the funeral of the King, and that I had no suitable clothes for the occasion. I was still dressed in my soiled white linen suit, which was the only garment I possessed at the time.

Prince Stirbey looked me over critically, but with tolerant good humour.

"Well, you certainly can't go to a king's funeral in any such raiment as that," said he, eyeing me up and down. "Perhaps I

could lend you a black suit. Do you mind if it belongs to a dead man?"

With that he sent his valet upstairs to search out some old clothes in the garret which had belonged to his late father.

Presently the valet came down, his arms loaded with discarded apparel which was moth-eaten and mouldy with age. In such an emergency one could not be too critical. I selected a long black frock-coat that looked as though it might have been worn by Daniel Webster or some other statesman of the early forties. The long lapels were faced with silk which had turned green with age. I also picked out a pair of trousers, which, although entirely lacking in buttons, fitted me—more than amply.

Prince Stirbey, when he looked me over, laughed heartily, saying he didn't know whether I resembled more Charlie Chaplin, a hangman, or an undertaker. Noticing that my trousers lacked buttons, the gallant Prince offered to borrow some safety-pins from Princess Stirbey, his wife, to hold them up. I accepted these little aids gladly.

Observing that I had only a straw hat and white canvas shoes, the Prince replaced these with an old, faded, and dented high silk hat and a pair of dilapidated patent-leather shoes which had also belonged to his father. To complete my funereal garb I borrowed a stiff white shirt, collar, and black tie from the head waiter of my hotel.

In this shoddy but thoroughly original get-up I went to the King's obsequies, and took my place behind the magnificent flag-draped mahogany coffin. Behind me followed the members of the Rumanian Cabinet, all attired faultlessly in full evening dress, white tie, white gloves, and silk hats. In one hand I carried my portable typewriter, and with the other I held up my buttonless trousers. As the silk stove-pipe hat which had been worn by Prince Stirbey's late father did not fit me, I carried it under my arm, pretending it was too hot for any sensible man to wear a high silk hat.

Spectators along the line of march, startled at my bizarre appearance, craned their necks to gaze at me. For indeed I must have been a strange apparition. I consoled myself with the thought that, dressed lugubriously as I was, and walking im-

mediately behind the King's coffin, I might be taken either for the undertaker or a professional pallbearer!

The following day—the funeral ordeal behind me—I made preparations to go on to Sofia, where I had arranged to interview King Boris of Bulgaria, whom I had known since the World War. Just as I was buying my railway ticket I was summoned by telephone to come to see her Majesty immediately at the Royal Summer Palace at Sinaia, a hundred miles north of Bucharest. There being no trains available, I paid forty dollars for a special motor-car to and from Sinaia:

With some misgivings I entered the palace and was ushered into Queen Marie's presence. I noted that she was not as cordial or buoyant as usual. She did not offer me her hand, as she always had done previously. Something was wrong. She spoke peremptorily. "I sent for you to-day to take up a rather serious matter. You remember that talk the other day at Bucharest?"

"Yes, your Majesty. Has any question arisen about it?"

"Well, yes. You see, when I received you that time I thought it was more as an old friend than as a journalist."

To have argued the point would not only have been *lèse-majesté*, but against all royal etiquette and tradition. But in my own mind I held a firm conviction that I had been received not only "as an old friend," but as a newspaper-man. However, my hands—and my tongue—were tied. So I waited for her to resume the conversation. I wondered why she had sent for me, and feared something more serious was to follow.

"I received a long cable from New York to-day," she continued, "from a man named Colonel Ament, who used to be connected in Rumania with the Hoover Relief Commission, and who is an old friend, saying that the Associated Press had published all over the United States a long interview with me, in which I made various references to the Rumanian throne, the dynasty, Prince Carol, Prince Mihai, and in which I accused others of maligning me."

She handed me Ament's cable of four or five hundred words, which included excerpts from my story. Was it not rather cruel, she asked me, to refer to her as "a tragic, heartbroken figure, conscious not only of the loss of her royal consort, but of the throne and of her prestige and power"?

Again custom forbade me to argue. I sat there and took the royal blows on the chin. After a pause I said feebly, "Well, perhaps that description is a little overdrawn."

"And don't you think," the Queen went on, "that it is a little hard to refer to me constantly, as you do in the interview, as the 'Dowager Queen,' the 'widowed Queen,' the 'broken Queen'? And surely I might have been spared from wanting to be a 'modern Cleopatra'!"

I took refuge as best I could in this explanation: "You see, your Majesty, in the newspaper business we must dramatize and humanize every story in order to make it appeal to the public. You know, I think, from your recent visit to the United States, that the American people love to read about spirited, dramatic situations, especially where a great, talented, and beautiful queen like yourself is concerned."

That seemed to touch the Queen's vanity, and take the sting out of any harsh references to her in the interview.

"Yes, of course," she said extenuatingly, "I know you journalists must make your articles as attractive as possible for your readers. It is only natural. I shall give you Colonel Ament's cable, and you can deal with it yourself. I'm not going to bother with it further. It is your pigeon."

Thus the confrontation ended on a friendly note. Since then I have talked with Rumania's glamorous woman sovereign several times. While basking in public adulation and the spotlight of fame, she is one of the most human and lovable monarchs in the world. She maintains the great traditions and standards of her renowned grandmother, Queen Victoria of England. But Queen Marie is a far more engaging personality, far more brilliant in mind, than that imperious old lady.

III

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

By KARL VON WIEGAND

KARL VON WIEGAND, chief foreign correspondent of the Hearst Newspapers and Universal Service, is almost the last of the Old Guard of pre-War correspondents still on the active list. His record, without a match for variety and geographical scope, reads like a history of the last twenty-five years. He began his newspaper career as country correspondent while telegraph operator for the Postal Telegraph and the Santa Fé and Phoenix Railway in Arizona. The Postal Telegraph transferred him to Los Angeles, where he became local correspondent for the San Francisco *Examiner*, later joining the staff at the home office. From the *Examiner* he went to the Associated Press, which promoted him quickly to assistant superintendent of its Western Division. His work attracted the attention of the United Press, and in 1911 he was sent as United Press correspondent to the Kaiser's capital. Startling 'beats' and sensational interviews with the Crown Prince, von Hindenburg, Admiral von Tirpitz, and other leaders, and his battle stories from the German lines, made journalistic history. Von Wiegand's interview with von Tirpitz, foretelling the U-boat war on England, was probably the most important interview of the War. In January 1915 the New York *World* took him over, and for two years he was its star war correspondent, writing stirring stories from practically all the fronts. His interview with Pope Benedict XV in this period was an outstanding scoop. In January 1917 he went over to the International News Service, and two years later switched to the foreign staff of the New York (morning) *Sun*. But he returned to Hearst after a few months, and has been with him ever since. Von Wiegand covered the post-War revolutions in Germany, including Hitler's 'beer-cellar' *Putsch* in Munich, the Socialist uprisings in Vienna, the Riff and Syrian wars, the civil wars and Japanese invasions in China, the Ethiopian conflict, and the Spanish civil strife. Deeply interested in aviation, he has been close to all progress in the air, reporting the most important flights, and taking part in many of them, as told in this chapter. Not in the least gregarious, he plays a lone hand, and often retires for weeks into the depths of the Sahara or Libyan deserts, whose stillness and solitude he loves.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

I HAVE travelled more than a hundred thousand miles by air in my journalistic career during the last twelve years.

I have crossed the Atlantic five times in a Zeppelin, the Pacific once; organized and accompanied the historic Hearst-Eckener-Zeppelin round-the-world flight, the first encircling of the globe by an airship, in August 1929. I have been by air to the Arctic Circle, in the north, and across the Equator, in the south. I have flown many thousands of miles by aeroplanes and seaplanes in many countries; from an antiquated Fokker, the Imperial 'plane of the Negus of Ethiopia in Abyssinia, to an old lumbering Loening Amphibian, through the scenically magnificent Yangtse gorges in remote Eastern China.

Aeroplanes and flying have been and remain my hobby, and in my enthusiasms have been second only to journalism. I have been through very severe storms in the air, over land and sea, but have never had an accident.

The Riffian war marked my first aeroplane flight. Marshal Lyautey had sent me a special invitation to come to Morocco to be his guest. I was to join Colonel Charles Sweeny, who had reorganized the Lafayette Escadrille for service in the Riff. Sitting on mail-bags in an old open military 'plane, and not even strapped in, I flew a thousand miles in one day on that first air adventure. My face was cooked in the hot July sun, as I discovered upon reaching Rabat.

But it was some time before I flew again. Other events occupied my attention. In Syria I witnessed the bombardment of Damascus by the French, and saw dogs gnawing the fallen dead in the outskirts of the ancient city. In Peking I stood a few feet from the diminutive Marshal Chang Tso-lin, ex-bandit chieftain and known as the "Manchurian Tiger," his sky-blue uniform loaded down with enormous gold epaulettes and braid, as he proclaimed himself dictator of North China. Then I

went to Nanking and Shanghai, travelling some days with General Sir John Duncan, Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, which had been landed to protect foreign lives and property. I saw something of the Southern Chinese armies, became acquainted with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, China's 'strong man,' and was instrumental in getting him his first foreign military adviser—Colonel Max Bauer, formerly of the German General Staff. In Tokyo I had a long and very interesting talk with the late Lieutenant-General Baron Tanaka. Though William Randolph Hearst is the bogey-man of Japan, and I a 'Hearst man,' I met with unfailing courtesy everywhere in that beautiful land.

India, with all its glamour, followed. Then back to dull, drab, politically wordy Europe. It was a big anticlimax. I cast about for something more interesting than the endless grist of European politics, which the vast majority of the American people could not grasp anyhow. It was natural that I should turn to the air. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh had just completed his historic transatlantic flight. America went air-minded.

Thoughts of the air were not new to me. As a youth in Hanford, California, in 1894, I had tried to get a balloon parachute jumper to take me up. He agreed to do so, and to teach me his profession, if I would pay him a thousand dollars, so that he could buy a new and larger balloon.

Then in 1919, with the late Captain Ernst Lehmann, afterwards one of the chief directors of the Zeppelin company in Friedrichshafen, I tried to steal the huge Zeppelin L72 to prevent it being given over to the French as one of the prizes of war. We took in with us on the plot Captain Frank E. Mason, U.S. Assistant Military Attaché in Berlin, and Captain Sam Powers, of the U.S. Military Intelligence Service. We planned to fly the L72 across the Atlantic to the United States and say, "Here it is." Our plot failed, but that is another story.

My first air 'beat' took place in Berkeley, California, soon after the great San Francisco earthquake and fire. I was then with the Associated Press. I lived in Berkeley, and it happened to be my day off. On a vacant plot a block long a huge canvas sausage-shaped bag, nearly four hundred feet in length, was being inflated with gas. A thick hose, connected with the gas

mains in the street, was being turned into this curious dirigible, which advertising circulars called "America's first airship," and which was expected to make the flight from San Francisco to New York in less than forty hours.

Broad canvas belts fastened five heavy, low-powered motor engines to crude propellers. There were no stabilizing fins, and a rudder seemed unimportant. There was no control car, but a canvas and rope gangway stretched underneath the 'dirigible.'

As the San-Francisco-to-New-York airship rose a stowaway clambered on to the rope gangway. He was America's, and perhaps the world's, first air stowaway. The curious affair rose to about four hundred feet in the air. There was scarcely more stiffening in the long bag than there is in a woman's corset. Like a gigantic worm, the front end suddenly turned and looked back towards the stern, as if to see that it was coming along. On top of the front round, blunt 'bow' could be seen the pilot, a Swedish sailor.

Suddenly there was a sickening ripping sound, and a huge hole appeared in the upper surface of the elongated bag. Clouds of gas came out. The airship began to settle earthward rapidly, falling faster than any parachute. It fell almost exactly on the spot it started from. As the lower end touched the ground I raced off to the nearest telephone and flashed the news. I added "many injured." I rushed back to the scene. Ambulances and fire-engines had arrived. There were twenty-one or twenty-two injured, some of them very badly smashed up. Among the injured was the stowaway. The only one who escaped unscathed was the Swedish sailor who had been on top of the bag. A rival reporter had gathered the names of all the wounded. I offered him five dollars for the names. He accepted. Off I went to the telephone again.

It was America's first airship disaster. It was a one-day front-page story, and then forgotten. America had not yet become air-minded.

With all this background in mind, and having travelled in the *Nordstern*, one of the smaller passenger Zeppelins, I went to Friedrichshafen in 1927 to talk to Dr Hugo Eckener about my idea of making a round-the-world flight in the *Graf Zeppelin*, then nearing completion.

A transatlantic flight, yes; but a round-the-world flight—That at first seemed, if not impracticable, at least too risky to Dr Eckener.

Eventually, however, the idea of circling the globe took firm root in his mind, and we often discussed the possible routes. I had promised to help him raise the necessary money, since German Government finances were such that he had little prospect of obtaining anything beyond a contribution towards completing the *Graf Zeppelin*. I had taken up the matter with Mr Hearst and with T. V. Ranck, feature editor of the Hearst Newspapers.

Mr Hearst was enthusiastic about the idea of our participating in the first transatlantic flight of the *Graf Zeppelin*, but still more so for the first round-the-world flight. He authorized me to go ahead with the negotiations, and left it to Mr Ranck and to me to work out plan and details. The late Adolph Ochs, of the *New York Times*, as I soon discovered, was scarcely less eager than was Mr Hearst to get the exclusive journalistic news rights on these projected pioneer Zeppelin flights.

At Friedrichshafen I found Mr Edwin L. James, then chief of the European service of the *New York Times*, now managing editor of that paper. "Jimmie" James wanted the news rights on those first flights as badly as I wanted them for the Hearst Newspapers. I thought I had a provisional agreement with Dr Eckener. James was certain that he had an ironclad option. Both were in writing.

For two weeks James and I lunched and dined together at the Kurgarten Hotel—and then fought one another daily with the hard-headed Eckener. The Doctor needed money for the air expeditions—lots of money. A plan to raise it in Germany failed. Eckener knew Mr Ochs personally, and he did not want to offend the *Times*; at the same time he appreciated the great interest that Mr Hearst was taking, and also he did not want to ignore the fact that I had contributed through certain channels to the fact that the U.S. Navy Department had bought the Zeppelin *Los Angeles*, a purchase which had prevented the Inter-Allied Powers from wrecking the Zeppelin airship-building hangars in Friedrichshafen, as stipulated in the Versailles Treaty.

One morning early Dr Eckener called me on the telephone from his home. He had reached what doubtless he considered a just decision.

"I have decided," he said, "to give the news rights on the first transatlantic flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* to you for the Hearst Newspapers, and on the world flight to Mr James for the *New York Times*."

It was a hard blow. To report to Mr Hearst that James had defeated and outmanœuvred me wasn't going to be any pleasure to me or to the chief. I had much less than half a loaf.

"But you can't do that, Doctor. You promised the world flight to us. After all, wasn't it more or less my idea?"

Eckener was adamant, as he can be on occasion. "Sorry, but that is my decision," was his only reply.

James was still sitting at the breakfast-table in the hotel when I gave him the news. "Mr Ochs isn't much interested in the transatlantic flight," he remarked airily, as he called for another cup of coffee. And then I discovered that James already had in his possession the option on the world flight, and in legal written form. Jimmie had put one over on me.

I rushed to Eckener's home in an ugly temper. All my arguments had no effect on him. He comes from Schleswig-Holstein, and the Schleswig-Holsteiners have the reputation of owning the hardest heads in all Germany. I had to do some fast thinking. What was the option he had given James? It was for the exclusive news rights on the world flight.

"Then you must give me also an option," I insisted.

The Doctor opened his eyes wide in amazement. "How can I give a second option?" he asked impatiently.

"You must give me an option on a 'charter' of the *Graf Zeppelin* for the round-the-world flight." It was the only way to get round the option held by James for the *New York Times*. I mentioned a figure so many thousand dollars higher than I suspected was the figure in the *Times* option that it immediately interested Eckener. The Doctor agreed that he could give me such a document. I went back to the Kurgarten. James seemed puzzled that I appeared so unconcerned. I told him I had got even with him, but did not tell him how.

Mr Hearst warmly approved my plan and the figure I had

mentioned. And that is how the Hearst Newspapers got the exclusive American news rights on the first transatlantic flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* in October 1928, and all news and picture rights on the Hearst-Eckener-Zeppelin round-the-world flight in August 1929.

To increase public interest in the *Graf's* first flight to America it was decided to put a woman journalist on board also. At that time no woman had yet flown the Atlantic. I talked the matter over with Dr Eckener. He didn't want a woman aboard on the first flight, and was very definite about it. After all, it was taking a risk, a rather big risk on such a pioneer flight over more than three thousand miles of water. Of course, Eckener would not admit there was such a risk, but I knew him well enough to understand that he had the responsibility in mind. Eckener is no Nazi, and has no Nazi ideas in regard to the status of women, but he does agree with the ex-Kaiser that women are best in the three 'K's'—*Kirche, Küche, Kinder* (church, kitchen, children).

It was just another of those friendly but hard bouts that I had with him during the three years that I was associated with him in the early Zeppelin flights. I argued that a woman on board would go further to impress the public with the safety of Zeppelin ocean travel than all the fifty-odd crew and male passengers together. He admitted the soundness of that, but did not want an "hysterical female" on that first flight. Impatiently I pulled out the contract, which provided that we had the right to place three persons on board, one of them a cameraman. There was no provision that one of the three could not be a woman. Eckener yielded.

New York had no woman in mind. Could I find one? I suggested Lady Drummond-Hay, a British writer and a brave person, for some time one of the leading foreign correspondents on the staff of the *Daily Express*. Mr Hearst offered her the place on the *Graf Zeppelin*. She accepted. Subsequent events revealed that my estimate of her courage and coolness in an emergency was indeed correct.

Came the day and hour of taking off on that epochal flight across the very broad Atlantic. We should be the first air passengers to cross it in the history of the world. It was a

thrilling moment when, at 12.52 on the morning of October 11, 1928, I heard the command of Dr Hugo Eckener from the control car: "Up ship!" We saw the twinkling lights at Friedrichshafen fade away in the misty darkness, and heard the drone of the mighty engines.

Even I, who pretend to be *blasé*, felt the thrill of the historic moment. It was something new after war reporting in Morocco, Syria, China. It had romance and adventure, which writing about the 'attitude' of this or that Government can never have. Ahead lay the unknown. We did not know what *might* happen. We were on a voyage of discovery. We were doing something that hadn't been done before.

I will only touch upon the one dramatic episode in the flight. It was eight A.M. (ship's time) on Saturday morning, the 13th of October. For some hours we had been flying southward off our course to find the end of a storm area and get round it. Impatient with wind and weather, Dr Eckener turned to me and remarked, "We will go through it now." We were sitting at breakfast. I went out to look things over. Ahead was a thick, high wall of sulphurous yellow-grey clouds.

It did not look good to me as Eckener headed for that churning mass at seventy miles an hour. I came back to the breakfast-table and said so to Commander Charles Rosendahl, U.S. Navy observer and America's outstanding airship commander. Rosendahl got up and went out into the control car. "Looks nasty," he remarked. And soon it proved to be nasty.

Suddenly the *Graf Zeppelin* shot upward some five or six hundred feet like a bullet, though it was scarcely noticeable. We had struck a fierce vertical current just ahead of the main storm, and the Zeppelin had turned its nose up at a very steep angle. Three of the dining-tables went over, dishes and breakfast, milk, butter, eggs, ham, with them. Men went white. Fear of death was in the eyes of several. The suspense was intense. Outside the wind and storm shrieked and moaned. In the small dining-room there was a deathly stillness.

Suddenly a peal of laughter rent this silence and suspense like the crack of a whip. It was Lady Drummond-Hay. For a split second I thought of Eckener's remark about not wanting any "hysterical female" on this flight. But Lady Hay's eyes were

gleaming with merriment and excitement, not fear. She had been thrown across a table that pinned two passengers against the wall, had just found her feet, and was looking at Herr Gryezinski, Prussian Minister for the Interior. The dignified Herr Minister was plastered with soft-boiled eggs, milk, and butter. He was a mess. Lady Drummond-Hay and Herr Bock, a German flyer who some months earlier had fallen into the ocean near the Azores while trying to fly the Atlantic with a 'plane, got down on their knees and began picking up the broken porcelain. We relaxed.

I went out to the bridge. Things were happening there. From the height to which the Zeppelin was carried by the upward current of air the airship suddenly made as if it were going to nose-dive into the foaming, churning Atlantic. The helmsman on the elevator wheel apparently had got rattled, lost his head, put the wheel over the wrong way, so that, instead of levelling off, the ship accelerated its dive. Realizing his blunder, which had quickly been seen by Captain Lehmann, he whirled the wheel round in the opposite direction with such suddenness and violence that it contributed to breaking the right stabilizing fin at the stern. I looked out and saw patches of oil on the water, as if some oil or petrol had escaped.

Word came from the rear that there was a huge hole in the right fin. To avoid strain on the ship Dr Eckener ordered the engines to low speed. Now they were scarcely turning over. We were drifting in the wind. The water was not far below us, and looked cold.

Knut Eckener and two others had gone into the ripped-open fin, and were trying to stuff the huge hole with mattresses, blankets, and anything they could lay hands on. It was perilous work out there in the open structural frame.

We seemed to be slowly settling to those big waves leaping up at us so fiercely. Captain Fleming, second officer, who had the watch at the time, stepped up to Eckener with, "I must have two engines. We are losing height." We were hanging and drifting there between low clouds and the ever-nearing ocean. Eckener's face showed the strain. He turned and looked out of his favourite window into that swirling cloud mass. Again Captain Fleming stepped up and with more emphasis said,

"Herr Doctor, I must have two engines." The stern was much lower than the bow.

Eckener knew that his only son, Herr Samt, and Herr Ladewig were out there in that open fin. To start the engines and force the ship ahead with any kind of speed in that already strong wind might tear those heroic volunteers from their perilous perch and throw them into the ocean. I was standing by the side of Eckener. He looked at me a moment, gulped and swallowed as if he wanted to say something, turned round to the engine telegraphs and signalled "Slow speed ahead" to three rear engines. Immediately the stern of the Zeppelin lifted as we moved forward and began to gain altitude slowly. A few moments later came word from the stern that Knut and the other two were safe.

Eckener lived hours in those moments of uncertainty.

Word spread round that Eckener had broadcast a wireless SOS for help, that we were in a bad way. It proved erroneous. It was only a request to ships to stand by.

"The Old Man should not have sent out that order," said Captain Lehmann, then executive officer, to me. "We will get through all right."

"My first duty is to my passengers," was Eckener's declaration.

"*Mein Gott!* All the world is calling us," shouted wireless operator Speck from the radio cabin. The U.S. Navy was getting fast destroyers ready to come to our assistance. Several ships a few hundred miles away were standing by. None could reach us in time if we fell into the ocean.

When it looked darkest, and the wireless told us that the public in America and elsewhere was deeply concerned, I sent a radiogram to Universal Service, "We are down to champagne and caviare," just to show we were neither dead nor disheartened. It was a strange feeling to know that our eight-hundred-foot Zeppelin, limping through the black night at about twenty-five miles an hour, was the focus of the attention and thought of a large part of the world.

When we finally got through safely New York received us with wild enthusiasm as we floated slowly low over the great city. Lady Drummond-Hay and I declined to participate in the

parade up Broadway. All honour belonged to Dr Hugo Eckener and his officers and crew. "It would be unkind, unfair, unappreciative, for me to divert the slightest public attention from them just because I was the only woman aboard," was her reply when she was sent for.

I shall never forget that first transatlantic flight.

Arrangements for the round-the-world flight were slow in the making. My 'charter' option sidetracked the news rights option held by the *New York Times*, as I had planned it should. At least, the *Times* made no effort to dispute the Hearst rights. Dr Eckener was getting nowhere with the Japanese Government for permission to land near Tokyo. Without that permission and refuelling arrangements the world flight could not be attempted. I explained the situation by cable to Mr Hearst. He immediately instructed me to proceed to Tokyo and see what I could do.

The Japanese Marine authorities were most cordial, friendly, and courteous, and offered every assistance. Admiral Okada, Minister of Marine, later Prime Minister, sent some naval officers with me to Kasamigura, where a large Zeppelin hangar, formerly set up in Germany, was situated. It was part of Japan's spoils of the World War. I found it to be just large enough to house the *Graf*. The laying of trolley rails and other minor suggestions that I made were carried out with precision, and every promise made to me was fulfilled. I shall always remember with gratitude the courtesies extended to me in Japan, for without them the Zeppelin's world flight could not have taken place.

I joined the *Graf Zeppelin* at Lakehurst in August of that year, 1929. It was one of the charter provisions that the flight round the world must start at Lakehurst and would end there. Dr Eckener, good German patriot that he is, and imbued with strong nationalist feeling, did not like that. Since the Hearst newspapers were paying the bill, however, there was no alternative.

The place on board the *Graf Zeppelin* as the only woman and the first to travel around the globe by air was again offered by Mr Hearst to Lady Drummond-Hay. As another member of my reporting staff on board he added Sir Hubert Wilkins, the

famous British explorer. Cameraman was again Robert Hartmann. There were a number of paying passengers, who each gave nine thousand dollars for the privilege of being among the first to circle the globe by air. Commander Charles Rosendahl, of Lakehurst, was the personal guest of Mr Hearst, and the second U.S. Navy observer, Lieutenant Jack Richardson, was Dr Eckener's guest.

As we rose from the ground at Lakehurst, and the landing crew of American bluejackets let go their hold on the hand rail at the command "Up ship," we all knew that we were starting on an air voyage that was even more of a pioneer undertaking than the transatlantic flight the previous year. It had never been done before. We should cross the vast forests of Russia and unexplored parts of Siberia. We should skirt the Arctic Circle. If perchance we were forced down in Northern Siberia there was little prospect that the fifty-five men, crew and passengers, and the one woman could be rescued that year; we should most likely have to spend an Arctic winter in those near-Polar regions. We were ill-equipped for that. We did take some firearms with which to kill game. As we took off from Fried-richshafen a German friend, former Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wenig, rushed up to the cabin windows and handed in a small package. "Give it to Von Wiegand, and tell him 'If the worst comes to the worst,'" he shouted as the engines began to turn over. It proved to be a hypodermic needle and syringe with enough morphine to kill an elephant.

Lieutenant-Commander Wenig had been adjutant to General von Lettow-Vorbeck, commander of the German colonial troops during the long war in German East Africa. Lettow-Vorbeck had not surrendered nor been captured when the War ended. His force had been reduced by fighting and by disease to only a few hundred. Wenig had lost a foot from a British shell, and after being carried in a hammock for weeks through the jungles it had healed, and he had whittled himself a wooden foot which he strapped on. In that way he fought during the remainder of the campaign. He had witnessed terrible sights, seen comrade after comrade fall fatally wounded, and rather than leave them behind to the jungle beasts or to the natives fighting on the British side had probably seen that needle used more than once.

The first lap of the world flight, Lakehurst to Friedrichshafen, set up a record which remained until the new and bigger Zeppelin *Hindenburg* was put into operation in May 1936. We crossed the Atlantic from the Statue of Liberty to Land's End, England, in forty-one hours; to Paris in forty-seven. At Friedrichshafen we had a delay of about eighteen hours. Wrongly or rightly, I have always suspected that Eckener put one over on me there. He had wanted to start the flight at Friedrichshafen and not at Lakehurst. Our attitude was that it was in the main a Hearst-financed expedition, and therefore must start and end in America. The contract provided that no landings or stops must be longer than necessary for refuelling, essential repairs, or stormy weather, without my express permission as the representative of Mr Hearst.

On arrival at Friedrichshafen Dr Eckener came to me and said it was necessary, or at least highly advisable, to tighten the envelope covering of the airship at the stern. It would delay us something more than a day. Would I agree? He promised that the delay would be made up by the greater speed of a tight skin. I did not like the idea at all. True, I had been in the stern during the flight over the Atlantic and there were places where the covering was somewhat floppy. I could not very well take upon myself the responsibility of refusing the time Eckener wanted and perhaps having something happen *en route*.

The result of that delay in Friedrichshafen to "tighten the skin" was that the round-the-world flight, Lakehurst to Lakehurst, was made in twenty-one days and some hours, and Friedrichshafen to Friedrichshafen in twenty days and some hours—more than twenty-four hours less. I have long since had my suspicions of that long stop in Friedrichshafen, wondering whether Eckener did not salve his German patriot-conscience with it.

The flight from Friedrichshafen to Tokyo occupied ninety-six hours, if I remember correctly. That and the flight over the Pacific were certainly aerial epics. Our route lay *via* Vologda and Northern Russia, over apparently endless forests. Flying at about a thousand feet, we had a broad path of at least twenty-five miles on each side of the Zeppelin in plain sight. Whole villages were suddenly evacuated by the inhabitants, who rushed

pell-mell for the protection of the forest when they heard the roar of the engines and suddenly saw a gigantic monster coming low in the sky. We laughed heartily as we saw their terror. No doubt there still is speculation in some of those remote villages as to what that monster was. In the Ural Mountains the smoke from a vast expanse of forest fires was like a thick fog.

Siberia gave us the shivers. Not only from cold, for it was cold in that draughty Zeppelin without heat, but also from the repellent aspect of some of the regions we passed over, leprous and gangrene-like tundras, and vast swamps with black oily-looking lakes, ponds, and morass. We shuddered to think of coming down in those inhospitable regions. Only Sir Hubert Wilkins was not in the least appalled by the idea of having to spend a winter in Northern Siberia. "You would find you would get along all right if you can forget central heating, hot baths, and a few other things of civilization," he remarked.

Flying many miles very low over the upper Tunguska river, we ran into our first storm. At first it had an appallingly black appearance, but then a double rainbow reassured us. We rode it safely and quickly. Then for some hours we were out of touch with the world. We were in one of those vacuums which radio waves do not seem able to cross. Later we picked up the U.S. cruiser *Pittsburgh*, lying at Dairen. It gave us warning of a typhoon-like storm between Northern Japan and the mainland of Asia.

Life on board was far from monotonous for me and my staff. I had tried to arrange the twenty-four hours into shifts or tricks of so many hours each for myself, Lady Drummond-Hay, and Sir Hubert Wilkins. It did not work out. All three of us wanted to be up at the same time and most of the time, to see everything and miss nothing. During the entire world flight of twenty-one days, of which twelve days and nights were in the air, I never slept more than three to four hours in any twenty-four.

To be on the glass-enclosed bridge (control car) after midnight, utterly still and—except for dim lights on the compass and other navigation instruments—so dark that the officer of the watch and the two helmsmen were vague shadows, is an experience one never forgets. We were far north in Siberia. I sat in the window of the navigation room adjoining the bridge.

It was two A.M. The stars shone like gorgeous jewels in the cold, clear, blue-black sky. A huge Japanese-red full moon came up, seemed to roll along the horizon on its edge like a gigantic disk, and then began to disappear. It never cleared the horizon.

We flew over Yakutsk, a great fur-trading centre. It is now a Russian air-lines depot in Siberia. We crossed the mountain chain to the sea of Okhotsk. The altitude of the mountains was marked on the charts as being 3200 feet. We discovered as we climbed and climbed that they were over 5000 feet. The air was crystal clear, and sometimes it seemed we could reach out and touch the razor-back ridges. Rosendahl, a cautious and careful airship commander, and one of the few survivors of the *Shenandoah* disaster, was never very happy over Eckener's low flying and playing touch with the mountain peaks. "The Old Man will get us into trouble yet," he would remark to me. Eckener would laugh. "No danger," he would say.

We left the mainland of Asia and came out over little white clouds far below, like great irregular blobs of icecream floating in an indigo-blue sea.

"I am going to hitch the *Graf* on to the tail of that typhoon that the cruiser *Pittsburgh* warned us about, and we will make some speed southward," remarked Eckener.

He did. We were pulled along at tremendous speed. Fried-
richshafen to Tokyo, non-stop in ninety-six hours. Tokyo gave us a tumultuous welcome. We landed at Kasimagura, the first airship from America and Europe to reach Japan. It had freely been predicted that we could not accomplish it. I have never seen so many newspaper-men and cameramen on one assignment. One Tokyo paper had forty-five reporters and photographers at the landing-field.

There followed endless receptions and banquets in Tokyo. Japanese hospitality was overwhelming. Dr Hugo Eckener was the hero of the hour. For me there was endless work in that frightful August heat. It was a relief when we finally left Kasimagura and set our course for California. But first there was a delay. As usual, we were to take off about midnight, because the ship lifts a heavier load in cool air. The field was floodlit. A large military band was playing the Japanese and German National Anthems. Army and navy officers and Government

officials had said good-bye, and Eckener had again expressed his gratitude for the wonderful reception, for the courtesies and aid extended. We began to move out of the gigantic hangar. The trolley rails that I had asked the Minister of Marine to lay had been put down. The Zeppelin was fastened down to these rails with ropes attached to wheeled trolleys which rolled along the rails till the ship was out of the huge shed.

The ship was moving steadily, when suddenly one of the trolley wheels caught at the joint of two rails. It stopped the heavily laden moving airship with such a jerk that it brought the stern down with enough force to buckle the struts that supported the rear engine. What an anticlimax! It was a bit of carelessness, not the fault of the Japanese, which caused a delay of eighteen hours for repairs. Then finally we were off across the broad Pacific.

It was a non-stop flight from Japan to California. This also had never been done. We had thirty-odd hours of dense fog.

Eckener, I soon discovered, was ill. He had a bad attack of ptomaine poisoning from one of the numerous banquets. He was weak, looked very bad, and suffered. His mood corresponded to his condition. I tried to doctor him. He balked at castor-oil. All I could get him to take was some thin China tea. He paid little attention to the stream of wireless messages of congratulations and invitations, the latter from Los Angeles and New York. I took many of them and answered them for him, signing his name.

Three hundred miles off the coast of Japan we ran into a thunderstorm. Lightning played about us. Lightning is about the only thing that makes me apprehensive in the air, whether I am in an inflammable airship or in an aeroplane. I don't like it. But it passed out of sight harmlessly.

The Golden Gate was gilded with the rays of a golden sunset as we reached San Francisco. Across the Pacific in sixty-six hours! Even to-day, nine years later, the Pan-American flying-boats take five days. And they do not carry fifty-six people. What a reception we got in San Francisco! The entire city was in the streets.

Slowly we cruised southward to Los Angeles, our next landing-place. As no arrangements had been made for landing at

night, we dawdled along. We passed over Mr Hearst's ranch and beautiful castle at San Simeon. Castle and grounds were brilliantly illuminated. We signalled as we passed over slowly, flying low. I learned the next day that only Mrs Hearst was there. We cruised over Los Angeles, then southward until daylight, when we landed at Mines Field.

Miss Marion Davies sent Louella Parsons to the landing-field to bring me to her beach house at Santa Monica. There Miss Davies told her butler: "He looks worn out. He won't get any rest in Los Angeles. Lock him up in one of the guest rooms till four this afternoon." It was a thoughtful act, and a kindness that I have never forgotten.

What might have been the greatest disaster in the history of air travel almost marked our departure from Los Angeles Mines Field shortly after midnight. Death was nearer than ever he has been to me in the air. It was a warm night. Commander Rosen-dahl warned against a probable 'inversion' not very far above the landing-field. An 'inversion' is a stratum of air at a warmer temperature than that of the ground.

Thousands of people were on Mines Field and all round it to see us off. As the landing crew, holding the airship, let go of the handrails the ship sagged down. It was too heavy for its lifting capacity in that warm air. Tanks containing about two tons of petrol were unhooked and taken out. Still the *Graf* seemed overheavy. But Eckener leaped aboard and gave the starting signal. The ship did not want to 'up.' It hung a moment irresolute, and then the engine telegraphs on the bridge signalled "Full speed ahead." We were sagging to the ground. There was a mighty roar of five engines, thunderous cheers from the throng, and slowly we moved forward. The rudder struck the ground, and I felt the shiver through the entire dural metal structure of the airship. We were, in fact, taking off something like an aeroplane, instead of rising straight up for two hundred or three hundred feet, as we usually did.

Suddenly just ahead we saw the red danger lights on the high-power tension lines at the end of Mines Field. We were rising slowly, so maddeningly slowly. The red lights were still higher than we were. For a moment it looked as if we were on a level with those red lights; then we struck an inversion, as

Rosendahl had feared. We sagged lower again. The red lights, warning of death—a big flash if we struck those high-tension lines, and in an instant an eight-hundred-foot flaming torch, and we in it—were just ahead. It seemed impossible that we could clear them now. We all grew more and more tense. Below us were hundreds of motor-cars. I closed my eyes, expecting next moment to hear the roar of the flames of the hydrogen gas in the eighteen big balloonets in the interior of the ship.

Nothing happened. I opened my eyes. There, directly under my window, so near that it seemed I could touch it with my blackthorn stick, was a red light. We had cleared the high-tension lines by inches.

Dramatic were those moments between life and death out in the control car. Captain Fleming kept shouting, "We can't make it! We can't make it!" Eckener, ashy grey but calm and steady, answered, "Yes, we can; yes, we will make it." Captain Lehmann and Commander Rosendahl stood by, helplessly looking on. The coolest man on the bridge was Knut Eckener, the Doctor's son. He was at the moment helmsman on the elevator wheel. He was always cool, almost indifferent, in an emergency. And so he was now, and kept his head. As the bow of the giant airship neared the high-tension lines he suddenly put over the wheel and raised the nose of the ship just enough for the control cabin and the belly of the dirigible to clear the electric power lines. A moment later he reversed the wheel and brought up the still low stern. The aerodynamic power of the five engines was now coming into better play.

The terrific strain, which lasted only a few seconds, was over. Eckener came back to the lounge and fairly collapsed in a chair before me. We did not much enjoy the flight across the continent to Lakehurst after that experience.

The world flight had been safely and successfully accomplished. Some newspapers went so far in their admiration as to call it the greatest journalistic achievement since James Gordon Bennett sent Henry M. Stanley to find Livingstone. I was worn out. It had been a strenuous assignment.

In May 1930 the *Graf Zeppelin* made its pioneer flight across the Equator and the South Atlantic to Pernambuco and Rio de

Janeiro. Again I was aboard. It was another 'first' achievement. Of all trans-ocean flights the route from Germany to Rio de Janeiro is the pleasantest and by far the most interesting scenically, because the airship is seldom more than a few hours out of sight of land. The question had been gravely raised whether an airship could successfully defy the tremendous, deluge-like tropical downpours of rain in the Zone of Calms. The *Graf Zeppelin* could and did, and since then has repeated it more than fifty times.

After arriving in South America on that first flight we headed north from Pernambuco for New York and Lakehurst. About four hundred miles off Cape Hatteras we ran into a fierce cyclonic squall and what Dr Eckener later told me was the worst storm that the *Graf* had ever been through. It was just after dinner. All day a very hot southerly wind had pushed us along at high speed. The thermometer in my cabin suddenly fell from 79 degrees to 49 degrees. We stuck our nose into the storm just where the hot south and the cold north winds met and fought it out.

We had four women aboard, including, as each time before, Lady Drummond-Hay. It was a terrible storm, though astonishingly little movement of the ship was noticeable to the uninitiated. Yet we were being thrown about like a football. I opened the door leading back into the vast hollow of the ship of the air. The huge girders groaned, and every wire and brace shrieked or moaned with the enormous strain they were being subjected to by the elements.

Eckener looked very grave; he came to me shaking his head, but saying not a word. I understood. The four ladies were calm and quiet, a good example to some of the male passengers. We discussed the situation and its possibilities. Prince Alfonso of Orleans-Bourbon, cousin of King Alfonso of Spain, sat very still and thoughtful. But there was no need to worry. Again the *Graf Zeppelin* brought us through safely.

Scarcely had I returned to Europe when Mr Hearst instructed me to sign up the exclusive news rights on the first transatlantic flight of the giant twelve-engined flying-boat *DO-X*, designed and built by Dr Claudius Dornier near Friedrichshafen. I had watched the development of this great flying-boat, the largest

in the world, for many months. It had greatly taken my interest. Again the Hearst interests wanted a woman journalist on board, and again Mr Hearst offered the place to Lady Drummond-Hay. She had in the meantime learned to fly, had become a licensed pilot, and now owned and flew her own 'plane.

We had been on some of the test flights of the *DO-X*, and boarded it at Amsterdam for the transatlantic crossing which was to start at Lisbon. We landed at Calshot, the seaplane base near Southampton. Dr Dornier and his wife were both on board. The following morning Dornier rang me up at the Savoy and said he was astonished at the rather unfriendly tone of the London Press. He had not expected that. I asked him how he could expect anything else when all the leading London papers had sent their aviation editors or correspondents to Calshot and he had not only refused to talk to them, but would not let them put foot on the *DO-X*. Would I please do him the favour of inviting the papers to send their representatives to Calshot the next day, when he would give a flight? I told him I was too busy, and that he had his own publicity man with him.

The occasion was a visit by the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, to the *DO-X*, to make a flight in it and take the wheel. The invitation from Dr Dornier had been conveyed to the Prince through Captain V. H. Baker, his flying instructor. Dornier asked Lady Drummond-Hay and myself to be on board the *DO-X* during the flight with the Prince.

When we arrived alongside the *DO-X* Lord Sempill, a great flying enthusiast, came to the boarding entrance of the flying-boat and informed us that we could not come on the *DO-X* while the Prince was on board. Obviously journalists were not wanted. The Prince of Wales never did like journalists.

I told Lord Sempill that Dr Dornier had asked us to be aboard; that the Hearst organizations were largely financing the transatlantic flight; that, while I laid no stress on flying in the 'plane with the Prince of Wales, having now come from London, I would insist on coming on board. Lord Sempill went back into the cabins. Soon he reappeared. Lady Drummond-Hay could come aboard for the flight, but I could not. Lady Drummond-Hay promptly declined the preferential honour. Dr

Dornier had not put in an appearance. Just what Lord Sempill had to do with the flight was not clear to me, except that he might have been acting for the Prince of Wales.

Then I delivered the ultimatum that either we came on board the flying-boat or I would cancel the contract and renounce further participation in the trans-ocean flight. Long consultation in the cabins. Lord Sempill came out again. All right, come aboard.

Accompanying the Prince of Wales were Lady Mountbatten, his private pilot, and some members of his suite. The Prince took the second pilot's seat; Herr Merz, chief pilot, took off, and then signed to the Prince to take over. The Prince is rather small. Captain Christiansen, commandant of the *DO-X*, hadn't thought of that, and had forgotten to adjust the seat to a shorter pilot. The Prince could not reach the rudder pedals, even with his toes. But Merz co-ordinated his operation of the rudder pedals to the Prince's movements of the pilot wheel, and all was well. The Prince was pleased, and visibly interested in the giant mechanical marvel. He came down out of the pilot house and went into the big cabins, where he talked for some time with Frau Dornier. Flying in the *DO-X* with him, and having him once step on my heel on the dance-floor of the Savoy in London, are as near as I have ever come to the ex-King of England.

Things on the *DO-X* were not as harmonious as they might have been, as was reflected by the treatment of the English newspaper-men at Calshot. Time came to leave Calshot for Bordeaux and thence for Lisbon. A fast motor-boat had been placed at the disposal of Lady Drummond-Hay and myself in Southampton, so that we could board the *DO-X* at Calshot. Scarcely were we half a mile from the dock when a thick 'pea-soup' descended and blotted out everything. There was no compass on the motor-boat. We slowly felt our way about like a blind man, and found ourselves under the stern of the liner *Mauretania*. We waited till the fog lifted. Then, at a speed that dashed the water over the bow of the speedboat and soaked us, we made for Calshot. The *DO-X* was gone. We heard her engines, and knew she was still on the water.

We rushed to the Calshot seaplane wireless station and informed the *DO-X* that we would be alongside in less than ten

minutes. Would they wait? A laconic "No" came back. We rushed back to London and made for Bordeaux. The *DO-X* had been forced down, and we reached Bordeaux before it did. More than a week later we reached Lisbon. And then the left wing caught fire from some mysterious cause and burned off. Captain Christiansen was also a sea-captain, besides being a fine pilot officer. He had commanded a German liner. Like most seamen, he was generally superstitious, and to this was added the superstition of the air. He had an old horseshoe which the British cavalry had left on the Mole at Ostend in 1914. *Der Alte Hufe* ("the old hoof-iron") was as sacred to him as the Koran to a Moslem. He had hung it in the pilot house. In some mysterious manner its powerful magic had either been neutralized or temporarily suspended.

The left wing was repaired. Another start was made. In taking off near Las Palmas on what appeared to be smooth water the *DO-X* stuck its nose into a sudden swell while going about seventy miles an hour. It was like butting into a brick wall. The shock loosened the huge wing on which were mounted the twelve big engines, and stove a hole in one of the stub wings. I had put a provision into the contract which made it possible for me to cancel it under certain conditions. It was obvious to me that it would be months before the *DO-X* would get to New York. Without asking Mr Hearst, I cancelled the contract, and thereby saved the chief many thousands of dollars.

I afterwards saw the great machine on the beach at Las Palmas. *Der Alte Hufe* was still on strike. Finally its magic re-awakened, and about eight months after we had taken off at Amsterdam the *DO-X* arrived in New York and was given a great reception. Its route had been *via* South America. It made an excellent flight back *via* the Azores.

The *DO-X* was a marvellous mechanical creation. But it did not come up to expectations. Designed to cruise at about a hundred and fifty miles an hour, it made less than a hundred and twenty. The appetite of its twelve engines was insatiable. They consumed the prodigious quantity of one ton of petrol per hour. That made it impracticable. It has now been scrapped. It did, however, strongly influence the design of some of the large modern flying-boats.

In 1932 I made a flight with the Dutch K.L.M. air-line in the East, and a mad night dash of six hundred miles through the jungles and rubber groves of Malay to catch a steamer at Singapore—a flight that will always remain in my memory. The same year Lady Drummond-Hay and I flew the Loening Amphibian to Eastern China, and had a most thrilling flight through the Yangtse gorges close to the borders of Tibet. On the return we had a forced landing on the Han river in one of the then numerous Communist 'Soviet Republics,' and came near being captured by the Red forces of Ho Lung, the great Communist chieftain.

In the spring of 1936 Mr Hearst cabled that I might "bring over the new *Hindenburg*." I did.

In July I flew over the fighting fronts in Spain and to Madrid in a specially chartered twin-engined 'plane.

Now I am waiting for something new in the air. If there is a rocket going to the moon I am ready to book a passage. The air spells a peculiar sensation of freedom for me.

IV

I CAPTURE VLADIVOSTOK

By FRAZIER HUNT

“SPIKE” HUNT, as he is known to newspaper-men the world over, is one of the country’s most active and prolific reporters and commentators on world affairs. Born at Rock Island, Illinois, on December 1, 1885, he graduated from the University of Illinois in 1908, and after a year or two on Chicago papers went to Mexico. He watched the initial Mexican revolution which soon set fire to the whole country. Returning to the United States, he ran a country newspaper in Illinois for three years, then joined the staff of the old *New York Sun*. With America’s entry into the World War he was commissioned to cover the draft and then the army training-camps. His daily sketches from Camp Upton were collected and published under the title *Blown in by the Draft*. Early in 1918 he went to France as war correspondent, and in June that year joined the foreign staff of the *Chicago Tribune*, reporting naval operations, troop convoy work, and fighting at the front. A few days before the Armistice he was sent to cover the American Expeditionary Force in North Russia. There he rode a thousand miles by sledge through the civil war areas, and wrote a series of Press dispatches that were read in the United States Senate and were influential in bringing about the withdrawal of American troops. On March 1, 1919, Hunt crossed the closed border into Soviet Russia—the first correspondent to break through the tight blockade in six months. His reports from Russia were unique for that period in predicting the victory of the Reds. In the autumn of 1919 he undertook a protracted trip round the world that kept him in the Far East, Australia, India, and Europe for eighteen months, two of these months with the American troops in Eastern Siberia. Thereafter he joined a group of magazines, and for twelve years was either European editor or associate editor at home. During this time and since then he travelled to all parts of the world, writing extensively on foreign affairs and interviewing outstanding news personalities. Books by Frazier Hunt include *The Rising Temper of the East*; *Custer, the Last of the Cavaliers*; *Sycamore Bend: a Novel*; *The Bachelor Prince*; and *This Bewildered World*. His autobiography, in preparation at the time of writing, will be called *One American—a Story of Men and Rivers*.

IV

I CAPTURE VLADIVOSTOK

IT isn't every war correspondent who can capture a city. I don't mean to say that I got one all by myself, but at least I was the first man in. And, different from the immortal Kipling's tale of how "Privit Mulvaney tuk the town av Lungtung-pen," I had my trousers on when I took mine.

I've never written the story before, and I doubt if I would do it now if Frank Martinek, one-time U.S. Naval Intelligence Officer in Vladivostok, had not told what youthful critics, not quite dry behind the ears, like to call the *dénouement* of the yarn in introducing me to a Chicago audience.

I had landed in the colourful and war-weary Siberian port from a miserable little Japanese tub that had bobbed across the Sea of Japan like a champagne cork. It was the last day of 1919, and Vladivostok was being held by a bobtail White Guard army, supported by Japanese troops. Ten thousand homesick, disgusted American soldiers were scattered for a thousand miles up and down the single line of steel that pointed towards Moscow. About this time Admiral Kolchak, dictator and White saviour, once head of the British- and Japanese-supported anti-Bolshevik hopes, had a rather frightful accident: his own troops mutinied, held a drumhead court-martial, quietly led him out to a convenient wall and filled him full of lead (although I believe it is actually steel bullets they use in such emergencies).

The whole White Guard movement in Siberia was crumbling rapidly, and old Tsarist officials, Japanese generals, Cossack *atamans*, and thick-skinned British advisers did not know what to do about it. The American commander, the incorruptible, wise Major-General Graves, however, did know exactly what to do: simply keep his troops out of mixing in the internal affairs of Russia, and see to it that the fifty thousand Japanese soldiers there did not move the hills and the rivers. It was a cinch they were going to try to move everything else.

I was primed for this situation like an Indiana pump in frosty

weather. In the previous winter I had spent two months with the North Russian Expedition in the desolate country around Archangel. I had ridden almost a thousand miles by sledge up frozen rivers and through forests of glistening Christmas-trees, visiting American outposts and snow-bound fronts.

When I left the unsavoury mess I was bitter and resentful. I could not stand the sight of American doughboys being commanded to do British officers' dirty work. A five-thousand-word *exposé* cable that I had sneaked out and sent from the transmitting office in Narvik, Norway, had been read in the United States Senate, and, I think, had had a little to do with the promise of the White House to remove the American troops as soon as the ice thawed.

Following this pleasant adventure in the shadow of the Arctic Circle, I had worked my way through the Allied blockade into the heart of the Soviets. For two months I had enjoyed the exclusive privilege of working the greatest news goldmine in history. . . . And now I was at the other end of the world in a second intervention mess, and ready for trouble.

It took less than a day for me to see that this American Expeditionary Force was run in quite a different manner from the North Russia fiasco. A Lieutenant-General of the Japanese Army had unanimously elected himself Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, and before General Graves had arrived had sent the two American regiments, rushed up from Manila, westward to pick up a fight with the anti-White peasant outfits called "Partisans." But the very day General Graves disembarked he called in his troops, and figuratively set the high-ranking little gentleman from Nippon squarely on his west end. So my anticipated story of how American soldiers were a second time doing filthy jobs for some one else evaporated into the cold dry air. And I needed a few good pieces to keep the Chicago *Tribune* contented.

Now, I have always operated on the general theory that the best place to get a story is directly from the people who are mixed up in it. So it was that after I had been a few days in Vladivostok I decided to get out with the fighting Red Siberian moujiks and see for myself how they were feeling about their revolution, their war with the Whites, and their near-war with

the Japanese. For my interpreter I found a gentle, old-fashioned Social Democrat named Kolko, who years before had escaped from a Siberian prison, then dunned up in New York until the first revolution had broken, and was now a sort of anti-White spy around Vladivostok.

We had a great time for ten days living with the Partisans. As I look back over a long series of 'great times' I'm inclined to say this tops my purple list. We rode, slept, drank vodka, and sang with these young peasant soldiers—and I made speeches to bearded old grandfathers on how friendly America really was, and how I wished them luck with their Japanese problem.

I used to do this volunteer lecturing in school-houses, or crowded peasant homes, or anywhere they asked me. At first most of them would be suspicious of me, but when they understood that I'd been in Moscow, and that I was really on their side, they were like eager children. They used to ask all sorts of questions about America, and how people lived and ran their affairs in a free country. Most of the time they would keep the soldiers from coming in, and there would be only Kolko, the interpreter, myself, and the grizzled old fellows in their sheepskin coats and felt boots.

I was surprised too at the depth of the feeling of the youthful Partisan soldiers. They knew what they were fighting for; they were against the return of the ways of the Tsar, and against the interference of the Japanese. They still felt that they wanted some form of assembly and democratic constitution, but the futile efforts of Kerensky, and the coming of Kolchak and the intervention, had shaken their faith in half-way measures.

They were thrilled by the magic of the word 'soviet.' They thought that possibly that was what they needed too. And somehow or other they knew that Lenin was their true leader. . . . When they heard that I had met Lenin and had talked with him for a few minutes they barraged me with a hundred questions. The revolution was vague and shadowy in their minds, but at least it meant land and freedom for them.

Probably it is a bit far-fetched, but time and again I could not help but think how similar this must have been to the mood and dreams of Putnam's men and the Green Mountain boys—when

the name of George Washington thrilled the hearts of hungry, beaten soldiers with the same imagery and the same fervour that Lenin's name was doing now, a hundred and forty years later, and ten thousand miles to the westward. I'd like to have been a correspondent in those days, too.

Then one day, far back in the snow-covered hills, I joined up with a small Partisan detachment that had five Japanese soldier prisoners, who were eating them out of house and home. They had captured the lads from a *makaka* garrison some twenty miles away. Incidentally, to call a Japanese soldier a *makaka* was like calling him a so-and-so and not smiling when you did it. The Japs had been doing a little village-burning and bayonet practice among the peasant villages, and all the emotional tinder for a nice little war was laid out ready to be lit.

The young Red commander couldn't think of anything to do with his five prisoners except to shoot them humanely. I explained through my interpreter that it would be a fine lesson in hospitality if he'd turn these boys over to me and let me put them in Lieutenant-General Oi's lap, with the word that his troops didn't have to shoot every Partisan soldier they got their hands on. Finally we traded the lot for my watch.

It was all good, clean fun, and in due time I got back to Vladivostok with my Japanese quintuplets. The able little Japanese commander rubbed his bald pate while I gave him a lengthy discourse on the beauty of letting his soldiers have their target practice on something else besides captured Siberians.

Then I heard that down Nikolsk way real fighting was about to start between the Japanese-supported Whites and the Red Partisans. Kolko and I took the twice-a-week train the hundred *versts* or so towards this latest front.

We missed the show by four hours—but it wasn't much of a war to brag about at that. The Whites had quickly surrendered, and, while there was some question as to what to do with the old Tsarist officers, the White troopers themselves had gladly melted into the Partisan forces.

And now they were moving to attack and capture the key city of Vladivostok, still in the hands of the Whites. Two troop

trains were being made up directly in front of the station. They would be pulling out very soon.

We hurried back to the Red commander. "Tell him I must go in on that first train," I instructed Kolko.

But the commander shook his head. "There'll be some heavy fighting before we get there," he answered. "The Whites have plenty of artillery, and they'll try to stop us."

But I insisted that I'd like to go along; that I had to go. Then it was that the commander got his brilliant idea. "You might ride in the armoured truck we've just captured," he suggested. "It'll be ahead of the engine on the first train, but it ought to be safe enough in there."

I pumped his hand. I patted his shoulder. It was too good to be true: a war in an armoured truck. Send me there right now!

He called a smiling kid soldier and rolled out a few yards of orders; then we followed the boy down the track to a home-made armoured truck, with steel plates bolted to the sides. In the armour were cut half a dozen oblong slits. I noticed the muzzles of machine-guns sticking out from two or three of these loopholes.

Behind the armoured truck an ancient wood-burning engine was champing at the bit—or whatever it is engines do. Ahead of the armoured truck there was nothing but snow and two steel rails gleaming in the late afternoon sunlight—and down the track other boys were getting ready to blow this pleasant little armoured truck to kingdom come. It seemed a very silly idea, but it was a bit romantic at that.

Our guide ducked under the truck and disappeared through a trapdoor in the floor. We followed, and pulled ourselves into the car. Two tin lanterns, with candles stuck in them, hung from the ceiling. In the flickering light I could make out six or seven men. A young lad, certainly not over nineteen years old, stepped up, and our guide reeled off his instructions. The truck commander turned to me, welcomed me with a hand-shake and a broad smile. Then one by one I shook hands with the two machine-gun crews. Some one pushed up an ammunition box, and I took off my old fur-lined trench coat, folded it on top of the box, and sat down. Next I took out a package of

cigarettes and passed them round, leaving the remainder of the package on a second ammunition box. I could have had the car after that.

We settled back in the stifling heat. A pot-bellied stove in the centre of the truck was roaring. It was 20 degrees below zero outside, but we were baking here inside our steel oven.

The young commander said something, then slipped down through the trapdoor. Silence settled over the truck. A giant tow-headed boy, astride the seat of a Vickers-Maxim, started humming a Slav song in the inevitable minor chords. Soon we were all dreaming of our worlds outside this hot armoured truck. . . . Time drifted by. Then the young chief pushed his head up through the door, popped in, and closed the steel trap behind him. His voice was pitched high with excitement.

"We're starting, comrades!" he announced dramatically. "Let every man do his duty! If anyone falters he knows what to expect!"

Almost immediately we heard the muffled tones of an engine bell and the echoes of men's voices. Then came a violent bump that all but sent us sprawling from our cartridge-box seats. At last we were actually rolling. One of the wheels was a bit flat, and it soured the song the other wheels were singing. I'm sure each of us was making up his own words. Mine were: "This is life! . . . This is life! . . . This is life!"

The young commander pulled up an ammunition case close to mine. It was evident that he was of a little different breed from these square-faced Slav peasants, with their wide cheek-bones and their heavy bodies. Finally Kolko and I got him to talk about himself: he was from Petrograd, and his father had in the Tsar's days been captain of a Russian battleship. He was now a Red Admiral. This boy, Ivan Vasilievitch Trestiakoff, had been a naval cadet for a year; then, when the revolution broke, he had joined up with the Bolsheviks, and had been swept by one of the strange tides of war to this distant land of Far Eastern Siberia.

I asked him what he wanted to do. He answered straight off. "When we've finished the Whites and driven out the Japs I would like to take my armoured truck to Petrograd and say, 'Here I am, Papa, with my brave machine-gunners.' "

He took a turn round the little truck. Then he came back and went on with his talk. "These Whites thought we were all stupid fools. Well, we were foolish like a fox. You know how they always had trouble getting their engines to run. Our people in the railway shops saw to that. They're running all right now."

As a matter of fact, this particular engine of ours that was pushing us into the night and its black uncertainty wasn't running any too well. Or maybe it was something else that kept us starting and stopping every few miles. We'd get a series of good healthy bumps from both operations. Sometimes we'd pull up, and for what seemed like hours we'd stand dead still. Then there would be that clanking engine bell and the shouting, and we'd get a couple of bumps; then off we'd go again. We were not troubled with any fancy air-brakes on this makeshift troop train.

In one of these long stops our young chief slipped down through the manhole in the bottom of the car. He wore a short curved sword that he'd taken from some dead Cossack, and it would catch on the sides of the narrow trapdoor when he climbed in or out. It was the only side-arm he had, and I thought seriously of giving him my own 45-calibre Colt automatic army pistol which I carried deep in the right-hand pocket of my breeches. But General Graves had presented it to me, and I couldn't get myself around to parting with it.

Our commander was gone for some minutes, and when he finally stuck his head up through the hole he had a broad grin on his face. In his right hand he held a stubby automatic. He announced that we had stopped opposite a station platform, and that he'd just lifted the pistol from an unsuspecting civilian. He dug up a heavy cord, looped it round his neck, tied the ends to the pistol butt, and stuck the gun in his belt. He was a real officer now; he had both a sword and a pistol.

Before long we got our usual bumping, and slowly pushed our way on towards our unknown fate. Kolko and I moved over next to the tow-headed machine-gunner. He'd been fighting with the Partisan troops for almost a year now. He'd had a bad break, and he was disconsolate. "I'm thinking about my wife all the time," he explained. "We'd only been married a

month when I had to join up with the Partisans. I can hardly think of anything else but how I'd like to have her right now."

We offered him our condolences. Maybe he could go home before so very long. If he didn't get there pretty soon some other man might be keeping her warm on these cold nights. . . . He only shook his head sadly when we suggested that possibility.

Leaning against the wall was a red-bearded boy who wore his sheepskin jacket despite the incredible heat of this steel baking oven. He was a new recruit; he'd joined up with the Partisans only that morning. "I was afraid to desert from the Whites," he explained to us. "You see, I live in the country near Nikolsk, and they might have punished my family."

A third peasant soldier cut in: "Kolchak and the *makakas* made us all Partisans. While we were fighting for Kolchak the Japs were burning our villages and killing our people. When we finish off the Whites we'll give them something! America understands us. They are men like we are. If America would only help us we could whip the Japs. We never had anything against the Americans. They did a little something against us at the start when they first got here, but that didn't amount to much. They're our friends now."

The blond giant, with the wide mouth and the shining teeth, and the big yearn for his wife, muscled into the conversation. "Did you hear about that American who brought back five Jap prisoners we had and turned them over to the Jap General? He told him that was the way we treated our prisoners, and for him to quit killing ours."

I didn't say anything. It was too hot and stuffy in that truck to be even your own hero. I drifted back to my old seat on the ammunition case.

The boy commander started talking about some mystical thing he called *svoboda*—freedom. He would have made quite a rabble-rouser if he'd put his mind to it.

We jogged along through the interminable hours. The two lanterns, swaying from their hooks, cast weird shadows. The little stove threw off enough heat to barbecue a mule.

We'd talk a few sentences, and then we'd turn to our own

dreams. Once in a while the tow-headed homesick lover on the Vickers-Maxim saddle-seat would hum a song. Maybe the others would join in, and, again, maybe they wouldn't.

The young commander would make his rounds and examine the two heavy guns. Their barrels were blanketed, and their water-coolers warm and ready for action. He was a true machine-gunner. He'd pat the guns and call them "Baby." You could get action from the seat of a Vickers-Maxim—especially if you put your heart in your work.

He was a bit of a sentimentalist too. "Wish you could take a picture so you'd remember us," he suggested. Then he began looking around the car again. "I'd like to give you a souvenir of some kind or other, but I can't find any," he went on.

Then he got his inspiration. He hurried to the far end of the truck and pulled the lid off a box.

"Here's something to take home," he said in eager earnestness. Then he rolled a pineapple hand-grenade on the floor straight towards my feet.

I didn't know much about hand-grenades, but I'd seen plenty of men who'd been mangled by them. At least I knew they weren't to play handball with. . . . I watched this little package of bad news as it bounced and rolled towards me. I started to count ten: most grenades were supposed to burst on the fatal ten. Then a sort of sickly grin spread over my face. I was conscious that my comrades were watching me—me, the over-sized American who was supposed to know all the answers.

I casually reached down and picked up the grenade. If it was going to explode it might as well do the job right, and not just mess around. I knew a few Russian words, and, with the steel pineapple cupped in my two hands, I nodded to the young commander and said, "Thanks, comrade!"

I looked it over with feigned professional interest. I saw that the pin was in its proper place and securely bent over. I knew now that we were safe: it couldn't go off as long as that pin was in its place. Then, with just a trace of bravado, I shoved the gift in my trousers-pocket, opposite the one that held my Colt.

I imagine it was an hour later, when we'd got up near Razdolne, that we bumped to another stop. Again there was a long

wait. Through the gun slits we could make out, far down the track, what looked to be a bonfire. After a while our commander lifted the trapdoor and slipped down through it.

Within three or four minutes he came back. He was excited, and his dark eyes were snapping. "The White cadets are entrenched three hundred yards down the track with three-inch guns!" he shouted. "We'll have a fight now!"

He pushed the tow-headed gunner off the saddle-seat of the gun in the front of the truck, pulled the blankets off the barrel, and squared himself for action. There was tense silence in the car. Any second now we might be pushing forward towards that dull red glow and into those three-inch guns.

I reached behind me and felt the steel sides of the truck. I remembered that the armour-plate was not more than three-eighths of an inch thick. That would be pie for a three-inch high explosive. I'd seen the twisted, pathetic wrecks of dozens of armour-plated tanks that had tried to stop German 77's up in the Soissons area in France. One direct hit on this car of ours and they wouldn't be able to tell which had been me and which the blond gunner with the yearn for his bride.

My throat was parched, and I smacked my dry lips. The heat, the cigarette smoke, and the foul air, smelling of unwashed bodies and sheepskin jackets, were even making my eyes smart. I wanted to get out of here. I didn't want to be blown to bits by some nervous White cadet, pulling a lanyard that would send an unlucky shell, with my number on it, to its unnecessary mission.

The voice of the commander broke the long, hot silence. Kolko whispered that he had said he would slip out and find what was happening. The blond giant took his old seat on the machine-gun, and the boy hurried to the trapdoor and disappeared.

He was gone for what seemed a very long time. Then his Cossack cap popped up from the manhole, and his white teeth showed in the candlelight. He shouted something in Russian.

"What's that? What d'he say?" I demanded of Kolko.

My interpreter did not answer me. He had jumped to his feet and was shouting to the commander. The gunners were talking loudly and excitedly.

"What's doing?" I questioned. But no one paid the slightest attention to me.

"What in hell did he say?" I demanded again, grabbing Kolko's sleeve. But he had no time to answer me.

"God damn it! What d'he say?" I yelled, striking at him.

Kolko came out of his trance. "He said the cadets had surrendered!" he answered, gulping. "The road to Vladivostok is open!"

I joined in the cheering. Two or three of the men were hugging each other. The tow-headed gunner gleefully shouted that maybe he'd get to see his bride again before very long.

Slowly we settled back to our waiting game. Then we got the go-ahead bump and crept on towards what the doughboys called "Bloodyvostok."

I awoke from sleep with a jerk. We were coming to a stop. The boy commander peered out through a loophole. Kolko translated what he said: "It's getting light. . . . Looks as if we're almost in Vladivostok."

I stretched my cramped legs. I drew a deep breath of the foul, dead air and immediately regretted it. I couldn't stand this truck any longer. I'd rather freeze than toast, and I'd rather be shot in the open than smothered to death in a heated vacuum.

Again the commander disappeared through the manhole. I slipped on my fur-lined coat and cap, pulled on my great gloves, and told Kolko I was going to get out of here. He presented arguments and recited pledges. I answered that I didn't give a damn about anything except to leave this steel pigsty. He picked up his coat and started to follow me. But I wouldn't let him come. I explained that I'd only get some fresh air, look round, and report back.

I crawled out between the wheels. We were in a gap in the snow-blanketed hills that surrounded the magnificent "Golden Horn." We couldn't be more than three or four miles from the railway station.

Dawn was just breaking, but here in the Far North it would be a late dawn. It was almost eight o'clock. Several groups of men were evidently conferring by the side of the train, a carriage or two below the engine. I snooped around to see what I could see. A narrow steel ladder on the rear of our

armoured truck, that led to the roof, caught my eye. I climbed up and made a quick survey. The truck had a flat wooden roof. I scrambled down, ducked between the wheels, and stuck my head up through the trapdoor. The hot blast and the stench were almost like a smash in the face. I told Kolko not to worry about me, that I was going to stay outside in the clear air. He said he'd join me, but I begged him not to: his clothes were not as warm as mine. Then I slipped out, returned to the ladder, and mounted it to the top of the truck. Carefully I tucked the skirts of my long coat under me, and, with my legs dangling over the front end, sat squarely on the roof. Vladivostok was straight ahead of me.

The engine bell rang, men shouted and scurried to their carriages, and off we started. Suddenly I realized that I was doing a very silly thing. If there was fighting at the station I'd be the first man to be picked off. But the air was champagne to me, and I was intoxicated with this blessed oxygen, the lovely morning, and the whole thrilling business of living gaily and dangerously.

We were getting into town now. A little group of workmen along the track cheered and waved as we went by. Then there was more shouting and waving.

I was taking the salute. I was the man on the white horse at the head of the procession. I chuckled to myself. From my high seat at the front of the No. 1 truck I sang out "*Tovarish!*" ("*Comrade!*") to every one we passed.

Now we were pushing into the station. There was a wild crowd of cheering men here. They had no uniforms, but they were waving rifles and yelling.

I looked down from my box-seat. Two or three officers in American uniforms were in the crowd next to the track. I recognized my friend Frank Martinek, of the Naval Intelligence. The train ground to a stop. Then they saw me and yelled a welcome.

Frank shouted up to me, "We surrender. Will you accept our unconditional surrender?"

"I will!" I shouted back. "And may God have pity on your miserable souls!"

I hurried to the back of the truck and scrambled down the

little ladder. Martinek and my tried and true friends, Lieutenant-Colonel Bob Eichelberger and Major Sidney Graves, pounded me on the back.

“Young man,” Frank hilariously insisted, “this is the first time in history that a war correspondent ever captured a town!” The others roared and pommelled me.

But a little later, when I sent off my story, I had to admit that the anti-Whites had pulled their *coup d'état* and taken over the town just before dawn, and that even the Japanese had been forced to accept the reverse.

I might have captured only a captured town, but at least I had my trousers on, and, as I have already said, that's something Kipling's Private Mulvaney lacked.

P.S. I was never able to find out whether or not that tow-headed machine-gunner got him to his wife before it thawed that spring. I've always hoped that he did.

V

THE RAPE OF ETHIOPIA

By LINTON WELLS

LINTON WELLS has followed the bloody orbit of Mars as a war correspondent beginning with Chinese revolutionary fighting while he was scarcely out of his teens and ending with the Ethiopian slaughter, which he recounts in this contribution. In between he covered wars and revolts in Mexico, Asia Minor, Siberia, Morocco, Latin America, not to mention his service in the United States Navy during the World War. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1893, Wells was educated there and in the U.S. Naval Academy. He received his early newspaper training on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Denver *Post*, and the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Then the call of adventure took him to China when he was nineteen. He worked on the *China Press* in Shanghai, and began corresponding for American newspapers. With intervals for aviation pioneering and races around the world, he has been a foreign correspondent ever since, representing at various times the *Chicago Tribune*, the Hearst news services, the Newspaper Enterprise Association, the New York *Herald Tribune*, and others. Among fliers he is regarded as a competent and daring aviator; among world travellers as one of their pace-setters; among newspaper-men as one of the most successful of their clan. In quick succession Wells made the first non-stop motor-car drive across the American continent, from Los Angeles to New York, in 165 hours 50 minutes; and (with Edward S. Evans, in 1926) established a new globe-girdling record, doing the Jules Verne route in 28 days 14 hours 36 minutes. The story of that journey he put into a book called *Around the World in Twenty-eight Days*. After acting as roving correspondent for International News Service during the early thirties Wells settled as that agency's Moscow correspondent for more than a year, in 1932-34, and from there went into Manchoukuo in time to attend the enthronement of Henry Pu-Yi. He covered the Italo-Ethiopian fracas for the New York *Herald Tribune*, and on his return began work on his auto-biographical *Blood on the Moon*. Wells is also author of *Jumping Meridians* and a play, *Second Guesses*, written in collaboration with Willard Keefe.

THE RAPE OF ETHIOPIA

ADVOCAKES of Pax Romana and adherents of Mussolini will derive small joy from this chapter if I succeed in conveying even a fraction of my own abhorrence for the Italian criminal assault on Ethiopia. I might as well make clear at the outset that, while I hold no brief for the Ethiopians as a people, I think even less of those who by main force and without the faintest justification invaded the black nation and gave the world a demonstration of civilized, highly mechanized barbarism that shocked even African barbarians. The so-called 'war' was not easy to watch or follow in detail in a land without roads and means of communication, without real battle-fronts, with the aggressors so immeasurably stronger than their victims. But I saw enough of it in covering the event for the American Press to leave no doubt in my mind of the character of the Italian crime.

I have no illusions as to the morality or integrity of international relations; but that is no reason for joining those smug 'realists' who argue that expediency and manifest destiny can excuse a strong nation for warring against a weak one in violation of obligations solemnly entered into. This is what Italy admittedly did in respect to Ethiopia.

The job of a reporter is to report, but the obligation of an honest man—including a newspaper-man—to choose between right and wrong when they seem to him absolutely clear must come first. I dared to criticize Roman rapacity; as a result my name now occupies an honoured place on an Italian black list, and I have been threatened in anonymous letters.

The Italo-Ethiopian conflict was the most ballyhooed in history. I say 'conflict,' though it was in reality conscienceless murder. Neither was it a war, both Italy and Ethiopia having overlooked the formality of a formal declaration of war; small consolation that to the thousands killed, maimed, gassed, uprooted.

The world was aware of Mussolini's imperialistic designs upon Ethiopia for at least nine months before Roman legions actually invaded the unfortunate country. His excuse was that Italians had been killed by Ethiopians at Ualual on December 5, 1934. It mattered not that the Italians had violated Ethiopian territorial integrity and been justifiably killed as a consequence. To Mussolini the death of Italian soldiers at the hands of Ethiopian 'savages' warranted military operations, and for months the world Press was filled with news of his plans to occupy the country by force if its Emperor, Haile Selassie, did not give him half of it to expiate the sins of his subjects.

That this was so much eye-wash was revealed by Marshal Emilio de Bono, who commanded the Italian troops at the start of the conflict. In his recently published book, *La Preparazione e la prime operazione*, de Bono says that as early as 1933 "the Head of the Government fixed his thoughts on the possibility of military operations in East Africa," and "declared that the question must be resolved not later than 1936." Which is rather curious when it is a matter on record that in 1930 Haile Selassie offered Mussolini on a silver platter about everything he demanded later in the way of territory and concessions. Mussolini rejected the offer in 1930, and in 1935, after two years of preparations, bought himself a pig in a poke by the expenditure of more than a thousand million dollars and thousands of lives. And it will take more millions of dollars and more thousands of lives before comparative peace can be established and maintained in the conquered land.

Why did Il Duce undertake his African adventure? Ethiopia is hardly likely to pay for itself. There may be some oil in its southern part, but not in sufficient quantities to warrant the expenditure of millions of dollars for its acquisition. There may be mineral resources in the western districts, but their extent can only be guessed at, and it will cost millions to develop the region. Generally speaking, the Abyssinian climate and the agriculturally productive areas will absorb no more than half a million settlers. The Italians are poor colonists, in any case, as witness their neglect of adjacent Eritrea, which after fifty years of occupation is little different from barbarous, undeveloped Ethiopia. And Italian Somaliland is even worse off.

The only answer I can give to the question is this: When a dictator's position becomes insecure he may distract the attention of a restless people by giving them a war. Few will deny that the Italian people have been growing increasingly restive during recent years, and the military operations in East Africa certainly gave them something else to think about. At the same time it inevitably inspired an enthusiasm for war in the hearts of the younger generation, who could see nothing but glory in a crusade to inflict Roman culture upon a backward people and eradicate a blot on their national escutcheon.

Whatever it was that motivated him, Mussolini went ahead with his plans in open defiance of world opprobrium and mild admonitions to desist. His fiercely shouted threats and vigorous sabre-rattling sent international 'statesmen' scurrying towards their burrows like cowardly rabbits.

It is my belief, and I have stated it frequently, that if England alone had said firmly to Mussolini in the summer of 1935, "See here, if you don't stop this nonsense we're bloody well going to make you stop," Il Duce would have backed down. Even Marshal de Bono, in his book, admits that this would have happened, for he declares that in 1935 Mussolini was in no position to go to war against a strong nation.

But neither England nor France had the nerve to call the Italian dictator's bluff, and he was able to carry out his plans unopposed—except by the Ethiopians themselves, who put up a great fight, and the lukewarm imposition of sanctions.

My wife, Fay Gillis Wells, and I started for Ethiopia early in August 1935 as correspondents of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

British battleships silhouetted in the moonlight at Gibraltar; Italian aircraft carriers and troopships in Naples being loaded with war materials and cheering men; the transport *Saturnia* in Port Said, jammed with 4500 singing troops, including Il Duce's two sons and son-in-law; 300 French Senegalese soldiers aboard our ship ploughing through the torrid Red Sea towards sun-baked Djibuti, in French Somaliland—all these manifestations of war made us feel that we were headed towards a Big Show.

Djibuti was hot and jittery. This was late August, and the

big rains would not cease in Ethiopia for another month, but the French feared the Italians would 'jump the gun' and cut the only railway-line connecting Addis Ababa with the outside world.

We decided to get along to the arena of war, and the following morning boarded the most expensive—and the most leisurely—train in the world. The railway operated a sixty- or thirty-eight-hours service each way twice weekly and, during the dry season, a twenty-five-hours express mail-train at irregular intervals between Djibuti and Addis Ababa, a distance of 550 miles, and it came by its title because of its exorbitant charges—seven cents a mile for passenger fares, ten cents a pound for luggage, and five cents a pound for freight.

As it carried no dining-car, or even drinking water, we came aboard laden with thermos bottles filled with ice and drinks, and titbits done up in brown paper. This train is scheduled to leave Djibuti at 6.57 A.M., for some strange reason, but there was an hour of confusion before it chugged out of the station and we started across the dust-swept deserts.

The night was spent at fever-ridden Dire Dawa, in a tavern run by a Greek, and early the next morning we were up and away again. Pausing briefly at the Emperor's private fruit-farm at Gofa, we loaded up with mandarins, and started across the Danakil desert to Awash, which is another Greek hostelry surrounded by squalid mud huts. There we lunched on ram, lamb, sheep, mutton, and goat, which was to be our diet for months, tossed most of it to some twenty-five mangy cats which crowded round the table, and puffed towards the forbidding mountains.

Up, up, ever up the face of the jagged plateau, winding this way and that, and at half-past eight at night we pulled into the impressive new railway station at Addis Ababa. We were in the capital of Ethiopia at last, after four weeks of travel from New York. We had reached the theatre to witness a scheduled performance by Mars, and, as far as we were concerned, the curtain could rise any time.

If what we had seen and heard during our two-days journey across the most desolate country I had ever seen was to be accepted as a criterion, then it was likely to be a good one. At every station we saw soldiers eager to serve their Emperor and

defend their country's independence against the threatening invader. We passed trains loaded with hundreds of laughing, cheering, carefree, chamma-clad warriors headed for the Ogaden district bordering on Italian Somaliland, to join the hundred and fifty thousand men said to be well entrenched there. They were armed only with medieval spears, long-bladed knives, or antiquated rifles, frequently with ammunition of a different calibre, but I was told that to them the butt-end of the gun is quite often as effective as the muzzle.

Addis Ababa nestles in a eucalyptus grove which sprawls across a rolling valley almost 9000 feet above the sea, and over it brood two 14,000-foot peaks. It is said to cover a greater area than any other community on earth, although it had a population of only eighty thousand, and is a city of contrasts—a city where modernity blends with yesterday's seven thousand years; where a white man was then made to feel inferior; where an up-to-date building of stone is sandwiched between jerry-built structures of corrugated-iron roofing and circular thatch-roofed native *tukuls* of mud and grass construction.

I found nothing somnolent about Addis Ababa—the climate is too stimulating at first, though it grows enervating and gets you down after a while. Its temperature ranges from 110 degrees at midday to 35 degrees at midnight. Only a few streets were paved, but along them flowed four steady streams of traffic. On the far edges were heavily laden mules, camels, and bareheaded, barefooted natives, white-robed and jodhpured, bearing anything from a five-gallon petrol tin balanced on top of the head to a bleating sheep draped round the neck. And every third person proudly carried a rifle. They were kept in line by native policemen stationed seventy-five feet apart and armed with rhinoceros-hide whips, which were employed effectively and with delightful abandon on the legs of hapless natives who wandered from their prescribed fairway.

Between these two lines of pedestrian and animal traffic motor-cars bearing high officials and foreigners rushed past, torturing eardrums with their horns and adding to the confusion. I thought to myself that an insurance company would be wise not to insure the lives of pedestrians in the Ethiopian capital.

It required only two days in Addis Ababa to convince me that

there were no "seething preparations for war," as had been reported. True, natives bearing wooden guns were being drilled in the streets, and chieftains with hordes of retainers were trotting into town to offer their services to the Negus and trotting out of town on their way to an impending battleground.

I soon proved the truth of my *confrères'* assertions that not only was there an appalling lack of efficiency in Government circles, but the newly founded Press Bureau was worse than useless.

The morning after our arrival in Addis Ababa Jim Mills, of the Associated Press, concluded his description of news-gathering difficulties with this masterpiece of understatement: "Lint, this is a crazy place. If we emerge with our sanity we'll be lucky."

Although Ethiopia had been basking in the international sun for many months, Addis Ababa was about the most isolated spot in the world as far as news was concerned. The Government itself was a total loss when it came to keeping us informed regarding the progress or lack of progress of its representatives abroad. We had to rely on vague, uninformative German and French Press bulletins for news concerning European developments in the Italo-Ethiopian crisis. Brief items were picked up by the monopolistic Ethiopian radio station, which functioned from seven A.M. to seven P.M. on week-days and seven A.M. to noon on Sundays and holidays, and three copies were posted at widely separated points from twenty-four to thirty-six hours afterwards.

Later on we were permitted to operate a radio receiving set until a spy scare inspired the Government to prohibit its use. This enabled us to pick up fragmentary Press news from various European stations, and before long we were disconcerted to hear Rome broadcasting accounts of Italian victories which the Ethiopians themselves had claimed.

But it was not the paucity of information as to what was happening outside Ethiopia which maddened us; it was the fact that practically nothing of interest ever emanated from official sources regarding the situation within the country.

In charge of a newly established 'information' section was a snooty little individual named Ato Lorenzo Taezas. He was a

court judge, and had been educated in France, but was completely ignorant about Press *liaison* work. I never knew him to fulfil a promise; half the reports he passed out were inaccurate; and rarely was he to be found when wanted. His chief assistant was an amiable young Tigrean named David, who had been educated at a missionary college in Beirut, and upon him fell the burden of attempting to satisfy more than a hundred news-hungry correspondents representing a dozen nationalities. I give David full credit for trying to be helpful, but he was so hamstrung that he could not do or say anything without first obtaining authorization from Taezas, or the latter's immediate superior, Ato Tasfai, in the Foreign Office.

The bureau functioned in this fashion. Occasionally word would be passed round that a *communiqué*, invariably written in French, had been or was about to be issued. Whereupon the correspondents would jump into their chauffeur-driven cars and race two miles to a filthy little cottage in Makonnen Street in the hope of learning something of interest. There they would find a single copy posted on the door, although occasionally David would read it aloud to the assembly. More often than not it would contain no news worth cabling, and whenever it did the boys would race back to their quarters and grind out 'powerful pieces' to be transmitted at the radio station. After a time we concluded that it wasn't worth the effort to go ourselves, and sent interpreters.

Communication between Ethiopia and the outside world was difficult and expensive. There was one radio station at Addis Ababa, and another at Harar, in the eastern part of the country. They had been built by the Italians, confiscated by the Ethiopians, and were supervised by an unaccommodating Frenchman. It cost twenty-six cents a word to send a Press message to London, delivery being made from five to forty-eight hours after the message had been handed in. Quite frequently our stories reached their destinations garbled unintelligibly, for the senders were natives without knowledge of any language other than their own Amharic.

For all important stories which last for any length of time correspondents establish private 'pipe-lines,' through which they hope streams of exclusive information will flow. The

Ethiopian show was no exception. The number of pipe-lines was infinite, but the news so unreliable that it had to be thoroughly checked, which took about half our time. Moreover, we were swamped by tipsters trying to sell us rumours picked up in the bazaars. So in order to keep *au courant* with what was happening and with what our competitors were sending out we resorted to bribery. In return for occasional contributions certain employees of the radio station would reveal the contents of other correspondents' messages, and in this connexion an amusing *contretemps* occurred.

Shortly before our arrival the British journalists had established a Foreign Correspondents' Association and had duly elected officers. Its meetings were formal and conducted according to the best parliamentary procedure. One evening a new member introduced a resolution calling upon the association to go on record as "condemning the practice of bribing wireless-station employees." When the resolution was voted down its indignant sponsor revealed that a clerk had been sending him copies of *his own messages* in return for substantial 'gifts.' Whereupon a colleague introduced another resolution putting the association on record as favouring bigger bribes, which was carried.

It was difficult for us to obtain interviews with any high Government official, chiefly because they were frightened of their shadows in the first place, and in the second knew little about what was going on. Except for the Emperor himself, Everett Colson, his American financial adviser, was our most reliable source of information, and we visited him daily at noon and tea-time, but even he was not permitted to tell us as much as he might have. So we sought out the Emperor occasionally, and he invariably received us graciously and discussed his problems with delightful candour.

Ethiopia was a one-man country, and that man was Haile Selassie. I don't think there was a correspondent who didn't like, admire, and respect him. We referred to him as "the Little Man," for he is small of stature.

I shall never forget my first interview with him. It took place in a barely furnished private office in his new palace. After shaking hands cordially he waved me to a chair, and inquired

in French how I was enjoying my visit, then said he was prepared to reply to questions through an Amharic-speaking interpreter.

Dressed in his customary well-fitting white jodhpurs, dark foreign shoes, and black cape, he caressed with small, exquisitely formed hands the white and brown spotted Spitz which was always to be found near him. He never smiled once as he answered most of my queries, and his sallow, tubercular-marked face, partly hidden by a thick, well-cared-for black beard, was impassive. Only his limpid, intelligent eyes reflected emotion as he condemned Mussolini for coveting his country, criticized the League for not taking appropriate action to stop Italy, and avowed his intention of "defending our liberty and our territory until all our resources, men, and property are exhausted, in the event of invasion."

I saw him frequently after that, and each time was more impressed with his ability, shrewdness, and intelligence. He had not reached and preserved his eminent position without being ruthless, but I believe that, given an opportunity, he would have improved the welfare of his ten million barbarous subjects. Among the needed reforms he had instituted were the abolition of slavery and the creation of a modified form of parliamentary government. He had set up the nucleus of an air force, through which he hoped to improve communications, besides quelling incipient revolts. He had formulated plans for other improvements, and in order to carry them out had sent scores of students abroad to study and profit by foreign methods. Of necessity he had to proceed slowly, for the customs established during seven thousand years cannot be altered in a decade.

Until my wife sat beside him at an Imperial dinner few knew that Haile Selassie could speak English.

All the correspondents and Government officials gathered around a flower-decked T-shaped table in the State dining-room one evening. The napery was of fine old linen; the service of gold and silver, Dresden china, and crystal; the wines rare and mellow. The food was well cooked and plentiful, but cold by the time it reached us. Scores of servants did their best, but the private lighting plant of the palace ceased to function on seven different occasions, and we were left in complete darkness

for minutes at a time, while beautiful candelabra were rushed to the table and lighted.

But if the Emperor was annoyed over this unexpected informality he failed to display it. H. R. Knickerbocker and I were seated at the head of the T, and could watch his Majesty and Fay at its foot. They were talking animatedly, which surprised me, for her French is not too good. Then Knick called my attention to the fact that they seemed to be holding hands under the table. More often than not Fay's right hand and Haile Selassie's left were out of sight, and now and then they would look at each other, smile, then gaze down between their chairs.

"Don't make a scene, Lint," Knick pleaded in mock distress. "Remember, the King can do no wrong."

When the dinner was over Knick took Fay to task. "Shame on you," he chided—"trying to lead Haile astray. And in front of everybody too."

"What are you talking about?" my wife demanded.

"Playing hands with him," Knick accused.

"Pfft!" Fay snorted. "We were feeding the dog."

"What in hell were you talking about?" I asked.

"Dogs," she replied.

"But your French isn't good enough to carry on a conversation about dogs."

"Oh, I made him speak English," she answered carelessly.

And that's how we came to find out that Haile Selassie spoke and understood English. Thereafter we were more careful of our conversation when near him.

Living in Addis Ababa was far from comfortable. At the outset we were quartered in a little *pension* called the Deutsches Haus, run by a German and his wife. Our room was a cheerless affair, furnished with two rickety cots, a table, two chairs, and a washstand. The late Chic Sale would have found much to say regarding the toilet arrangements. Then we moved to another *pension*, which had been started by the Emperor's Swiss *chef*. He didn't last very long, for his Majesty was so annoyed over his quitting the Imperial service that the police were ordered to put him out of business, which they did with no hesitation. Thereafter we took a room in the Imperial Hotel. It was a rambling two-storied wooden structure, situated about a hun-

dred feet from the radio station, and the centre of all activity. It was run by George Mendrakos, an unaccommodating Greek, who served meals unfit for a hog to eat. Of poor quality to begin with, it was prepared so badly and under such dirty conditions as to be unpalatable. Food was always a problem, until a German and his wife started a restaurant in November, but even their meals grew tiresome after a time. The best place to eat was at an Austrian's home, fifteen miles out of town, but we could go there only on Sundays, after the radio station closed at noon and no more stories could be sent until the next morning.

We were in Addis Ababa for a month preceding the termination of the big rains, and it was about as miserable a time as any I remember. Two or three times a day there would be a veritable deluge for an hour or so, and the drumming of the water against the corrugated-iron roofing almost drove everybody mad. Everything went mouldy, and at all times our clothes and bedding were uncomfortably damp. To make matters worse, the fleas took possession of us, seeking dry, warm havens from the wet. We had to prise the voracious insects from our bodies, which in time became covered with hundreds of irritating little red welts.

Oh, Addis Ababa was a delightful community. And we could have endured the filth and disease, the unhealthy climate and high altitude, the insolent natives and inept officials, had it only been possible to obtain accurate information as to what was going on, or to have travelled round the country. Probably the Emperor himself didn't know a quarter of the time what was happening outside the capital and Harar, for there were no communications elsewhere besides runners, and an ineffective telephone line along the railway and to Dessye.

After the mobilization of the Ethiopian forces on the 1st of October no one other than my wife was permitted to leave Addis Ababa or Harar, except to travel along the railway. Early in October, after the beginning of hostilities, she had gone to Harar to cover activities in the south. To the great annoyance of her male *confrères* she wangled permission from the late Dedjez-match Nazibu, who was in command of the Ethiopian forces in the Ogaden, to visit Djigjiga and travel on into British Somaliland. There she was arrested and deported to Arabia by the

British after getting to within twelve miles of the Italian Somaliland frontier. She was charged with being an Italian spy, of all things. Actually her intention was to cross back into Ethiopia and find out what was happening along the southern front.

Meanwhile I was fuming and biting my nails in Addis Ababa. Immediately upon my arrival at the capital I had decided that if I was to report this war it would be necessary to get nearer the arena of impending hostilities than I was. Selecting Adowa, near the Eritrean frontier, where Mussolini was planning to revenge the Italian massacre of forty years before, I set to work to prepare for a three-month *safari* which would take me there.

After making application for the *laissez-passer* which would enable me to travel with reasonable safety from one tribe to another I hired the services of a German resident named Leo Thess as my Number One man. He was a capable individual who had been in the country about twelve years and spoke Amharic fluently. With his assistance I spent a couple of thousand dollars on eighteen pack and three riding mules and all the paraphernalia necessary to assure quasi-comfortable caravan travel. Having brought considerable equipment with me from New York, including McClellan saddles and a camping outfit, it was only necessary to prepare food and supply cases which could be lashed to the backs of the animals, and select natives for the journey.

During two arduous weeks, while the gang stood on the sidelines and proffered useless advice and jibed me for my optimism, Thess and I whipped our outfit into shape. It was about the best Ethiopia had ever seen, and my crew of seventeen comprised a motley collection of natives representing half a dozen different tribes. They were chosen on the basis of experience, adaptability, and disposition, as evidenced by letters of recommendation from previous employers, and for their ability to speak different dialects: two men were allotted to each three mules, and the others included a cook and assistant for Thess and me, a cook for the natives, my personal boy, and the Number Two man.

My cook was a monkeyish little man with a wrinkled face,

named Ali Omar. He was a Moslem, and only my repeated threats to beat hell out of him prevented his spitting into the frying-pan each time he cooked bacon or other pork. The crew included three Moslems, thirteen Coptic Christians, and a Catholic convert. The latter would eat anything, but the Moslems and Coptics would partake only of whatever had been killed and prepared according to their individual religious beliefs. When Fay and I took to the field eventually, and had to buy each sect a goat or a sheep or a beef, we scandalized the Coptics by sharing the Mohammedans' food supply, doing so because there were so few of them.

When all was in readiness, and authorization to make the trip had not been received, I went direct to the Emperor with a personal request for permission. He questioned me as to my proposed itinerary, and when I outlined one which did not take me within fifty miles of Adowa told me I could go. A week later, when I was champing at the bit eager to get away, Taezas informed me the Emperor had changed his mind. I was furious, of course, but nothing could be done about it.

What happened was that his advisers had convinced him that it would be unwise to permit a foreigner to go roaming around the interior of Ethiopia. Should I have been killed by any chance it would have been another indication that Italian reforms were needed to civilize a savage people. You see, in Ethiopia the natives do not—in fact, cannot—differentiate between nationalities. There is only one word in their language for foreigners, and that is *farangi*. During all the months the Emperor was inspiring them to repel the invaders few knew or cared that they were supposed to fight only Italians. They had been taught that *farangis* were invading their country, and to them all foreigners were *farangis* and therefore legal prey.

The boys joshed me unmercifully when word got round that I was not to be allowed to go, but eventually I had the last laugh. For a time the mule market had been glutted with animals, and I had purchased mine rather cheaply. Suddenly the Government began to commandeer mules for the army, and before long few good ones could be found, and prices had skyrocketed. At this point a rumour began to float around that correspondents would eventually be permitted to travel by strongly guarded

caravans to Dessye, 370 kilometres north-east of Addis Ababa, whereupon my colleagues began to make preparations to go on *safari*. My mules were fine, sturdy animals, and I had been longing to get rid of them, for they were eating their heads off, but I manifested reluctance to sell when my *confrères* began to evince an interest in buying them on the ground that they were magnanimously willing to help me reduce my losses.

Although I fully believed the Government would never keep faith with us, I postponed selling my animals until the desire for them grew keen, when I unloaded all except two at a profit of ten thalers per animal. Of the two retained one was Fay's private riding mule, a speedy little Sudan filly which she named "Twenty Grand," and the other was mine, a stout-hearted mountain animal which I dubbed "Man-o'-War," for no particular reason. About the only excuse we had for keeping them was the love affair which had developed. They had never met until we brought them together, and after a fortnight in the same stable Man-o'-War fell in love with Twenty Grand, and never thereafter was anyone able to make that blasted beast travel alone or stop his nerve-fraying braying and screeching when his girl friend was taken out alone.

In the absence of worth-while war intelligence I had already turned the spotlight on correspondents' activities in the belief that they would prove of interest to my readers.

I had told about their being the most discontented aggregation of news-hawks ever gathered under one segment of heaven, convinced that all any of them was ever likely to get for his trouble were some vastly distasteful memories; of how boredom had forced some of them to take up knitting; of what happened when they occasionally kicked over the traces. They had, in fact, provided more human interest material than the war itself. Even now it is amusing to remember certain little incidents—the wild poker games, the crap-shooting, the . . .

There was one correspondent whose employers had proclaimed in black-face full-page headlines that "He Smells Gunpowder!" This was long before any of us had even heard a fire-cracker explode in Ethiopia. One night a tipsy British colleague pumped seven bullets through a partly open door into the wall

of our distinguished reporter's room. As wisps of powder-tainted smoke drifted round the room he poked his head through the door and shouted gleefully, "Now, you so-and-so, you can tell 'em truthfully you've smelt gunpowder!"

This same British journalist got so thoroughly disgusted with life in Ethiopia in general and the particular lousiness of George Mendrakos' Hotel Imperial that he tossed every article in his second-storey room through the window one night. Of course, he had to foot the bill for damages. So did a group of news-men who became incensed over reports of a Fascist bombardment one day and proceeded to break every bottle of Italian liquor they could lay their hands on. Mendrakos followed in their wake, wringing his hands and shouting, "Don't! That's Greek wine—not Italian!" thus revealing that he had been selling us cheap Greek prune-juice in Italian Chianti bottles.

Having recounted such little episodes as these, I now reported the profitable sale of my caravan, and chronicled the trials and tribulations of those optimistic news-hawks who were forming their own. This is what happened.

On the morning of the 7th of November the Government formally lifted its ban on journalists and photographers leaving Addis Ababa and declared they could leave the following day for Dessye, where Haile Selassie was expected to establish his G.H.Q. in the field. Late that day they were advised that mule cavalcades could not be used, but they might travel by lorry, starting on the 14th of November.

This was quite a shock to the lads who had invested a good many thousands of dollars in animals, equipment, and supplies, and naturally they raised a hue and cry. After twenty-four hours of acrimonious bickering, with reasons still being refused, the Government said, "O.K. Go to it." An hour later an official *communiqué* was posted, modifying the conditions, and stating that, while the outfits could move on the morning of the 9th, they would have to be sent in charge of native boys, because the correspondents could travel only by lorry, and at some future date. The Government pointed out that everything had to be sent at the owner's risk, but promised to provide an armed guard of three hundred men, commanded by a certain Dedjazmatch Makonnen.

For a few hours the atmosphere was blue, but no amount of argument could budge officialdom. So the caravaners bowed to the inevitable, and decided to entrust everything to the natives and guards, and then hope for the best.

Dawn the next morning witnessed the beginning of the gentle pastime of loading some hundred mules, the majority of which resented having heavy boxes, tins, bags, tents, and what not strapped to their backs. What should normally have been a two-hour job required six hours, considerable equipment suffering from being repeatedly tossed from the backs of bucking mules which showed no appreciation of weeks of kind treatment and expensive fodder. But eventually individual columns started out of the city towards the appointed rendezvous, four miles distant.

However, there was some mix-up in the directions, for mules began to scatter over the landscape. It required more hours to round them up, adjust slipping packs, and retrieve odds and ends lost *en route*, by which time it was too late to start over the mountain trail behind Addis Ababa. So at a point five miles from town the mules were unloaded, and the expedition bivouacked for the night, the expectation being that it would get under way at dawn, guarded by the promised three hundred men, who had not put in an appearance.

Early the next morning the owners travelled out from town to see that everything was loaded properly, kiss their pet mules *au revoir*, and wish *bon voyage* to faithful retainers. Despite further strenuous objections on the part of the animals, it required only four hours to load them, and when all was in readiness the question arose: "Where's the armed guard?"

Up stepped five *zabanias*, without weapons, and reported themselves ready for duty, pleading ignorance, however, of the other 295 men promised, or the commander himself. As it was Sunday, and no officials were available, the correspondents held a council of war, and decided, "To hell with it!" Kicking mules in their ribs, they blasphemously told the boys to "get going" towards Dessye and not to stop until they arrived there. Several weeks later the caravans reached their destination, minus some animals, supplies, and equipment.

Fay and I had watched our indignant colleagues with philo-

sophic calm. They had poked fun at us, and now, not being the owners of a caravan, we were able to enjoy a few hearty chuckles at their expense.

With the departure of the animals, the news-men began to search for motor transportation to Dessye. Some of them bought and others hired expensive lorries and motor-cars. We decided to wait until it was certain the Government authorized our departure. This surprising development occurred on the 18th of November, and the following morning the race to Dessye started. Ten vehicles loaded to spring-breaking capacity with correspondents and photographers, native boys, supplies, and paraphernalia began what at the outset resembled the Oklahoma land rush being re-enacted by an aggregation of Rover Boys.

At this point I chartered a two-ton Chevrolet lorry, and after giving the road a chance to cool off, and the dust time to settle, Fay and I started towards Dessye and a longed-for glimpse of the war, expecting to be away at least three months.

Our lorry was chauffeured by a surly, non-English-speaking Arab named Selim, and the *personnel* of the expedition included his two Arab assistants, ourselves, an interpreter, and ten native boys whom I had kept on the pay-roll. The equipment and supplies consisted of 120 gallons of petrol in tins, four gallons of oil, sundry cans and bags of water, camping outfit, saddles, cases of food, personal effects, and equipage and food for the crew. Foresightedly, we carried firewood and charcoal, for which we later had cause to be thankful.

That first night we camped beside the Chacha river, which flows across a bleak, windswept plateau 125 kilometres from Addis Ababa and 11,000 feet above sea-level. All day long we had jounced over one of the world's worst roads, and, as our seat beside the driver was uncushioned, Fay and I were stiff and sore by the time we pitched camp. How the boys being bounced around on top of the lorry stood it I don't know, but they never complained.

That night was about the most unpleasant I have ever spent. It was so cold the water froze in the radiator, and our departure was delayed several hours the next morning until we could thaw it.

Eight hours of travel brought us to the Robi river, and we camped in a real African atmosphere—jungle and the sounds of wild animals and suchlike. During the day we had descended and ascended more precipitous mountain-sides and wandered in and out of more deep valleys than exist in the American Rockies and Swiss Alps combined. The man who laid out that trail was not an engineer. He was a mad surveyor, armed with a jigsaw instead of a theodolite.

The road wandered perilously along slopes, was never more than eight feet wide, and, to make matters worse, was banked the wrong way—towards the edge, from which we could just make out the bottoms of canyons from three to five thousand feet below. The hairpin-bends were so sharp that we used discretion and got out while Selim, in order to turn, backed and filled a few inches at a time as his assistants chocked the front and rear wheels with heavy stones. At times the lorry's radiator actually extended over the edge of the cliffs. I hate to think of what might have happened had we met a car coming in the opposite direction.

When the Italian invaders finally reached this region some six months later scores of lives were lost when many of their lorries toppled off the road. As hundreds of other mechanical conveyances stalled and threatened to retard the advance towards Addis Ababa they were pushed over the embankments. This was the sensible thing to do.

Our radiator boiled constantly, and we were forced to stop frequently to add water and let it cool. But pausing thus on the upgrades was nowhere near as nerve-racking as the snail's-pace used going downhill, a full hour being required to negotiate three kilometres in mountain-gear.

However, despite the limitations of the road, the scenery more than compensated. I have never seen anything more majestically awe-inspiring than Ethiopia's ageless pinnacles, kissing fleecy cumulous clouds drifting across a cerulean sky. We could only pause and stare and gasp at the sheer rugged beauty which towered above us and fell away into the distance.

About 175 kilometres from Addis Ababa we came upon a fissure in the ridge, and after stepping through it stood on the edge of a precipice and looked down 6000 feet into and 150

miles across that hell-hole of creation known as the Danakil Desert. It was an unforgettable picture. I thought of Roman legions plodding through soul-searing heat across wastelands populated by savage tribesmen lying in ambush and eager to mutilate and kill. And I wished the barbarians luck, for, poor as it was, their country had belonged to them since history began, and they had done nothing to deserve invasion and subjugation.

It required four days for us to traverse 370 kilometres and reach Dessye. We had been halted occasionally by officious natives who insisted upon examining our written authority to travel. We had passed thousands of warriors on their way to the northern front. Armed with spears and out-moded guns, they were making good time along the camel trails which frequently crossed our road. The leaders rode horses and mules, but the rank and file walked, herding animals heavily laden with supplies and munitions, and food on the hoof—sheep, goats, cattle. With our horn blowing raucously we bore down upon units of this rabble force and edged them to the side of the road. There they struggled desperately with their animals, which invariably went into a frenzy at sight and sound of our juggernaut. Lunging and rearing, they threw their riders and packs, dragged their attendants, and frequently broke loose and raced across country.

This scene was re-enacted time and again, yet the natives never seemed to resent the annoyance and occasional injury caused them—at least, they never displayed resentment. By and large, we were treated with courtesy by every Ethiopian encountered along the route.

Our travels took us through rich country being inadequately cultivated by the most primitive agricultural implements known to man. It is in such fertile valleys as these that Mussolini expects to establish several hundred thousand Italian colonists. About all the natives have learned to grow are such essentials as kaffir corn, which they inherited from ancient Egypt, buckwheat, rye, and barley, and a very poor quality of cotton. Perhaps the Italians will be able to do better, although I predict that for years to come they will be forced to work their plantations under the protection of armed guards.

Then there were districts which were a hunter's paradise. Monkeys and baboons chattered at us from the trees; wild boar rushed across the road in front of us; gazelle and dickdick stared with startled eyes before racing away to safety; beautiful plumaged birds took wing, screeching wildly; and, lying on our cots at night, we could hear the grumbles and snarls of leopards and panthers prowling through the enveloping jungle.

Riding for two hours up the 3500-foot mountain-side approach to Dessye, over a steep, curving, narrow roadway carved out of the sheer slopes and also banked sharply the wrong way, was an adventure in itself; but late in the afternoon of the fourth day we ground to a halt in the twenty-acre, wire-enclosed compound of the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital. Pitching our tents among those of a dozen other correspondents and photographers, we settled down to await developments.

The twelve days which followed were interesting, if unexciting.

Dessye was a picturesque village nestling between barren serrated mountains 9000 feet above the sea. It was the most important caravan point in North-east Ethiopia, and normally was populated by some two thousand people; but now, with fifty thousand more warriors camped within its environs, and more arriving daily, it was bedlam.

Of prime importance to us was the fact that its population, led by Blatta Bakala, the Mayor, was disagreeably antagonistic. Although he had served as Ethiopian consul in London for three years, the Mayor was a 'farangiphobe,' and from the time of our arrival went out of his way to display his dislike and make life miserable for us. For instance, he forbade photographers to take pictures unless and until they wrote him a letter setting forth the subject they wished to 'shoot,' and teathed the order by giving the populace *carte blanche* to interfere with their activities, which it did with enthusiasm, even to the extent of manhandling them while native police looked on smilingly.

Practically every place in town was a prohibited area to correspondents, and armed guards trailed us constantly, inter-

posing their persons as barriers whenever we approached too close to some place they decided was restricted.

The day the Emperor was due to arrive a mob surrounded the Fox Movietone lorry and tried to overturn it because the Mayor decreed that no newsmen or photographers could appear on the streets and witness the Negus's reception. Of course, we protested, but his Honour's bland retort was, "If you don't like it get out. We didn't ask you to come here, and don't want you here, anyway."

Before leaving Addis Ababa we had been told that two Press *liaison* officers would join us in Dessye, but until the arrival of the Emperor on the 4th of December we had to deal with a Belgian mercenary acting as censor under direct instructions from the Mayor, who forbade him to pass any story containing even a reference to the arrival or departure of troops; the arrival, presence, or departure of the Negus; or to military engagements. Presumably we were to write about nothing but the scenery.

For communication with the outside world we were forced to rely upon one small field radio-set mounted on the side of a hill five kilometres from town. It was operated by two natives who worked infrequently with Addis Ababa, and as the normal traffic of twenty-odd correspondents was heavier than they could handle our daily stories were limited to a hundred words. Even with such restrictions our dispatches were as much as five days late reaching the capital for relay to London.

Some of us resorted to couriers, but this was unsatisfactory. It required a week for runners to reach Addis Ababa, should they succeed in getting past the several barriers. Two of my men were arrested for carrying uncensored messages. We got a few stories through by Government lorries, but when the chauffeurs were threatened with drastic punishment for thus aiding us this means of communication failed.

Nevertheless, it was pleasant camping in the hospital compound. Dr and Mrs Stadin (the latter meeting her death in the Addis Ababa rioting several months later) were charming and hospitable people, cheerfully performing medical missionary work under the *egis* of the Seventh Day Adventist Church.

Our journalistic colony grew until it comprised twenty-three foreigners and more than a hundred servants who worked together harmoniously.

When we reached Dessye on the 24th of November the Italians and Ethiopians had been fighting for more than seven weeks. After the actual invasion of Ethiopian territory north of Adowa on the 3rd of October the Fascist forces on the northern front had been harassed unmercifully by itinerant bands of natives operating independently of the 250,000 warriors distributed strategically throughout that region. Haile Selassie's tactics never contemplated permitting his poorly armed warriors to come to grips with the modern-armed Romans, for that would have been fatal. His most difficult task, in fact, was to restrain tribesmen from launching mass attacks against the invaders, and until late January he succeeded. Their guerrilla warfare effectively prevented the Fascist legions from advancing very far south of the Eritrean frontier and retarded their advance from Italian Somaliland northward through the wastes of the Ogaden and westward across the Danakil.

Truly, it is a magnificent comment on the courage and skill of the Ethiopian tribesmen that, with their inadequate weapons, they were able for more than six months to prevent one of the best-equipped armies in the world from annihilating them and marching victoriously through their country. It was only by the murderous use of aeroplanes and lethal gases, about which more anon, that Mussolini's minions finally achieved their objective.

What had mystified us more than anything from the commencement of the conflict was why the Italians did not at once bomb Addis Ababa, Harar, and other important points. But weeks passed and their 'planes seemed contented to wreak vengeance upon unimportant little villages of six and eight mud *tukuls*, dropping bombs and poison gas, and occasionally machine-gunning them. Perhaps they thought this would terrorize the people into submission, but if so they were mistaken, for after a time the Ethiopians simply escaped to safety at the first sound of an aeroplane engine. During the first few months of the war we estimated that it required about a hun-

dred bombs to kill one Ethiopian and destroy a cheap, unimportant mud-hut, which was pretty expensive warfare in any nation's money.

So when I came to Dessye my surprise was even greater over the delay in bombing this place. Early in December I wrote a story along the following lines which was published in the *New York Herald Tribune* on the 6th of December:

Dessye is a city of fears. Not because Il Duce's legions may sweep down from across the icy plateaus and torrid valleys to the north and east—the ignorant inhabitants are too familiar with the efficacy of the natural defences guarding them in those directions—but they live in daily terror of being ravaged by Italian war-birds, who, it must be admitted, could achieve this goal without particular effort or danger to themselves.

I cannot understand why they have not done it already, for a flight from the Roman airdromes to the north and east could be made quickly and in comparative safety, the chief danger lying in possible forced landings, and certainly not from the ineffectual anti-aircraft defences emplaced in the hills surrounding Dessye.

This village is so situated, and tens of thousands of troops so stupidly concentrated in white tents grouped in the valleys and along the hillsides, that they couldn't possibly be missed by the worst pilot who ever pulled a bomb-release or played a rhapsody of death with a machine-gun trigger, and the slaughter consequent to an air attack would be disturbing, to say the least.

Perhaps the Italians are simply awaiting the arrival of the Emperor, who is expected daily. If so, then we may expect a little excitement before long—and it's about time.

This story was sent by courier, and somehow got past the censor at Addis Ababa, but it was delayed in transmission, so by the time it reached New York on the 5th of December Haile Selassie had arrived and established his field headquarters at Dessye.

The day the *Herald Tribune* published my piece on Dessye's pregnability to air attacks we were rewarded with the excitement I had asked for, and on the 7th of December the paper was able to banner an account of a terrific aerial bombardment of Dessye.

I said in my story of the incident, and repeat here, that

we witnessed the most contemptible, disgusting, and inhumane act of warfare it has ever been my misfortune to watch in twenty-odd years' experience with war—namely, the bombing of Dessye generally, and the American Mission Hospital in particular, by ten Italian vultures between eight and nine o'clock this morning (December 6), the casualties so far known being 210 wounded and 55 dead.

Actually 363 were wounded and 84 killed.

I think the rest of this story should be told chronologically.

When the Emperor saw Fay in Dessye he issued instructions for her to return at once to Addis Ababa, inasmuch as he preferred not to have her run the risk of an aerial attack. There was nothing for me to do but agree, so early in the morning of the 6th of December I started to drive her to the airport, twenty-five kilometres distant, where a 'plane was ready to take off. Accompanying us was Thess and my native interpreter, Bela. About a third of the way down the hill we were stopped by an armed guard, which demanded to see our permit to leave town. We had been told none was needed, but no amount of argument or threatening could persuade these chaps to let us pass, which probably saved Fay's life. Turning round, I drove back to Dessye and went to the former Italian Consulate, about a hundred yards from the hospital compound, where the Emperor had established his headquarters, and outside which several thousand natives were collected, waiting to pay their respects to the King of Kings.

Leaving Thess and Bela sitting in the car guarding Fay's baggage and my firearms, we walked several hundred feet off the road to the tent of David, and there I proceeded to tell him in words of one syllable what I thought of Ethiopia collectively and its nitwitted officials individually. I was just warming to my subject when Fay raised her hand, pointed, and said casually, "Well, look who's here—Italian aeroplanes."

Looking towards the north, I made out five Italian three-engined Capronis limned in the sky. As the roar of their

engines reached our ears pandemonium broke loose around us. Natives began to scatter in all directions, firing their guns indiscriminately. I have never seen such panic. To me it was obvious that our move was to reach the American hospital compound, which was marked with twenty big red crosses. Some were painted on the tops of buildings and tents; others, made of red and white bunting, stretched across the ground; all were unmistakable, and easily visible from the air.

"Make a run for it, darling," I said to Fay, and as she started towards the hospital I ran at an angle of ninety degrees to her course to reach the car and get my guns. I was within twenty-five feet of it, and keenly aware of native bullets whizzing past and kicking up the dust around me, when one tore through the left shoulder of my coat and spun me half-way round.

"To hell with the guns!" I thought, as my arm began to grow numb. I didn't know how badly I was wounded—as it turned out, it was of no consequence—but decided to reach comparative safety before the indiscriminate firing of terrorized citizenry might terminate my career. Turning, I raced towards the compound and soon rejoined Fay in the doorway of the main hospital building. By now the five Capronis were circling overhead at an altitude of about 6000 feet and dropping clusters of incendiary and 100-kilogram high-explosive bombs on the town—hoping, of course, to blast the Emperor beyond any further chance of annoyance. Simultaneously the few anti-aircraft batteries were pounding away ineffectually, and the natives continuing to fire rifles and pistols with careless abandon.

It sounded like a spectacular Fourth of July celebration, but after the first few minutes we hardly heard it, being too busy trying to pacify frantic native patients and women hospital attendants. Though normally unable to move for one reason or another, many of the former, impelled by an unconquerable fear, had risen from their beds and were screaming and staggering or crawling through the rooms.

After a sixteen-minutes bombardment moderate quiet was restored as the five planes disappeared behind a mountain to the east, and within a few minutes Fay and I were back at

our tent, comparing notes with our colleagues. No bombs had dropped in the compound, but it was apparent that the village outside had taken an awful licking. We could see that the Emperor's headquarters were still intact, and assumed that he was safe. Actually, as we learned later, he had fired an anti-aircraft defence gun throughout the air raid. A very courageous man was his Majesty.

Before we could ascertain the casualties some one shouted, "Here they come again!" and we looked up to see and then hear the roar of *ten* planes, five other buzzards having joined the first five after raiding the airport and troops in the valley. Now hell did pop, for instead of directing their attentions on the town they seemed to concentrate on the hospital compound. Fortunately the high-explosive bombs landed on the edges of its twenty acres, but the two-pound incendiaries, about the size of a water tumbler, burst all around us and ignited, giving forth a heat which scientists say is in excess of 6000 degrees Fahrenheit. Certainly those which burned a few feet away from us were uncomfortably warm.

The trouble with an air raid is that you never know what in hell to do or where to go in the absence of a deep dugout which is not likely to cave in and bury you alive. I had been too busy quieting patients during the first attack to worry about being hit; besides, it seemed to me that the safest place in the world was in that hospital building with the red cross painted on its roof. Now that we were out in the open, and being bombarded deliberately, one place appeared as safe as another. So I told Fay to stand against a tree-trunk and make herself as small as possible while I stood in front of her. The next fifteen minutes were a repetition of the previous sixteen, and then comparative quiet descended upon the community as the war-birds flew away.

"Well, that's over for to-day," I remarked, as the clan collected in the centre of the compound. But it wasn't. Those scum had simply slithered off out of sight to give us a chance to come out in the open, and within seven minutes they were back overhead, raining death and destruction upon us again.

This time bombs hit Red Cross tents and the hospital, where

Fay and I had been standing but a short time before. When they burst into flames we all rushed forth to save them, but practically all medical supplies and the operating room of the hospital were destroyed. Throughout this affair our chief concern had been for the safety of a thousand or more gallons of petrol loaded in lorries around which inflammable shells were falling with disconcerting closeness. Fortunately they didn't explode, and later in the day we buried the petrol tins in the ground at a safe distance from the camp. By the time the fires were under control the Italians had called it a day and disappeared into the north. Then we set to work to inspect the damage.

Dessye was a shambles, and there was no quieting the natives, who were fleeing in wild confusion from their wrecked homes towards the safety of the distant hills. It was unsafe for anyone to venture outside the compound, but the correspondents and photographers had a job to do, and proceeded to do it, although in the process Captain Ariel Varges, of Hearst Metrotone News, had a bullet pass through his waistcoat and under his arm, and M. Goyon, a correspondent of the Havas Agency, was shot in the leg—both being the targets of angered Ethiopians.

Mangled dead and wounded men, women, and children were lying about everywhere, and the latter were receiving treatment as quickly as the missionary doctors and nurses and International Red Cross representatives could give it to them. Before long the compound resembled an abattoir, and the agonized screams of the suffering could be heard from one end of it to another.

As the sad-eyed Emperor expressed it an hour later, when he came to visit us and commiserate with the wounded, "We cannot understand that a people who wish to bring to others a highly advertised 'culture' should violate in this manner the most elementary rules of humanity and civilized conventions."

From time to time the Ethiopians had informed us and the world of Italian atrocities in the form of deliberate and inexcusable aerial gas and bombing raids on defenceless, inoffensive people in remote villages and on Red Cross units at the

two fronts. We had discounted them as exaggerations in an attempt to counteract Italian charges of barbaric brutalities committed by Ethiopians upon the persons of Fascist prisoners of war. These latter charges we knew to be true. As the American redskins traditionally scalped their victims, so for thousands of years had the Ethiopians resorted to emasculation to obtain trophies proving their prowess as warriors. But now we had visual proof of the Romans' disregard of the sanctity of the symbol which all nations had pledged themselves to respect—the Red Cross. And we proceeded to tell the world about it in no uncertain terms.

The cynicism with which the Italians operated was characterized also by this note which the aviators placed in a bottle and dropped in the town:

Hurrah for Italy! Hurrah for Il Duce! Hurrah for the King! We carry with us the Tricolour—the sign of the Lictors of Fascism—the sign of the Civilization of Rome. We salute you, Negus Haile Selassie. Did your umbrella do you any good to-day? We ask you, how do you like our *biscuits*?

On the following morning five more 'planes flew over from the east and dropped several hundred incendiary and high-explosive bombs on the military encampments on the outskirts of Dessye, narrowly missing the plainly marked French Catholic Mission Hospital. This time we were expecting them, and sought refuge on the mountain-sides or in trenches, but after circling overhead for ten minutes they departed without attacking our compound again.

After this raid an amusing incident occurred. Of the more than eleven hundred bombs dropped on us during the first day's sortie many had failed to explode. Thinking the Emperor would be interested in inspecting some of these, the ignorant natives dug out of the ground and carried eighteen of them to General Headquarters, and with great ceremony presented them to his Majesty. Now, nothing is so uncertain or temperamental as a dud bomb. The slightest disturbance, even a sneeze, will sometimes cause them to burst. If the Negus was aware of this fact he failed to display it, for he invited the correspondents and photographers to inspect these 225-pound instruments

of death lying in a row in front of his palace. And then he and his young son, the Duke of Harar, posed for pictures, each with a foot resting on a shell in the traditional attitude of a conquering big-game hunter. Fortunately there was no explosion, then or afterwards, when, at our suggestion, they were being buried safely outside the town.

The Emperor insisted upon Fay returning to Addis Ababa by motor-car the following day, and later on, when it became apparent that none of us would be allowed to go farther north towards the battle zone, that there was no news in Dessye worth reporting, and that supplies were running low, I joined other colleagues and followed her.

The beginning of the end came late in January. About a hundred thousand Ethiopians permitted themselves to be drawn into a three-day major engagement near Makale, north of Dessye, and, while they fought courageously under brilliant leadership and outnumbered the invaders, they were unable to combat modern weapons of warfare—airplanes dropping gas and high-explosive bombs, and machine-gunning their positions; field artillery raking them with shrapnel; rapid-fire guns mowing down their mass attacks. However, they took a terrible toll of Italian lives on the several occasions when they were able to come to grips with their enemies in savage hand-to-hand fighting, at which they excel.

Even then I don't think the Fascists would have succeeded in breaking through the Ethiopian lines, either in the north or in the south, had they not resorted to unrestricted aerial warfare. No doubt it was done in desperation. The little rains were starting, and the northern and southern armies had to join forces before they became bogged where they stood in that thick gluey mud which is so characteristic of the country, and through which only an Ethiopian native can wade. That would have been fatal, for then they would have been at the mercy of their savage opponents. So they began relentlessly to annihilate every living soul who stood in the way of achieving their objectives.

Besides destroying Red Cross units ruthlessly, thus preventing medical attention from reaching the unfortunate barbarians,

their aeroplanes sprayed the countryside far and wide with various forms of lethal gas. I doubt if there were five hundred gas masks in all Ethiopia, and if the mass of the population had been thus equipped they wouldn't have known how to use them. But they soon came to recognize the sight of phosgene and chlorine, and climbed above it to points of safety and waited until it dissipated, then went about their business.

Mustard gas was something they didn't learn about until it was too late. They didn't know that it spread itself over the ground and on the limbs of shrubs, and remained effective for days. So after an attack they would walk around as usual, only to find that their feet and legs and hands and arms, and sometimes their entire bodies, were afire. Soon afterwards their skins began to erupt, and horrible sores formed, and there were no medications to relieve their suffering. Probably no one knows how many thousands died in agony, but I have been told reliably that they totalled more than a quarter of a million, mostly non-combatants of both sexes and all ages.

That wasn't war; it was indiscriminate murder.

Early in 1936 Fay almost died of a sudden heart-attack, induced by six months of over-exertion in excessively high altitudes, and the doctors sent her out to Egypt. Within a few weeks I was forced to follow her. A heart dilated to twice its size and a parasite in my stomach, both of which are still with me after a year, had created a debilitated condition which could no longer withstand the onslaughts of campaigning.

I left Ethiopia before the *débâcle*, and firmly of the belief that it would not occur. It didn't seem to me possible that the Ethiopian Lion could be defeated by the Italian Jackal. But it happened, and the Fascists are policing about half the country and preparing to colonize it.

Haile Selassie is still in Europe, hoping to be restored to the throne of Menelik by the nations that let him down. It is a pious hope.

But I imagine that when all else fails he will continue to console himself with the knowledge that his people, who have never been conquered for seven thousand years, will not at this

date submit peaceably to subjugation—that there are still loyal, courageous, skilful warriors who will never cease fighting under the *egis* of the Conquering Lion of Judah until they have obtained atonement for the slaughter of their kinspeople, sacrificed on the Altar of Roman rapacity to gratify the lust for power of that megalomaniac Benito Mussolini.

VI

INDIAN HATE LYRIC

By NEGLEY FARSON

NEGLEY FARSON, whose biography is familiar to tens of thousands through his best-selling *The Way of a Transgressor*, has been by turns an engineer in Manchester; munitions salesman in war-time Russia; pilot in the Royal Air Force; beachcomber in British Columbia; manager of a motor-lorry company in Chicago; and for eleven years thereafter correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*. With the exception of a year, 1928-29, in the Soviet Union, he was not in any one country for over six months during the first six years of his newspaper work. From 1931 to 1935 he was stationed in London, during which time he was successively vice-president and president of the Association of American Newspaper Correspondents in London. He is one of the few living correspondents who has known Russia intimately both under Tsardom and under the Soviets. Farson's *flair* has been to report foreign lands for American readers from points as far away from the capitals as possible. He began journalism in this way—by buying a small yawl, the *Flame*, and sailing her across Europe from the North Sea to the Black Sea, in 1924-25. His articles on this voyage were syndicated to thirty American newspapers, and afterwards made into a book, *Sailing across Europe*. His second long sojourn in Russia was recorded in part in a book he called *Seeing Red*. He flew out to India in 1930 to cover the Gandhi movement, stayed in that country five months, and wrote intimately of the leaders of both sides and all factions. He was up in the Khyber Pass as the Afidis were marching down its flanking valleys to attack Peshawar. Farson wrote his popular *The Way of a Transgressor* after leaving the Chicago *Daily News* for free-lance work.

INDIAN HATE LYRIC

I FELT it the minute I stepped out of the 'plane at Karachi—that odious complacency of the British. It was worse than the heat. The natives were all standing around in attitudes of obeisance. So—after a few moments—was I. I spoke about it afterwards to Sir C. in Bombay.

He was a Parsee millionaire with a palace out on Malabar Hill. He began dinner in his best Monte Carlo manner. For Sir C., who looks more like Adolphe Menjou than Menjou would dare, spends every winter of his life on the French Riviera. He goes there for a purpose. It is not for the weather; for Sir C. is leaving India at the only tolerable time of the year. No, Sir C. goes to France deliberately to recharge his batteries of self-esteem. His stroll on the terrace is *soigné* and cool. His play at the tables is distinguished, though bold. He is the hit of the evening aboard the Duke of W.'s yacht. He hunts up a General of Indian Army fame and gives him a dinner which would have caused that old pensioner a heavy overdraft. Then Sir C. returns to India, and a British Customs official says, "'Ere, you—hopen those bags!" And Sir C. is all brass and teak and inferiority complex again.

"It's intolerable!" said Sir C.

"I know it," I said. "But what can you do about it?"

"The Germans could have beaten the English in the last war."

"But they didn't."

I knew that Sir C. did not particularly like the Germans. He did not dislike the British. He merely wanted some one to beat the British. I know lots of people who feel that way: Egyptians, Turks, the Irish, some South Africans—in fact, all the "lesser breeds without the law." They want to see some one take a fall out of the complacent Englishman.

It was an eerie conversation. No breeze stirred the sea. Yet a faint breath of air brought us the sickening scent from the

Gold Mohur trees. These trees were a few yards away, around the Towers of Silence where the Parsees lay out their dead on iron grids for the vultures to eat. When the birds have picked a corpse clean the bones fall through the grids and down into a well, where in India's blazing sun they are soon turned into dust. Dust unto dust. Rich man and beggar lie until the end of time—although there are no Parsee beggars. They are the richest community in India. Sir C.'s Monte Carlo assurance was backed up by the labour of five thousand Indian mill-hands, who worked fifty-seven hours a week, with indentured child labour. And it was Veuve Clicquot we were drinking to cool ourselves that night.

It was the stock joke among a certain uncouth type of young Englishman in Bombay that you should never dine out on the terrace on Malabar Hill lest some absent-minded bird drop a bone in your soup. And, thinking of this, I got the giggles and asked for more champagne. Sir C. clapped his hands, and a black servant appeared with another bottle in a silver bucket of ice. After a while Sir C. said, "I like the British."

"So do I," I said.

"Sir Arthur [the Governor of Bombay] is a very good friend of mine"

"I know," I said. "We were talking about you to-day. We had lunch together at the Bombay Yacht Club."

Sir C. refilled his glass. "You know, I suppose, that I cannot enter the Bombay Yacht Club?"

"Yes," I said uncomfortably, "I know that."

"Humph—and how does that strike you?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's none of my business. I'm only a guest there myself."

"You have a club of your own," Lady C. put in hurriedly. "No Englishman can enter there."

"Y-es. . . ."

"And there is the W— Club."

"That club . . . !" Sir C. checked himself. I knew what he was about to say; for the W— Club was the well-meant attempt of a former Viceroy to fuse the colour problem. While no Indian dare enter the Bombay Yacht Club, except as a servant in his bare feet, the W— Club was to be a meeting-

place for kindred souls irrespective of their hue. But, as things worked out, the only white men who frequented the place were English clerks who could not get into the Bombay Yacht Club and American motor-car salesmen. It was also a place where American sentimentalists of the nut-eating type and second-rate Indian nationalists would forgather. It was the most inclusive club in all India.

The subject which Sir C. and I had been skirting so gingerly in our talk that night was really the crux of the whole Indian problem. It is strange how little attention has been called to it in the world Press—*this fearful, irremovable inferiority complex that the Englishman has given the Indian*. It is like a stain that won't rub out. I point it out here at the beginning, because if you read what I have to say with this in mind I think it will bring several otherwise incomprehensible events into focus.

Gandhi played up this inferiority complex to the point of masochism in his passive resistance movement, as I will show. Other Indian leaders used it to play up the 'horror-side' of the way the British were beating defenceless Hindu processions; they tried to use it to blackmail the British out of India. British statesmen saw how it was being used against them in the 1930 Gandhi movement, but they were unable at this eleventh hour to clamber down from the aloofness they had always maintained over the millions of Indians they were 'administrating.' As an American journalist, a neutral on the scene, I got it from both sides.

In Simla a British Air Marshal said to me, "We [the British] should be more crooked. We oughtn't to hold ourselves so much to ourselves. We ought to *mix* with the Indians, get into their business affairs, get into *their* politics, and not sit around here like a lot of blooming overlords. In the days of John Company they did it. They came out to India to *live*. They settled down, and they married native women. They were part of the country. And now look at us! Why, a man speaks of his twenty or twenty-five years in India *as if he was serving time!* Hell, I don't blame the Indians for being sore at being ruled by a crowd like us!"

In Simla, of all places, this was quite understandable, for

Simla is one of the most irritatingly artificial spots on earth. It's a sort of South Kensington rigged up on a ridge in the Himalayas: one 'Grand Hotel,' stuffy with British *sahibs* in uniform or dinner jackets, with their *memsahibs* and toothy, man-hunting daughters; shoals of wheezing rickshaw coolies (they all get consumption pulling *sahibs* about in this high altitude); the dominant stone edifice of Viceregal Lodge—and Indian princes, like the Maharajah of Patiala, living in little wooden bungalows down a side-road.

In a big cantonment in the Punjab the brigadier in command was a British officer whom I had known since the War days in Egypt. I had lain side by side with him in the same hospital for months on end. His family bears one of the most distinguished names in the Indian army; seven out of ten of his forbears had been killed on the North-west Frontier. One day he invited an Indian captain from a crack Lancer regiment over to Flagstaff House and left us together. The Captain, a minor prince of British India, talked to me as if we were sitting in some Pall Mall club.

"The General," he smiled, "wants me to tell you quite frankly why I am leaving the Army. It's like this. I happen to be a good polo-player. I play for my regiment. We are very good—perhaps the best in India—I don't know. Because I am a good polo player I am popular in the mess—although I never eat in it unless I have to, because I am an Indian. I like my brother officers; they are the finest chaps I ever hope to meet. . . .

"But I am ambitious—at least, I was. I am not ambitious now. No, not now; I know better. You see, I wanted to be Adjutant—so I went to my Colonel. 'My dear chap,' he said, 'you're an awfully fine fellow. Wouldn't lose you for the world. But . . .—you see, he was very embarrassed about it; yet he had to say it—'You see, my dear fellow,' he said, 'we simply can't make you Adjutant—it would have such a bad effect upon the men.'

"I quite saw his point. So I sent in my resignation. There's no hard feelings, you understand. *No*, I think our Colonel is one of the finest men I've ever known; I love him like my father."

The mention of his father caused this young Indian to frown. His father was not exactly an independent prince, but an enormous landowner. In his city there was an English club. Until recently it had not admitted Indians. Now his father had been made a member.

"Perhaps they wanted money?" said this handsome young Indian, half aloud. "At any rate, although my father is a member, he is not entitled to bring a guest. I told him I did not want to be made a member of that club under such conditions."

When the Brigadier came in the young Indian Captain jumped to his feet. The two men smiled at each other with a look that showed the affection between them both. That night I dined in the Lancers' mess. It was very smart. I thought their Colonel was splendid. After dinner he took me round and showed me the trophies on their walls. Several of the most prized ones were medals that Indian non-commissioned officers had won in that regiment during previous wars. He told me the stories of some of them, men he had served with when he was a mere boy, when he first came out to India. Of one he said, "He was a grand chap! Couldn't think of anyone I'd rather have in a tight place. They're *all* like that."

I asked him what he thought of Gandhi.

"Damn that fellow!" he said. "I'd like to have a shot at those Congress *wallahs*."

He was quite serene about it. There was no paradox in his mind. India, to him, was his regiment, the Service, recruits to be trained into *pukka* lancers, horses to be looked after, a polo team that must be second to none. He would do his part.

I don't think it occurred to him that the resignation of the young Indian captain, one of his best polo-players, was a sign, an omen, a chip breaking off the India that he and his father and his grandfathers knew.

Jawaharlal Nehru, Harrow and Cambridge, brilliant communistic leader of the Left Wing Congress movement, has just written his autobiography, of which the *leitmotiv* is—that he was driven into extremism by a boorish ruling class, refusing social equality even to men like himself.

And as to just how boorish this can be, I cite a story that is often told in Bombay. An Indian Rajah gave a great ball. As an English officer and his *memsahib* were leaving the Rajah escorted them down the steps to their carriage. As he was helping her in a bottle of champagne dropped from beneath the *memsahib's* cloak. It broke on the steps. The Rajah clapped his hands for a servant.

"Put a case of champagne in this carriage," he said.

I was ordered to fly out to India on thirty-six hours' notice. All I knew about India was Kipling—and one Round Table Conference.

The flight itself was a panorama of British power and prestige: the British Imperial Airways yacht, resting complacently at anchor on Mirabella Bay, in the island of Crete, whose staff spoke of the entire inhabitants of the Mediterranean shores under the generic term of 'dagos'; Cairo, theoretically Egyptian, but with a garrison of British Tommies playing snakes-and-ladders in the Citadel; Palestine, with the Arabs being pushed about by a lot of British policemen; Fort Rutba, in the desert of Iraq, where the Englishman in charge complained that some camel bandits had just ambushed the convoy bringing his lettuce salad; Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, where we landed at night and had to taxi the 'plane inside a guarded barbed-wire enclosure, where at that same moment were five Arab sheiks the British were holding as hostages to stop a war between them; Jask, with one lonely Englishman, who had been watching one end of a cable line for twenty-seven years; and then the long jump across the Indian Ocean, the coral strand, and the teeming hordes of India.

"*You've* come at a nice time," said a sun-helmeted Englishman at the 'drome. "There's been a riot in the bazaar to-day. Just had to shoot ten of 'em."

That first Indian day was one of the few in my life that have come up to expectations. I went down into the bazaar. Karachi, on the west coast, is an *entrepôt* for Upper Indian trade. The bazaar was full of seamen from the lanteen-rigged dhows that sail up the nameless inlets along the Indian Ocean;

naked men, wearing only a loin-cloth, with red turbans on their heads; Hindu women with diamond studs in their nostrils; Mohammedan women wearing the black veil; Gandhi women wearing the orange robe of sacrifice. In the middle of the street sat a naked fakir, rubbing himself with grey ashes; Hindu merchants in long white robes, like nightgowns, with a European coat on top; Parsees whose black, varnished helmets were covered with gold stars. And such a stink! The sickening odour of dung, human and otherwise, and decaying fruit, which one gets everywhere in the East. Through all this placidly wandered a sacred cow; it went to a fruit stand and helped itself to a good, varied, and uninterrupted meal.

It was the only intelligent thing I have ever seen a cow do.

That afternoon, with armed pickets of British soldiers slowly patrolling the bazaar, and every one guessing what the Indians were going to do about the shooting that day, I watched some grey-haired English officers and Civil Service officials playing badminton with their womenfolk on grass mats at the Gymkhana Club. Drinking a cool *gimlet* (gin and lime-juice) on the veranda, I watched the younger officers play tennis with some washed-out English girls. Their Sam Brownes, hanging outside each locker in the dressing-room, had loaded revolvers in them. . . .

That night the pilot of the 'plane in which I had flown out from Cairo took me down into the brothel district. There was one house that had nothing but Japanese girls. We were in dinner jackets; and, immensely pleased to get such fine customers, the Madam asked me to wait outside a door on the upper veranda.

"She will be through in a few minutes," she said.

The pilot of the 'plane gave me a wry look.

"Have you ever seen a play called *Maya*?" he said. "It's about a tart in Marseilles. Man after man comes to her. Most of 'em are sailors. They don't just want to sleep with her—they want *love*! Love—they want her to love them. And she kids them along; she gives each man the counterfeit of the thing he is looking for. You see, the whole point of the play is that she's hungry as hell too—she wants love. It's a lousy world, isn't it? . . . And it's more than lousy, our love in the

East. Well, there's nothing a Jap hooker can give me in this place, except something I don't want to get."

On that Karachi brothel veranda I saw another Indian truth. It's the undertone in Yeats-Brown's *Bengal Lancer*—this sexual straitjacket in which the white man in India lives some twenty years, the best years of his life. The tea-planters up in Darjeeling can have their 'sleeping dictionaries' without offending the proprieties; British Tommies and sailors can go to a kip-shop to ease their sexual constipation; but 'an officer and a gentleman' must keep away. There's a place in Bombay, on Grant Road, where the *sahibs* can go. It's run by two English girls, whose story is that they are the daughters of a colonel (a 'non-com.' he was, I am told); here a Russian girl (alleged Princess from the ordeal of Harbin), a Maltese, and an assortment of overworked Indian *bints* will do their best to please you. Molly, one of the proprietresses, plays the ukulele and sings in a bitter voice, "I've taken my fun where I've found it. . . ." Then she tells you the story of her life, the colonel part of it; and you order more champagne.

But in an up-country station or a cantonment these things can't happen. And as I watched the maniac fury with which the British subalterns played polo, and worked themselves into a sweat when the temperature was around a hundred after tea, I knew it was a form of flagellation.

In the Bombay Yacht Club I found Ashmead-Bartlett, who afterwards died in Lisbon (with my pet Mannlicher rifle, by the way), and Peterson, who afterwards shot himself in Maidens' Hotel—in the same room, I believe, where he and I were stopping during the Mohammedan riots in Delhi. George Slocombe and his red beard turned up later for the *Daily Herald*; so did Karl Ketchum, of the *Daily Express*; Webb Miller, of the United Press, flew in—he and I were both to have some gorgeous rows with the Indian censorship when we wrote the truth of the salt-pans and Maidan beatings—and there was a French woman journalist and a German photographer (fresh from filming Tibet) who lived over in the Taj Mahal Hotel.

The day after I landed in Bombay and got myself oriented I headed straight for Gandhi.

I found him sitting under a mango-tree, up in Karadi, in Baroda State. He was naked except for a loin-cloth, a pair of quaint silver-rimmed spectacles—and two hats. But the Mahatma seemed a figure of dignity despite this get-up. I sat down in front of him. I judged he weighed little more than seven stone. Yet, with no weapon except his own agile mind, he was defying the might of the British Empire. He was defying it with the principle that, no matter what an Englishman did to an Indian, *the Indian must not hit back*.

“But you are sending naked men against steel!” I said.

“They seem to be doing very well,” said the Mahatma.

The students of his *ashram* squatted on their haunches around us in a semicircle. They were the type, had they been English or Americans, whom one would expect to see at a Y.M.C.A. conference. Gandhi was spinning on his *takli* as he talked; the students spun cotton on bamboo plummets weighted with a red disk of stone. During the whole of the two hours and forty minutes that I talked with him I was conscious that Gandhi was directing his replies at the students more than he was to me. He was giving them a demonstration of how to put the case of the Civil Disobedience movement to a white man.

During all this time a conviction was forming in my mind: *Gandhi wanted the English to beat the Indians!*

Things he said made that clear. He admitted, for instance, that he could not control the Bengal terrorists. They would not listen to his non-resistance plea. He admitted that young Jawaharlal Nehru was leading a strong Left Wing movement in the Congress Party that believed in armed resistance and riots against British rule. He admitted that the Mohammedans up in the Punjab would not look on the Civil Disobedience in the way the Gujarat Hindus did, that after they had become inflamed with the movement they would probably riot and kill people—which they did. He admitted that the Pathans and Abdul Gaffar Khan’s ‘Red Shirts’ up on the North-west Frontier would turn to the knife. He finally admitted that he

was even afraid to enter Bombay himself, for fear of the riots his presence would cause in the bazaar.

"Then how," I asked, "can you call this a passive resistance movement? Only a small minority of the Indians, as you admit yourself, will allow themselves to be beaten without hitting back. The rest will resist. And if they do that they will come up against British policemen armed with *lathis*, soldiers with bayonets, and, worse—many of them will get killed. My point is that you haven't got a big enough majority in the movement who believe in non-resistance, or passive resistance, to call your movement that."

The students of his *ashram* stopped their spinning and looked from myself to Mahatma Gandhi. I saw many of them afterwards beaten to a pulp by British police-sergeants. And these particular Gandhi *wallahs* did not hit back. The way they stood up to those *lathi* blows on the Bombay Maidan was one of the bravest things I have ever seen. They blanched a little now as they held their breath, waiting for Gandhi's reply.

But it did not come.

Gandhi did what I had noticed he had done several times when I thought I had put a particularly pertinent question to him during that interview—he broke the thread of cotton he was spinning on his *takli*. He took time to repair it. When he spoke again it was on an entirely different subject.

Later I was to have that other great and good man in India confirm my suspicion of Gandhi's mental dexterity. In Simla I was invited to luncheon at the Viceregal Lodge. After a painfully formal meal (it was like dining with the King) Lord Irwin took me up to his private study. I asked him what he thought of Mahatma Gandhi.

Irwin smiled and looked down into the Himalayas.

"The first time I saw Gandhi," he said, "I was tremendously impressed by his holiness. The second time I was tremendously impressed by his legal astuteness. The third time I was sure of it."

"Of which, your Excellency?"

Irwin laughed. "You've seen Gandhi. It's for you to say."

A highly illuminating conversation. If Gandhi was a Holy Man Lord Irwin was a saint.

The American newspapers were for the most part incredibly fair-minded over the whole Gandhi business. They printed everything that we on the spot wrote, and their editorials were distinguished for well-balanced reasoning. Katherine Mayo's *Mother India*, with its tale of the maimed sacred cow (which could not be put out of the way), its dissertation on child marriage, and its recitation of the scale of human degradation under Hinduism, from Brahmin to Untouchable, had done a lot to corrupt opinion in the United States. It helped the British tremendously just at the moment when help was needed most. But the stories we had to send back continuously of the (apparently) brutal and needless beatings of defenceless Indians by British policemen soon caused the whole world (including England) to hold up its hands in dismay. They rubbed out *Mother India* as easily as you clean a child's slate. And the American liberal weeklies took quick advantage of this fact; one of them printed the Maidan dispatch of mine—carefully omitting all paragraphs where I showed that that ghastly affair was inevitable, deliberately invited by the Indians themselves; another editor congratulated me on my cable, and sent me a copy of his leading editorial about it—an editorial which completely misinterpreted the whole meaning of what I had said.

A friend wrote to me from England that he had had the unexpected experience of seeing my name up outside a church; it was the announcement of a sermon that was to be preached on my dispatch, "Eyewitness Account of Imperialist Brutality."

And that brings out the most salient feature of the Gandhi passive-resistance movement: the fact that at no time were the Indian Congress leaders concerned with what effect their movement would have upon the British officials and Army officers trying to hold down India. No, the Indians were looking over such Englishmen's heads; they were looking at the dismay the tales of these beatings were creating in fair-play England's gentle countryside, in the House of Commons, the outcry they were raising in the United States.

Gandhi, in fact, placed entirely too much confidence in the

effect a harrowed world and British opinion would have on the British Government. That is one of the main reasons why, when he came to the second London Round Table Conference, he lost out. By that time the world was bored with the subject.

There had been sporadic beatings for several weeks in Bombay. For some time these had focused outside the big department store of Whiteway and Laidlaw's, which was being 'picketed' by the Congress. Like a *matinée*, the beatings began every afternoon about three o'clock. I used to have my lunch in the Yacht Club, and then stroll down to take a seat on the stone balcony overhanging Whiteway and Laidlaw's entrance to watch them. I saw some amazing sights.

The white-clad British police-sergeants were always waiting down a side-street by the Petit Parsee Library, with a hundred or so blue-clad, bare-legged, yellow-turbaned, and *lathi*-armed Mahratti policemen. On the opposite corner was always a Congress ambulance, theatrically waiting for its bleeding cargo.

One day I saw a Gandhi *wallah* hit so hard by a British police-sergeant that his skull was cracked open. Where he fell in the street a pool grew around his face. With yelps of excitement some Congress stretcher-bearers rushed out to retrieve him. They placed him on a stretcher. The stretcher was made of green canvas; it also filled with blood. When the poor Gandhi *wallah* had been slid off the stretcher into the ambulance, which then went clanking off, a Hindu tore off most of his white robe. Then, his eyes wild, he rubbed the white cloth in the pool of blood. Then he held the bloody mess up before the crowd. He waved it around like a flag. . . .

"*Gandhi ki jai!*" he cried.

At that instant he crumpled up under a *lathi* blow. It is just as well, I think, that he did. Because the sight of that bloody rag was having a disastrous effect upon that crowd. There was something like a couple of thousand of them; if they had rushed the police the troops would have been called out. That meant real, large-scale killing.

On another day I heard my own name being shrieked from a scuffle among the mob: "Farson! Hi—Farson!" I went over and found a young American in the grip of two British police.

He was a student who had been given a scholarship by a Middle West university for a year's travel to study political problems. An earnest soul.

"You make them let me go!" he yelled at me.

"What's he done?" I asked the police.

"Wot the hell's he wearing a Gandhi suit for?" they wanted to know. A Gandhi suit, in case you don't know it, is a white suit made of rough, hand-woven *khadder* cloth.

"That's not a Gandhi suit!" I told the police. "That's what we call a Palm Beach suit in America. Let him go."

"Well, goddam it!" they grinned. "It *looks* like a Gandhi suit. Tell 'im to get the hell out of here."

The young student was panting, full of outraged innocence. "What right have they got," he demanded, "to beat people who don't hit back? Look at me! Look at these poor Indians!"

"You come with me," I said, "and I'll show you some 'defenceless' Indians."

I took him down into the heart of Bombay bazaar where I knew [the late] Motilal Nehru (Jewaharlal's father) was addressing a mass meeting of Bombay students that afternoon. Motilal Nehru—the equivalent of an American man-about-town, or a distinguished British clubman—was very wealthy, and for years so fastidious that he used to send his laundry from India to England to have it done. Well, here he was, a funny little Gandhi cap on his grey, aristocratic head. He stood on a rostrum facing several thousand young Indians, and this was what he said to them:

"Don't *read* history in your classrooms—*go out and make it in the streets!*"

"What's he mean by that?" asked this hopeful young American. Two days later he could have seen; he didn't see, because he was peacefully in bed while the show was on.

Motilal Nehru had decided to hold a review of the Congress 'army.' It was to be on the Maidan, Bombay's vast, park-like playing field that stretches along the sea. It could hold a couple of hundred thousand people; and somewhere near two hundred thousand were on it that dawn—of whom four hundred went to hospital.

The point was that the British authorities had told Nehru

he could not hold his review. To have an Indian leader *reviewing* the Congress army in British Bombay meant that in a few short hours the news would flash out all over India that the British rule was broken. It would probably have meant murder in many and many an up-country station, white women dragged off trains and assaulted, a man's life lost on the caprice of any street mob.

Nehru knew that, but, as he had advised the students, he was going out into the streets to make history. He ordered the Congress *wallahs* to hold the review. Karl Ketchum, of the *Daily Express* (orthodox pro-British), and I got wind of Nehru's intentions some time after midnight. At six o'clock the next morning we were down there on the Maidan. As we waited we saw hundreds and hundreds of those sinister little Mahratti police, waiting in lanes and side-streets with their brass-tipped bamboo *lathis*. In a back-street we found a British regiment—the Yorkshire Light Infantry, if I remember right. Then the Congress 'army' came along.

For nearly an hour we watched them march past. They came in good order, broad ranks that stretched from side to side of the big road. At their head was a Red Cross detachment with stretchers, first aid, and four slow-moving ambulances. After that a hundred thousand or so Gandhi *wallahs*, all in white, except battalions of Indian women dressed in their orange robe of sacrifice. As dawn finally flamed a Sikh *jatha* came along. Forty-five Akalis, the most fanatic Sikh religious sect, of whom twenty-five were men and the rest women, some of whom were carrying babies in their arms.

"Well," said Ketchum, the voice of even that cynical correspondent a bit tremulous with excitement, "it looks as if to-day was going to be a busy day."

We had, we knew, one of the big stories of India.

One of the bravest things I have ever seen was the way those Hindus marched out on the field and grouped themselves in little knots. Hindus hate physical pain, but they knew what they were in for that day. Some of them quite confidently believed that they would soon be dead. In each group the Indian women, in their orange robes of sacrifice, made a thin ring around the men. They would have to be hit first.

Beside each group the stretcher-bearers laid out the waiting stretchers.

Watching all this was now a long, scowling line of black Mahratti policemen, their bamboo *lathis* clasped in their eager hands. Before them stood their white British sergeants. Walking nervously up and down, hating the order he had to give, walked the Irishman who was Chief of the Bombay Police. I spoke to him, and saw that his face was white. He gave a sweep of his arm. . . .

I do not want to see or hear anything more gruesome than were those Mahrattis as they ran slowly across the sward towards those staring Hindu groups. The sound of their trotting bare feet made a little rhythm like the tuning up of drums for some final crash. I went with them. I saw Hindu eyes open until I saw the whites of the pupils all around. Then the blows fell. . . .

In a few seconds that field was a shambles of reeling, bleeding men—men holding their heads with blood oozing down between their fingers . . . men trying to ward off blows with their bare forearms . . . women shrieking and tearing at the policemen's clothes . . . throwing themselves before the swishing *lathis*. . . .

I felt quite ill.

A squadron of native cavalry charged into the white groups. I saw women fling themselves on the charging horses' bridles, women dragged along, screaming at the *sowars* not to strike Hindus—because they were Hindus too!

Then I watched the *jatha* of the Sikhs.

The Akali Sikhs are allowed to wear a *kirpan*, a little sacred sword about eighteen inches long. All these Sikhs had one. But they did not draw them. Instead they stood there, and took the rain of blows on their heads. The Sikhs are a fighting race; they shouted out they would die before they would leave the field. I saw a Sikh woman hold up her baby in front of an avenging British sergeant.

“Strike him!” she screamed. “Strike!”

“Goddam you! I don't hit women or babies! Get out of my way, you black bitch. . . .” He was panting to get at the Sikh men.

The Sikh leader was like that statue of the gladiator in Rome: a Herculean man, with his beard tied to his ears. He was being struck on the head. I stood about six feet from him and watched. He was hit until his turban came undone and his top-knot was exposed. A few more blows and his hair came undone and fell down over his face. A few more and blood began to drip off this dangling black hair. He stood there with his hands at his sides. Then a particularly heavy blow, and he fell forward on his face. A bevy of twittering Hindu Red Cross attendants rushed up and rubbed his face with ice. Looking up, he saw Ketchum and me. When he was told we were newspaper correspondents he gave us a bloody grin and stood up to receive some more.

I could hardly hold myself back. I wanted to grab that white sergeant's *lathi*. I stood next him; he was so sweaty from his exertions that his Sam Browne had stained his white tunic. I watched him with my heart in my mouth. He drew back his arm for a final swing—and then he dropped his hands down by his side.

"It's no use," he said, turning to me with half an apologetic grin. "You can't hit a bugger when he stands up to you like that!"

He gave the Sikh a mock salute and walked off.

When I sat down to write my dispatch I waited for half an hour before I wrote a word. I wanted to cool off. Then I wrote. I wrote in 'takes' of about 250 words each, with Abdul, my servant, rushing in a motor-car I'd hired from my chambers in the Bombay Yacht Club to the post-office. I wrote in all nearly two thousand words.

In a state of exhaustion myself I told Abdul to lay me out some fresh clothes and prepare my bath. Then I went over to the Yacht Club and had a stiff drink.

I didn't have much appetite for lunch that day. I made a quick round of the hospitals to see if any of the Hindus had died; and every one I saw told me that he expected to—and looked it—although I did not see any dead. The bazaar, when I went through it, was as ugly as could be. They had turned over and burned an Englishman's motor-car. Things were working

up for the big smash. And then I went over to the post-office to see if all my cable had been cleared.

The British declare they have no censorship in India. That is not so. They have a very rigorous and stupid censorship. It is under two laws in the postal regulations; under Section A they have to tell you if they have not sent your dispatch; under B they do not have to do anything. They always used B. I had bribed a clerk inside the post-office to tell me how my cables fared. For some weeks now we had had a signal system. If, when I came in, he nodded to me, as if saying "Good day," it meant that everything had gone out all right. If he stared down at his desk and shook his head, as if puzzling some problem before him, it meant things were wrong.

To-day, when he saw me, he turned pale. Ignoring all eyes around him, he made a gesture with his hands to show that *nothing had gone out!*

I went crazy. The biggest story of India up to date—I had it—and now it was being stolen from me! I rushed up into the Secretariat to find an official. At that hour most of them were having a siesta. I barged into the private apartment of one English official, who said, "I don't know anything about your precious cable. And what right have you Americans to come out here and write about India, anyway! What business is it of yours?"

"Just this," I said a little hysterically. "I am now going downstairs to send a cable to a Member to have a question asked in the British House of Commons. I'm also writing out a cable to Lord Irwin, the Viceroy. I'm sending that—and, what's more, I'm giving a copy of it to the *Indian Daily Mail*. After this you won't be able to say there's no censorship in India."

"Keep your shirt on," he said, alarmed at last. "I say, this cable business is not my pigeon, you know. You'd better see Cliff."

It was nearly eight hours now after I had sent off my first 'take.' Cliff, I knew, was in bed with fever. Nevertheless I went to see him. His house was on the waterfront alongside the Bombay Yacht Club. When I sent up my card he got out of bed and came down in his dressing-gown.

"What's up?" he asked.

"This."

I handed him my cable. I also handed him the copy of the cable I had sent to the Member of Parliament in London and the copy I was going to send to Lord Irwin. They were sufficiently explanatory.

"Oh, Lord!" he gasped, and sat down to read my cable of the Maidan beating. "My God," he muttered, "*this thing is full of blood!*"

"Nothing like the blood I saw this morning on the Maidan," I insisted. Then I told him how I had waited half an hour to cool off before I wrote my dispatch.

He stood up and clapped his hands for his servant. "Get my car," he said. Then, turning to me, he said, "You give me your word that you have not exaggerated this—all these things happened?"

"Absolutely!" I said. "If anything, I have toned it down."

The monsoon broke even as I was talking with him. It was the storm that next day was to save Bombay from a riot that might have changed the whole future of India. With the rain driving along in a horizontal blast, poor Cliff, shaking with fever, went down to the post-office in his car.

Every word of my dispatch, with not one deletion, was sent to England and the United States. That night, in the Bombay Yacht Club, I talked with the Government officials. They wanted my eyewitness story of the whole affair. When I finished they asked me what would I have done if I had been in their place; they had told Motilal Nehru they would not allow the review—and Motilal had nevertheless ordered it.

That, I told them, was exactly what I had said in my dispatch.

I knew what Motilal Nehru had wanted from that day: he wanted a monstrous horror story to shock the world. That was how many of the other Indian leaders were prostituting the Gandhi passive-resistance movement. I got that fairly straight from old Villahbei Patel down in Bombay bazaar. I went down there to ask him why he was going up into the Gujerat to preach non-payment of taxes; the British would only collect them by

force. How could he reconcile doing this with his protest that he was doing everything in his power to help Lord Irwin?

"Because," he said, softly stroking his fat, woman-like knee, "if I do that, that will make trouble; and the more outcry there is in India, the more reason Lord Irwin will have to turn to London and say, 'You see—you see how bad things are in India—better let me give them their Dominion Status now!'"

What old Patel and people like Motilal wanted was this: that Mother India should be beaten by Englishmen until they would be ashamed before the world, ashamed before themselves; until their outraged conscience would drive them to come to terms.

It's funny how obsolete that all sounds now—what with Mussolini and the Ethiopians. Yet it meant something then. Lord Irwin, in getting ready to arrest Gandhi (with a Labour Government in England), had to be more careful of English opinion at home than he had of Indian reaction.

It was up at Simla, when I lunched with Lord Irwin, that I got the hunch which led to the late Ashmead-Bartlett and myself being the only two correspondents who saw the Gandhi arrest. Irwin told me of two new ordinances he was about to invoke. Of course, he didn't even hint that he was going to touch Gandhi. But I had been watching the slow, inexorable application of one ordinance after another; and I had come to the conclusion that they all led to one major event—the jaws of the British Raj were going to close down on the Mahatma.

When I got back to Bombay I told Ashmead this. He agreed. And once we began thinking along those lines the thing became obvious. We not only suspected the British were getting ready to imprison the Mahatma, we *knew* it.

This was a perfect example of that intuition which is a journalist's most valuable stock-in-trade. In Ashmead it was highly developed. This gallant, cynical English correspondent made himself famous—and generally detested—by his dispatches from Gallipoli, pointing out in advance the folly and the gorgeous mess the British were making of that murderous adventure.

Sitting in the cool Bombay Yacht Club bar with our fellow-correspondents, indulging in the usual journalists' banter,

Ashmead and I put two and two together, until finally the picture took shape. By this course of indirect reasoning we had bracketed Gandhi's arrest to within forty-eight hours. Then I had a break of luck.

The Governor's A.D.C. had a fine sailing yawl. We used to sail her every night after our day's work was done. At weekends we had been accustomed to go off for the day. On this Sunday, when, in his cool white ducks, he asked me was I ready to come along, I declined. I said I was afraid something might break. I said it without any motive. And he just as innocently replied, "Well, if I give you my word that it will be all right if I bring you back by eight o'clock, will that be all right?"

I was pondering over this for nearly a minute before it flashed on me *exactly what he had said*.

I excused myself, ostensibly to get into sailing ducks, and raced for Ashmead.

"It's to-night!" I said. "They're going to arrest Gandhi somewhere after eight o'clock. Now you get X. [a big Government official] and put the heat on him. Find out where it will be. I'm off sailing."

Ashmead was a genius. He invited X. to lunch at the Yacht Club, and talked as if some one had leaked and told him all about Gandhi's arrest. X., explaining why they had to do such a thing, gave Ashmead the whole story. When I came back from a fine day's sailing and swimming I found Ashmead leaning luxuriously over the Yacht Club's sea wall. As I came up the steps he said, "Have a drink?" and as he ordered it he gave me a smile and asked me for my typewriter. "Mine's busted," he said. This caused a joke from the two journalists at our elbows. It made me laugh too when we walked outside; for there stood a motor-car which Ashmead had hired, and in it were his typewriter and mine.

"They're arresting him to-night at eight o'clock in Surat. Taking him off the Bombay and Baroda express at Borivli at six to-morrow morning. We might have to send our story from out there. There'll be all hell to pay when the Indians find their Holy Man's gone to gaol!"

That was a great night. Ashmead usually carried a revolver, but on this occasion we thought it wouldn't be of much use. Too many Indians. So we turned to his golf-bag.

"Beggars," said Ashmead, "probably will try to hold on to our car. I'm taking a putter—what's yours?"

"Give me the mashie," I said. "I'll rap knuckles with that."

We filled two of our biggest thermos flasks with hot coffee, had our last drinks (we took no whisky with us on *that* job!), and then, with Khan, Ashmead's Mohammedan batman, in the seat beside the native driver, we headed up into India. As dawn was breaking we saw the palms rising against the morning light and the little red fires of the Untouchables around the villages. Cattle were being led out into the fields; we saw a few despondent black figures scratching away at the sun-baked earth. Ashmead quoted Shakespeare:

"Gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here."

"Think of them!" he said. "Those poor miserable blighters [our fellow-correspondents] sleeping it off in Bombay!"

That did give a tang to things!

But at Borivli the station-master, whom we found doing his morning ablutions from a Standard Oil petrol-tin, gave a wave of his hand to show at what speed the express would go through his station *en route* to Bombay. It never stopped there, he explained.

"Well, she stops this morning all right," grated Ashmead under his breath.

"But not here!" I said to Ashmead, when I had drawn him aside. "There's something like a hundred thousand natives or so around this town. The British would never be fools enough to pick him off the train in front of such a mob. It's going to be either above or below the town."

Luck was riding our shoulders that morning. We took a chance it would be above Borivli. We raced there in our car. Where the road crossed the railway tracks above the town we found the gates already down—and leaning nonchalantly over the far gate were two Englishmen in shorts, sola topees, with little swagger sticks in their hands.

"Who are *you*?" they demanded as Ashmead and I, both grinning, stepped out of our car.

"We're two newspaper correspondents who've come to see you arrest the Mahatma," Ashmead said. Then we politely introduced ourselves to the two furious policemen.

Things were a bit chilly across those gates, until we offered them a drink of hot coffee from one of our thermos flasks. Ashmead wandered off in the bushes, snooping around; then I heard his sarcastic voice. "Talk about 'Buy British Goods!' Why, you even have to arrest the Mahatma in an American motor-car!"

He had found a Buick open tourer, with its hood up and a pink bridal *purdah* draped around it, hidden in some palm clumps off the main road.

Above the railway crossing was a deep red cut where the tracks curved through a large hill. And we watched it. I think one of the supreme excitements of my life was when I saw the great red and yellow Bombay and Baroda express roar round that cut, throw on all her brakes, and grind to a stop precisely where we were standing.

Some five hundred Hindu and Mohammedan heads stuck out of the windows to see whom they had run over. And then from a supposedly empty restaurant car stepped the Mahatma. He stood there, looking down at the ground; and Condon, the same policeman who had arrested him eight years before, stepped forward to help him down. Condon took off his helmet.

"Good morning, Mr Gandhi."

"Good morning, Mr Condon."

Gandhi was splendid in that scene. He recognized Ashmead and me, and came over to shake hands with us. It was cold, and he clutched his white sheet close to his fragile body. I heard Ashmead saying, "Have you anything to say, Mr Gandhi?"

And Gandhi replied, "Shall I say it now—or shall I wait?"

"Better say it now," said Bartlett sardonically, "because in about two hours you'll be in Poona Prison."

Gandhi looked round. He smiled. And I think we all loved the little man as he stood there so courageously before us. I shall

always have a soft spot in my heart for him for the way he acted that day. He spoke to me and Ashmead. "Tell the people of America and England to watch what is being done here this morning. Is this liberty? . . ." and so on.

A British medical colonel in mufti gently touched Gandhi's arm. The brown Buick, with its absurd bridal veil, had been backed up to our sides. Its door was open, with the colonel holding it. "Are you ready, Mr Gandhi?"

"Ready," said Gandhi. He shook our hands, stepped into the car. In an instant its driver had jumped it into high and was streaming down the dusty road. At that same instant the driver of the railway train did about the same thing. I have never seen a train get under way so quickly. Five hundred staring Hindu and Mohammedan heads were snatched past us. They might have staged a massacre—if they had made up their minds—but now it was too late. They had watched, spellbound, while the cool British took their Holy Man away from them!

But there was tension in the air. It showed itself now when Ashmead and I were left alone at those gates with the solitary remaining English policeman. He let down his breath with a gentle sigh.

"Well," he said, with a slow smile, "I feel as if I could do with a spot of breakfast."

With the greatest story to come out of India under our belts Ashmead and I raced back to Bombay. Day was full on now; India blazing under the merciless glare. We zipped through town after town, the roar of our passing leaving a wake of startled people and water buffaloes. In the Bombay Yacht Club we dug up the bartender. We ordered a quart of *Veuve Clicquot*, two pewter mugs, and some ice. We poured in the cool, foaming champagne. I have never enjoyed a drink so much.

Suddenly Ashmead became sad.

"Damn this lousy world!" he said bitterly.

I asked him what for.

"Why, hasn't it occurred to you? When it's noon in London its only seven o'clock in New York. I'm working for the *Daily Telegraph*, a morning paper. I can't make it until to-morrow.

But *you*—you lucky devil, you're working for the Chicago *Daily News*—your story will be printed all over the States this afternoon. You've got a twenty-hour world-beat on the Gandhi arrest!"

It was bad luck for poor Ashmead, because if it had not been for the way he handled Mr X. we never would have had this story. He was a grand correspondent.

VII

TEN YEARS IN THE ORIENT

By HALLETT ABEND

HALLETT ABEND, New York *Times* correspondent in China since 1927, began his newspaper career, after three years at Stanford University, as cub reporter on the Spokane (Washington) *Spokesman Review*; by the time he left that city seven years later he was city editor of the Spokane *Chronicle*. He tried working in a bank in an Idaho town after that. "I found myself too soft-hearted," he reports. "When the bank refused loans to poor people I sent them money anonymously, and soon was giving away most of my meagre earnings." He therefore retired to a wild spot in British Columbia, built a log-house, and stayed there with two thousand books for two years. Being better at trout-fishing and hunting than at farming, he went broke, and returned to newspaper work. His next stop was Honolulu, as city editor of the *Star-Bulletin* from March 1915 to March 1916; then back to Idaho, as managing editor of the *Idaho Statesman* until 1920. California claimed him next, as city editor; then editor of a special film section for the *Los Angeles Times*, rounded off by a year with Norma and Constance Talmadge productions in Hollywood. In the six California years he wrote and sold more than sixty long and short stories for popular fiction magazines. Early in 1926 he went to China with very little money, writing 'space' for a lot of American papers. He edited the *Peking Leader* for a while, and was all packed to return to America when he was taken on by the *New York Times*, first on a part-time basis, and soon as its chief correspondent in China. He did not see the home town of his paper, New York, however, until 1930, when on home leave. Mr Abend's dispatches in the past ten years, reporting all the epoch-making events of Oriental history in this period, have made him one of the most widely respected and quoted authorities on Chinese affairs. He is the author of *Tortured China*, brought out in 1930, and co-author, with Anthony J. Billingham, also of the *Times* Shanghai office, of *Can China Survive?*, published in 1936.

VII

TEN YEARS IN THE ORIENT

IT is the fashion among newspaper correspondents in China to grumble and complain that their home offices have an almost entire lack of understanding of conditions in the Far East, of the distances to be covered, and the difficulties of travel, of the importance of some of the events—and of the unimportance of 'scoops' secured by competitors.

This writer keeps himself in a fairly humble condition of mind by recalling at frequent intervals his own colossal error of judgment made after he had already spent seven months in China, and when, consequently, he should have known better.

It was in September 1926, the day after arriving in what was then known as Peking, that I called upon the American Minister to China, then Mr J. V. A. MacMurray.

"We need more American newspaper-men in China," said the Minister. "How long do you plan to stay?"

"Oh," was the airy reply, "six months or so longer, I think, or until affairs out here finally settle down."

Mr MacMurray's low laughter was prolonged and somewhat disconcerting.

"Until affairs out here settle down, did you say? In that event you had better take a leaf from a Chinese notebook, buy a plot of ground for your tomb, and begin to adorn the site by planting pines and willow-trees."

A decade has passed since then, and though conditions have changed almost beyond recognition during that period the final "settling down" appears to-day to be more remote than at any time in the interval, and the issues involved become more and more grave every year.

That blunder of 1926 was inexcusable, because from early February until early July of that year I had been in Canton, and in almost daily touch with some of the leaders of the Nationalist movement which was so soon to sweep the country.

In Canton at that time were men who were soon to become

world famous. Michael Borodin was there, working hard for the Communist cause, and teaching the Chinese the fine points of propaganda while he laboured ceaselessly and adroitly for the undermining of British and other foreign prestige in the Far East. The Soviet general Galen—whose real name is Bluecher—was there, accompanied by many other Russian military experts and advisers. And scarcely a day passed but some small, rusty tramp steamer dropped anchor in the Pearl river and unloaded munitions and war supplies from Vladivostok.

General Chiang Kai-shek was in Canton, and few of his closest associates of those days foresaw the brilliant future which he was to carve out for himself. T. V. Soong was there, but had as yet evidenced none of that remarkable ability which was to make him a famous Finance Minister who would have the confidence and respect of Governments in America and in Europe. Eugene Chen was there, and was already giving evidence of his ability to tip the words of diplomacy with venom, and to revamp old and stilted phrases until they acquired the blinding and slaying qualities of forked lightning.

Almost daily association for a period of several months with one or another of those leaders of 1926 has since proved invaluable. In retrospect that first-hand contact with the men who rocked the "cradle of the revolution" has afforded an insight into things Chinese which could have been obtained in no other way.

Now, a decade later, popular movements are rigorously suppressed, and the power of the Chinese masses is not being made evident. But this power is there, latent, and probably gathering force because it is now suppressed, and those who write of Chinese affairs must never discount the possibility of further explosive events at least equal in magnitude to those of 1926-27.

The Canton armies were not impressive when they entrained to start northward. Their equipment was meagre and far from first-grade, and the Canton treasury afforded no solid backing for a military expedition which had as its announced goal the city of Peking, more than twelve hundred miles northward as the crow flies.

And yet within two months that small force had reached the Yangtze valley, had captured the great city of Hankow, and

had at least trebled in size. The forces of the feudal provincial warlords were deserting by brigades and falling in behind the Nationalist banners, and the peasants and labourers of the invaded provinces had been so thoroughly won over by advance propaganda that they helped to make the northward advance easy.

Much of the country was aflame with hope for deliverance—deliverance not only from regional misgovernment, but hope that all foreigners might be ousted, for rabid 'anti-foreignism' was the main propaganda weapon of the Russian-trained workers who preceded and went with the armies. "Down with the Imperialists!" and "Away with unequal treaties!" had become the slogans of the day.

Looking back upon those times from the vantage-point of ten years later, it seems incredible that the rest of the world paid so little attention to what was going on in Canton in the summer of 1926. There were no full-time representatives of any American or European news agencies or newspapers in South China in those days, and even the large Shanghai newspapers did not take the Nationalist movement seriously. When I told Shanghai people in July and August of 1926 that the Nationalists would surely hold that city and all the Yangtze valley within one year I was looked upon pityingly as "one of those newcomers who knows nothing about China."

In spite of the fact that one of the greatest regenerative and anti-foreign movements of modern times in the Far East was spreading in Canton, the American Press was uninformed. The writer went to make a call upon the 'resident representative' of one of the great American news agencies in Hong-Kong, and found that the man was a practising barrister, and did a little news reporting 'on the side.'

He was out, the fourteen-year-old office-boy informed me; and when I asked when he would return the boy replied astonishingly, "I don't know. He's been sick for almost six weeks."

"Who is covering the news while he is away?"

"I am. I'm his son."

"I am another newspaper-man," I said, "and here's my card for your dad. Can you tell me if any news cables have been sent out since he's been ill?"

"No—there's nothing going on."

But something was going on. And that something was going to force the United States and the other Treaty Powers to send thousands of marines and soldiers to guard Shanghai and other ports, was going to result in more than six thousand American missionaries being forced to abandon their stations and flee for their lives, and was going to bring about the bombardment of the city of Nanking by American and British warships.

The awakening of America and Europe to the importance of China as a news centre was destined to be abrupt, spectacular, and expensive. By the opening of the next year more than a score of the world's most famous war correspondents had been sent to Shanghai, and the cables were being heavily loaded with news about the stirring events of 1927.

The Far East in general, and China in particular, has never since then suffered from absolute news neglect. The number of correspondents stationed in China as permanent representatives of newspapers and news agencies has grown steadily, though there have been sudden temporary accessions occasioned by Japan's seizure of Manchuria, and by the Sino-Japanese hostilities at Shanghai early in 1932. And, conversely, Far Eastern news has suffered several eclipses—such as that occasioned by the first flare of interest in Italy's conquest of Ethiopia and the resulting tension in Europe.

One of the principal difficulties of covering China is the immense size of the country, and the fact that means of modern communication are few and inadequate when compared with the vast area. This condition is being rapidly bettered, for new railways and highways are being built, and air-lines are being extended. In some cases it is now possible to journey in eight hours between cities which only a few years ago were considered eight weeks' travelling distance apart.

These great distances, and the difficulty of getting about quickly, often lead to laughable misunderstandings.

A few years ago the Chinese Press began to feature articles about a venerable resident of the interior of Szechuen Province who claimed to have proof that he was more than three hundred years of age. A correspondent living in Peiping finally

received a cable from New York reading, "Rush photo world's oldest man Szechuen."

A trip from Peiping to Szechuen in those days would have required about six weeks and the expenditure of at least a thousand dollars in Chinese money.

Another foreign correspondent, stationed in Shanghai, was ordered by cable to "run down to Manila over week-end." Pleasant, if possible, but a round trip between Shanghai and Manila requires at least nine days, even if perfect connexions are possible, and no waits for steamers are necessary.

The prize, though, must go to the New York editor who came across a small item to the effect that the Dalai Lama, in Lhasa, had purchased a British motor-car. The cable he sent to his harassed Peiping correspondent read, "Go Tibet rush photos Dalai Lama in automobile." Such a trip might have been made by way of Calcutta and the northern passes of India, but from Peiping to Lhasa in those days meant a trip of at least three months' duration, and the cost of the picture would have been about that necessary to acquire a genuine Old Master.

The charm of old Peking kept me in China long enough to become interested in other things. Twice I made steamer reservations to sail back to America, and twice lucky chance intervened and kept me in the Far East.

The first delay of departure was brought about by the fact that the principal owner and editor of the Peking *Leader* wanted to go to America for six months, and asked me to fill in for him during his absence.

And what an experience that was! I forget the circulation of the paper in those days—not more than fifteen hundred probably. It was printed and published in a group of single-storied Chinese buildings in a narrow alley called Mei Cha Hutung—roughly translated, Coal Street. All the type was hand-set by Chinese compositors who knew no word of English. The 'editorial room' was a tiny cubby-hole with opaque rice-paper instead of glass in the windows, and with a stone floor colder than the heart of a Chinese bandit. Even two thicknesses of matting, with half an inch of newspapers between, could

not prevent the editorial feet from becoming as cold as marble vases.

The directors of the newspaper were mostly Americans of the missionary group. They were pro-Chinese, anti-imperialist, decried the presence of American troops and gunboats, and believed in the justice of the immediate abolition of extra-territoriality.

Fortunately I had enough sense to insist upon a written contract giving me sole direction of the news handling of the paper. Editorials, it was stipulated, could be published when and if they were jointly agreed upon by a representative of the board of directors and myself. The upshot of this was that in half a year the newspaper published only three of its own editorials—the rest were reprints of innocuous editorials from other papers, and did not deal with Chinese affairs.

In the early spring of 1927 came the 'Nanking Incident,' when American and British warships bombarded the city after Chinese soldiers had looted foreign Consulates and had murdered many foreigners. Naturally I splashed it for a seven-column headline, with all the trimmings.

Imagine my amazement when the next morning half a dozen grave-faced directors—Americans all—called upon me to "protest against sensationalism and bad taste." The item, they said, should have been on one of the inside pages, or if on the front page should have had at most a single-column headline!

"Gentlemen," I said, "my contract specifies that if at any time the directors individually or collectively attempt to dictate the handling of news I may resign and quit within twenty-four hours. Here's your paper."

There were apologies, and of course I agreed to stay. And equally, of course, I continued to play the news as I saw fit, and experienced no more attempts at interference or dictation.

In August 1927, three months after I had turned the *Peking Leader* over to its returned editor, I was again planning a return to America, when I was called to the telephone.

"This is Frederick Moore, at the Pekin Hotel. Have you any definite plans?"

"Well, I'm about to return to Los Angeles."

"Would you consider staying out here for the New York

Times, covering North China and Manchuria? . . . Good. Come over to my hotel, and we'll talk it over."

That was nine years ago. Think how fine and tall my pines and willows would be to-day had I but followed Mr Mac-Murray's sage advice!

Immediately after joining the *New York Times* I developed a new interest in the affairs of China. No longer was I a passing visitor, enchanted by the 'quaintness' of the Chinese scene, and held largely by the charm of old Peking. Instead I became absorbed in the colossal spectacle of a people numbering four hundred and fifty million, a people with the world's oldest surviving continuous culture, attempting to free itself from the shackles of antiquity and to set its own house in order, and at the same time win back what had been lost through foreign encroachments.

At that time, largely under Russian inspiration, the agitation was for the return of foreign concession areas, the abolition of extra-territoriality, the withdrawal of foreign troops and foreign naval and merchant vessels from Chinese waters, and the cancellation of all special treaty privileges.

The emphasis has now changed entirely, and agitation and propaganda is almost solely directed against Japan. The other Powers are being left in the enjoyment of their special areas and treaty rights, for China wants and must have foreign sympathy and support if she is ever to win back any of the Chinese territory which has passed under Japanese domination.

During my first two years in the Far East I had heard much about Japanese 'pressure' upon China, and about persistent attempts to extend Japanese prestige and influence, but until late April 1928 this had been all hearsay. Then a situation developed suddenly which began to look like front-page.

The Nationalist armies, aiming at the capture of Tientsin and Peking, were pushing northward by several routes, one of which led through Western Shantung Province. Japan held a 40,000,000-yen mortgage on the Tsingtao-Tsinan Railway, and there were then about twelve thousand Japanese civilians living in Tsingtao and another eighteen hundred living in Tsinan. When the Nationalist armies neared Tsinan Japan sent about two thousand soldiers to that city, to protect its civilians and

their investments, and to see that none of the rolling-stock of the mortgaged railway was shifted to other lines.

Acting on a strong hunch, I boarded a train for Tsinan, but could not get there. The northern forces had dynamited the bridge over the Yellow River, and had torn up much of the track north of that stream.

In a fever of impatience I returned to Tientsin. But there were no steamers sailing from Tientsin to any Shantung port. So I did the next best thing—took a steamer to Dairen, and from that South Manchurian port caught a Japanese ship bound for Tsingtao.

By the time I got to Tsingtao the fighting between the Japanese and Chinese had been going on for several days. But the railway, 180 miles long, connecting Tsingtao and Tsinan was torn up in a score of places, and telegraph lines were down. Japanese Army transports had already begun to arrive at Tsingtao.

Consular and Japanese Army spokesmen told me they had "absolutely no news" from Tsinan. I told them frankly that I did not believe them. Then they made the excuse that the field wireless sets of their expedition of two thousand men in Tsinan had proved absolutely useless, and that they were really out of communication with the interior. This was true, as I learned later, but at the time I was sceptical.

"All right," I said. "That's a good story too. I'll cable the fact that your field wireless is no good."

Half an hour later a Japanese official called at my hotel.

"We really have no news from Tsinan," he said, "but if you want to run the risk of learning conditions at first hand you can go inland at seven o'clock to-night on one of our troop trains. Our only demand is that you obey orders—for instance, if you are told to lie flat on the floor of the coach you must do so."

A memorable ride, that. The train left Tsingtao at seven o'clock—a dusky evening hour early in May. It was a long train, but there were only four hundred Japanese soldiers aboard, and the wonder is that the Chinese let it get through, or even leave Tsingtao. For when we pulled out a hostile crowd of at least fifteen thousand Chinese stood in a great elongated oval

round the train, and watched the expedition with silent animosity.

Ahead of the two engines was a truck with special low steel plates along the sides. The glare of the headlights showed half a dozen machine-guns mounted on the truck, the gun crews lying flat on their bellies.

All night long the train crawled through the hostile countryside, with frequent halts for the repairing of telegraph lines, tracks, and small bridges. Often the black night was turned red by blazing towns and villages, for the ill-disciplined northern troops looted and applied the torch in many places before evacuating in front of the Nationalist advance.

When we reached Tsinan the next morning we were just in time to witness the eighth and last day of the fighting. Japanese light artillery was bombarding the south gate of the old walled city, and already the Chinese army was beginning a hasty evacuation. During the night the Chinese soldiers had been looting the walled city. Thousands of them then changed from uniforms to civilian clothes, and as our train rounded the great bend under the city walls there were literally thousands of these civilian-clad figures hurrying across the plains, staggering under great loads of goods pilfered from their own people.

The miracle of the Tsinan clash was that the small Japanese force was not wiped out, for actually two thousand Japanese soldiers scattered nearly a hundred thousand Chinese soldiers over the plains of Northern Shantung. This sounds as though the Chinese were a craven lot and had no fight in them. But they did fight, and fight hard, and there was grim evidence of the nature of the struggle.

The night before our train arrived the Japanese had made an encircling movement, and had captured one of the corner pagodas, or towers, on the city wall. Here they planted machine-guns. And the Chinese, in a vain attempt to dislodge their enemies, charged eight abreast along the width of that wall, time after time. When the fighting was over the corpses of the Chinese dead, estimated at about seven thousand, were piled against that wall like a ghastly sloping avalanche of twisted and shattered humanity.

Here, at last, was first-hand evidence of Japanese 'pressure'

upon China. Japan sent a total of twenty-eight thousand soldiers to Shantung, and for a whole thirteen months remained in military possession of Tsingtao and Tsinan, and of the 180-mile railway connecting those two cities.

The Chinese held that the Tsinan clash was deliberately precipitated by the Japanese in order to halt the Nationalist march upon Peking and Tientsin, and to enable Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian warlord, who was friendly to Japan, to maintain his hold upon the territory north of the Yellow River.

If this charge was well founded the plan failed dismally. The warlord, immediately after news of the Tsinan fighting reached Peking, announced that he was retreating into Manchuria in the interest of uniting the country against "foreign invasion." Before it reached Mukden his train was dynamited, killing him and many others. Japan has never cleared herself of charges of responsibility for this tragedy.

From this time on, the summer of 1928, I made from four to six trips through Manchuria every year, and on each successive journey I became more and more convinced that Japan would finally and literally take over that vast and rich empire.

The Chinese played their game badly, and so did the Japanese. Unquestionably the former violated many treaty obligations and business agreements, and kept tempting fate by a policy of evasions, pinpricks, and delaying tactics.

The Japanese had a good case for direct action in Manchuria. As one of New York's greatest publishers said to me in 1934, "If Japan had been employing a man like Ivy Lee for a couple of years before they grabbed Mukden the attitude of the rest of the world would probably have been understanding and sympathetic."

But Japan did not air her grievances in advance, and she made a poor showing at Geneva. The Chinese propaganda was excellent, but Japan, in great measure, stood upon her dignity—and lost her case before the bar of world opinion.

The late summer and early autumn of 1931 were periods of heartbreak for me. I had a whale of a story far in advance of the 'breaking' of the news, but no one would believe me.

And then, when the story finally did break, I was sidetracked by orders from New York because no one would realize the importance of what was happening.

It came about in this way. Very early in August 1931 I was given a 'hot tip' from a highly confidential source that Japan was going to grab Manchuria within a very short time. I cabled New York in guarded words that I was sailing from Shanghai for Dairen, and why.

"All right, but don't make any prophecies," came the reply.

Well, that was all right too. I did not have to make any forecasts. Prominent Japanese made the prophecies—consular and Army people, South Manchuria Railway officials, and even a man of such prominence as General Ugaki, Governor-General of Korea, permitted direct quotations, and they did not mince words.

"China's policy regarding Manchuria must be changed, and at once, or Japan will take positive action immediately."

That was the gist of every interview I secured all the way from Dairen to Harbin, and from Mukden to Seoul. It was obvious that affairs had reached a breaking-point.

I cabled reams of material of the first importance. No 'hold down' order was sent to me, but when copies of my paper reached me in China a month later I found my cables 'played down'—way back on page fourteen or sixteen. And sometimes one of them would be held over and merged with the next day's dispatches.

The Manchurian survey trip was completed by the 1st of September, and then I went to Peking. General Chang Hsueh-liang, the son and successor to the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin, and then overlord of Manchuria, was in a Peking hospital, recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and taking a cure for the drug habit which he has since so completely and so manfully overcome. I obtained an interview with the "Young Marshal," as he was called in those days, taking with me carbon copies of the cables I had sent from Manchuria.

"I am betraying no confidences," I said. "What I am about to show you has already been printed in my newspaper in New York, and is now widely known in America and in Europe. If your policies in Manchuria are not changed you are going to

lose your heritage before snow flies. Will you consider these facts carefully, accept my statements as authentic, and give me a quotable statement on what steps you are going to take?"

General Chang Hsueh-liang did not take me seriously, or perhaps he thought I was in the pay of the Japanese. He gave me a rambling, evasive, and inconclusive interview, and when I left the hospital and stepped out into Peking's dazzling September sunshine I was convinced that the crisis could not and would not be intelligently met, and that China was going to lose Manchuria.

I returned to Shanghai, and then went to Nanking on orders, though I wanted to return to Manchuria. For Colonel and Mrs Lindbergh were then flying across the North Pacific, and were due to arrive in Nanking about the 18th of September.

The Lindberghs landed on Nanking's Lotus Lake on the same day that vague and disturbing telegrams reached China's new capital city to the effect that there had been a Japanese *coup* in Mukden. At the Japanese Consulate in Nanking I verified the fact that fighting had broken out in the Manchurian capital, but was assured that the Japanese troops would "return within the South Manchuria Railway zone" as soon as conditions were quiet. Having been in Manchuria less than a month before, I flatly disbelieved the statement about withdrawal into the railway zone, and cabled urgently to New York proposing an immediate return to Manchuria.

"Stick with Lindbergh," came the discouraging reply.

I cabled more than once, but the reply was always the same, and for eleven days I stayed in Nanking while Colonel and Mrs Lindbergh made survey flights over the flooded areas of the Yangtze river basin. At that time the famous couple were not heroes to me.

When I finally got back to Manchuria, early in October, it was for a long stay. The conditions had changed, and the Army was in full charge.

The accusation has often been made that Japanese diplomats at Washington, London, and Geneva deliberately deceived and misled friendly Governments concerning the scope of Japanese plans and intentions in Manchuria, but I believe all the score

or more of American and European correspondents who were in Mukden during those stirring times will acquit the diplomats of that charge.

The Army simply ignored the other branches of the Japanese Government, and went its own sweet way. And the Army leaders had no intention of misleading the rest of the world, for they talked to newspaper-men with delightful and often amazing frankness.

Time after time I learned important news at General Shigeru Honjo's headquarters, and when I went to the Consulate-General to learn the Foreign Office angle I would find embarrassment. Often I was told, "I'm sorry, but the Army really hasn't informed us about these matters."

A conspicuous example of this utter lack of team-work, which served to give the Japanese Government a bad name abroad, occurred in connexion with the taking of Chinchow.

In December 1931 Chinchow, an old walled city about midway between Mukden and the Great Wall, was the so-called 'seat of Government' for General Chang Hsueh-liang. He had a large part of his army there, astride the railway which runs from Mukden south-westward to Tientsin and Peiping. The Japanese started several brigades down towards Chinchow, but recalled them before a clash occurred.

Then the Japanese Embassy in Washington, in reply to an inquiry from Secretary of State Stimson, and the Japanese delegate at Geneva announced that Japan had no intention of attacking Chinchow, nor driving southward to the Great Wall.

I took the Washington and Geneva statements with extreme scepticism, even though the officials of the Japanese Consulate-General at Mukden said they "must be correct." So I went to one of General Honjo's *aides* and stated my case. I explained that I had been away from my Shanghai office for nearly three months, and that I wanted to go to Shanghai to stay from Christmas until after the New Year, and then return to Mukden. Would I miss the drive upon Chinchow?

This young officer said he would consult with General Honjo, and give me an answer the next day. He did, and this was it: "The General says you can go to Shanghai, but if I send you a cable saying 'Come now' you are to hurry back to Mukden."

I went to Shanghai, and on the 26th of December came a cable which read, "Come now."

I made a steamer reservation, and four hours later received another cable saying, "Wait awhile."

Then, on the 28th of December, came another cable from the same young staff officer: "Come now hurry."

I sailed from Shanghai for Dairen on the morning of the 29th of December, reached Dairen on the afternoon of the 31st of December, and spent New Year's Eve on the train going from Dairen to Mukden. The new and quickly successful assault upon Chinchow, which resulted in the final eviction of Chang Hsueh-liang's armies from South Manchuria, began on the afternoon of New Year's Day.

I believed then, and I still believe, that the Embassy spokesman in Washington and the Japanese delegate in Geneva spoke in good faith. The Foreign Office in Tokyo simply did not then enjoy the confidence of the Army high command.

To-day conditions are changed, and the different branches of the Tokyo Government, being all more or less under Army domination, have achieved a greater degree of harmony. The War Office and the Foreign Office now operate almost as a single unit, but even to-day, if it came to a conflict of statements on policy, I would bank on the Army spokesman as being correct and the Foreign Office spokesman as being less well informed.

Not only are Japanese Army spokesmen the best and most prolific sources of news about Japanese intentions in China, but oddly enough they are also, as a class, the most outspoken sources of news about China's internal affairs.

There are many causes for this peculiar state of affairs. One of the main causes, of course, is the fact that China is almost continuously under Japanese pressure, and on this account responsible Chinese officials dare not make quotable statements lest Japan seize upon their utterances as excuse for new protests, demands, and charges of 'insincerity.'

Then, too, every Japanese in China is a news source to Japanese officials. The tens of thousands of Japanese civilians who live in China consider it to be a patriotic duty to report to consular, Army, or Navy officials all events, great or small,

of which they have knowledge, and they also pass along all manner of political rumours and reports.

Unquestionably, too, Japan has many Chinese informers, some of whom have been highly placed in Chinese Government circles, and the number of Chinese informers who are pro-Japanese because they handle imports of Japanese goods is legion.

In addition to the foregoing classes there are always many Japanese Army and Foreign Office men making 'investigation trips' through China, and conferences of Army, Navy, and consular officials are commonplace.

Japan makes it her business to know what is going on in all parts of China, and rarely are Japanese circles in the country taken by surprise by developments of major importance. The one great exception was in connexion with China's adoption of a managed currency system and pegged exchange, which occurred in November 1935. The chagrin displayed by Japanese over this 'scoop' was immense, and for months thereafter Japan gloomily insisted that China's experiment must fail, but so far it has succeeded.

For several years the main difficulties of foreign correspondents stationed in China had to do not primarily with the gathering of news, but with the Chinese censorship, which was stupid, variable, and carried on with the greatest secrecy.

During my first few years in China there was no censorship in any of the foreign concession areas where cables were landed. If a foreign correspondent secured a good story in Nanking he could dispatch it without censorship by going down to Shanghai. If he got the story in Peiping he could transmit without interference from Tientsin. Later the cable companies made new contracts with the Chinese Government under which all messages were to go through the hands of Chinese censors, and then the trouble began.

When I say cable companies I must make one important exception. Japan has a special cable from Shanghai to Nagasaki. The treaty under which this was laid provides that it is to handle only messages written in the Japanese language.

When the question of censorship arose Japan flatly refused to

admit any Chinese censors to the office of this cable company in Shanghai. China threatened to cut the cable at the mouth of the Whangpoo river, but Japan reminded Nanking that a Japanese gunboat was stationed there, and gave warning that this gun-boat would use force if necessary to prevent interference with or damage to Japanese property. This line operates without censorship to this day.

The result of this iniquitous exception was that for years, while Chinese censors suppressed or garbled the messages of American and European correspondents, Japanese correspondents of Japanese newspapers and news agencies cabled what they liked. And this arrangement worked greatly to China's detriment, for when stories about certain events were suppressed by the Chinese censors Japanese news agencies could flood the world with Japanese versions of these events, and the rest of the world saw China largely through Japanese eyes.

And this was not the worst of it. Many times Chinese censors suppressed versions of events which were distinctly to China's benefit, and there was general suspicion that Japanese money had been used with telling effect. Certainly even crass ignorance would not prompt the suppressing of news items which any Chinese patriot would be glad to have reach the newspapers of the outside world.

In Shanghai the censorship was for long so deplorably organized and managed that there was no unanimity of opinion or ruling on what could or could not be passed for foreign publication. An item that might be transmitted without change by one cable company might be cut in half or entirely killed by the censor in the office of a rival organization.

And the censors not only cut or killed messages—they even inserted words at their own sweet wills. For many months on end there were apparently standing orders to insert the words 'puppet state' before 'Manchoukuo' and 'so-called' or 'puppet ruler' before the name of Pu-Yi, now Emperor Kang-Teh of Manchoukuo. To add insult to injury, these inserted words were counted and included in all bills!

In the days when Chang Tso-lin held Peking there occurred an extraordinary case of bungling censorship.

One morning at six-thirty a dapper young Chinese Army

captain began making the rounds of the homes of all foreign correspondents stationed in the city. He summoned them to an audience with the "Old Marshal" at nine o'clock that same morning.

We were all at the appointed place on time, and, as was usual in those days, were kept waiting for more than two hours. When we finally saw Chang Tso-lin he gave out several statements that were at the time of great importance and interest abroad, and he voiced the earnest hope that we should all send lengthy cables quoting his statements in full.

There was a great clattering of typewriters in Peking that day, for every one cabled heavily.

The day after that came the sensation—the Old Marshal's own censor had completely suppressed every word of all of our cables! For his mistaken officiousness he lost his head—literally, as well as officially—and the new censor was so afraid of his job that for a time he stopped nothing.

During the great civil war of 1930, when an independent Government was established in Peiping by Generals Feng Yu-Hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan, censorship reached the peak of asininity. The chief censor neither spoke nor read anything but Chinese, and since he thought very highly of himself indeed he appeared at his office for only three or four hours each day. And he issued strict orders to his staff that all cables to be transmitted, whether commercial or Press, must be translated and written down in Chinese script for him to read before they were sent off.

Many a day he left his office without reading through the accumulated cables, and gradually his basket filled and filled, until messages were going out three and four days after they had been handed in—if they went at all.

Bribery of a Government appointee may be a criminal offence anywhere in the world, but I was guilty of it once, and I think I was more than justified by subsequent events.

This incident occurred in Tsingtao, in May 1928, when I returned after my excursion to the war-wrecked city of Tsinan referred to earlier in this chapter.

I had been on the train all day, and had spent my time writing and rewriting my eyewitness account of the conclusion of the

battle for the city and the eventual Japanese victory. The final version was about four thousand words in length.

Hot, dirty, hungry, thirsty, and tired, I reached Tsingtao at ten o'clock on a Saturday night, and went straight to the cable office.

A skinny, nervous little Chinese, with wrists not much larger than willow wands, took my cable and began to read it. After finishing the second page he looked up, announced he was the chief censor, and that he would not pass the dispatch.

"All right," I said. "Give it to me. A steamer leaves for Dairen early to-morrow morning, and I'll file it from there."

He hesitated, and lowered his voice. "I can't pass this. It offends Chinese patriotism. Besides, it is very long, and it is now very late. And besides that"—his voice was almost a whisper now—"we haven't been paid our wages here for nearly three months."

"Let's go into your private office," I suggested. I was too weary for courtesies or for tact.

"How much do you want?" I demanded brusquely.

"Four hundred dollars," was the amazing reply.

But I was not too tired to bargain, and in the end I paid only one hundred and twenty dollars to assuage the feelings of this super-patriot. And to secure that amount of money on a Saturday night at Tsingtao I had to rouse the hotel manager from bed and get him to open the hotel safe.

On Sunday morning I strolled over to the censor's office to try to learn if my cable had really been sent, or if the scamp had merely pocketed my money and then 'spiked' the message.

I found him at his desk in his private office, and in front of him was my cable and great piles of manuscripts. One pile, I found, consisted of carbon copies of my cable, and the other piles, as I discovered later, were translations of my exclusive yarn into Chinese and Japanese. When I asked him why my message had been copied with multiple carbons he flushed and seemed uneasy as he assured me that extra copies were needed for "Government files."

The truth came out later in the day. This young hopeful had actually sent off my four-thousand-word message without any garbling on Saturday night, but on Sunday he went round to the

Associated Press, the *Manchester Guardian*, and other correspondents, who had not been to Tsinan, offering to sell them copies of my scoop. Of course, he found business very bad.

But he found the Japanese not so scrupulous, and sold my four thousand words for a very large sum to a Japanese news agency, and on Monday my long cable, the property of the *New York Times*, appeared in the Japanese language in many newspapers published in Japan.

But these absurdities and iniquities have been pretty well done away with since the end of 1935. General and Madam Chiang Kai-shek became personally interested in the censorship problem, and realized that the former system (or lack of system) worked to China's detriment and encouraged the smuggling of news out of the country.

Now there is still censorship, but it is lenient, efficient, intelligent, and uniform. In Shanghai Hollington K. Tong, a one-time student of journalism at Columbia University, in New York City, is in absolute charge of the censorship. Mr Tong was formerly editor and publisher of the best of the Chinese-language daily newspapers in North China, and has had other newspaper experience.

Under the new system, if a cable is censored, Mr Tong gets into touch with the correspondent in question, and tells him what is being done to his text and why. Formerly the censors were anonymous, unapproachable, and worked under instructions which they refused to divulge. Mr Tong is also helpful in spotting any errors or misstatements in cables designed for newspapers abroad, and will go to the trouble of telephoning to correspondents and suggesting corrections before the text is flashed out of the country.

The now abolished system of censorship in China was one under which the censors had power, but refused to admit any responsibility for their own decisions.

For instance, one day in June 1934 I received at the Shanghai office of the *New York Times* a short dispatch from our man at Hankow. It dealt with a military situation many hundreds of miles in the interior, and there was in Shanghai no office or official which could have verified the news. In routine fashion it was transmitted to New York, dated from Hankow.

In July I left China for a trip round the world. In Washington, in September, I enjoyed a luncheon with the Chinese Minister to the United States, who was cordiality itself. But one October morning, when I went to our Paris office to call for mail, I found a cable from New York with the astonishing information that because of this four-months-old Hankow item the Chinese Government had cancelled the use of cables and radio for the *New York Times*, and that the Nanking Foreign Office had ordered all consulates in America and Europe to refuse to *visa* my passport for a return to Chinese soil!

These harsh measures were not adopted as 'punishment' for a damaging item, 'smuggled' out of the country by mail or to the cables at British Hong-Kong, but were adopted because of a news item originating in Hankow, which had been read and approved by the Hankow censors, by the receiving censors at Shanghai, and by the Shanghai censors who were in charge of cables transmitted for publication abroad, and who should have stopped the item if it was objectionable. The censors were not disciplined or punished, but an effort was made to enforce drastic retaliatory measures against a newspaper and its correspondent.

China remains the land where the incredible is almost the commonplace, and no report or rumour about politico-military changes is so fantastic that it can safely be dismissed without investigation on the grounds of improbability.

Gone are the salty and disreputable times of a decade or even less ago, when a warlord like Chang Tsung-chang openly supported a harem of about twoscore concubines, and maintained a costly special train in which he used to haul them around with him on his various military campaigns.

This same worthy once swore a mighty oath that if he lost a particular campaign to the south of his provincial capital he would return only in his coffin. Well, he lost, and he returned in his coffin—a fine, cumbersome coffin lacquered a rich red. But he was very much alive, sitting up and smoking and drinking hot wine, when the special train hauled into his over-taxed and harried capital city the open truck where, for all to see, he was carrying out his vow.

But incredible things still happen in China. The arch-rebel of 1930 may sit high in the inner councils of Nanking in 1935, and co-operate heartily with the Government leaders whom he used to denounce. The 'Premier' of a northern rebel Government, who spent most of his time denouncing Nanking as the origin of China's sorrows, may be Nanking's Premier a few years later. An ex-Cabinet member of one year, who may be denounced by official Government statements as a man who has stolen millions of Government funds, may be back in the Cabinet, holding a different portfolio, before too many winters have passed.

And this sort of thing still goes on. If anyone is incredulous let him consult the files of any newspaper for June 1936. There he will find General Yu Han-mou as second in command of Canton's armies, and as field commander of a huge force avowedly bent upon advancing northward to unseat General Chiang Kai-shek and reorganize the Nanking Government.

Then turn to the files for July 1936, and Yu Han-mou will be found to be an ardent Nanking supporter, and holding the position of commander of Canton's 'loyal' armies—a man who shudders at talk of disunity, rebellion, or civil war.

It is amazing contradictions of this kind which makes the correct and objective reporting of events in China so difficult. How, for instance, is one to class General Sung Cheh-yuan?

In 1933 he was in personal command of armies which fought long and hard against the Japanese, and which sustained frightful casualties at Hsifengkuo Pass, north of Peiping. At the end of 1935 he is Japan's candidate for the post of Chairman of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council.

And what of the less important general who commanded the Chinese troops in Peiping in the summer of 1933, when the Japanese armies were invading North China? As the invaders neared China's former capital this doughty General began digging a trench system north of the city, and ordered the erection of many 'pill-boxes' and machine-gun nests upon the old city wall.

Ah! A hero who will resist to the last ditch?

Not at all, for the General himself announces that these defences are intended to be used against defeated and

demoralized Chinese troops, and that if any such troops attempt to enter Peiping he will have them "shot down to the last man"!

The handling of China news is very apt to be coloured by the temperament and sympathies of the correspondent. A man of the 'die-hard' temperament will see the situation as hopeless. One man will feel that Japan's encroachments are entirely justified, and another will froth mentally and emotionally because China is not freed from outside pressure so that she can work out her own destiny. The 'forward-looking' type will exult over every five hundred miles of new highway completed, whereas the pessimist will see only the vast areas which still have no roads at all. A 'Leftist' sympathizer will see no good in General Chiang Kai-shek's administration, and will lament the waning of Russian influence, while an inborn conservative will envision General Chiang as the only man who can save the country and put it on its feet.

But for the observer and reporter who can avoid thinking in superlatives, and who likes China and the Chinese people, reporting in this part of the Far East affords a life of surpassing interest.

Distinct progress is being made in China upon two important lines, and when these progressions have reached a meeting point there is almost certain to be a tremendous collision and resultant high drama of prime historical importance.

China is making progress towards political, military, and genuine nationalistic unification. And important coincident progress is being made in education, highway and railway building, the acquisition of modern military equipment, and the spread and deepening of a desire to achieve absolute independence from all forms of foreign control.

But meanwhile Japan is making steady progress in territorial expansion at China's expense, in political and commercial penetration, and in her plans for the exploitation of China's most important natural resources.

The time is rapidly approaching when China will have to decide whether she wants to play the part of the lamb and lie down peacefully beside the lion—disregarding the fact that lions are always hungry—or whether she wants to risk extinction by

doing battle with the lion, even though she is not yet physically or militarily equipped for war.

'All in the day's work' of any foreign correspondent in China may be listed the covering of civil wars, calamitous floods, frightful famines, and decimating plagues.

But for drama and adventure, excitement and sustained effort, which so wearied body and mind that it was a commonplace to sleep undisturbed through noisy artillery bombardments, the Chino-Japanese clash at Shanghai early in 1932 easily takes precedence.

I was in Manchuria in January 1932, and it was the 22nd of that month before some of my friends among the Japanese Army officers began to look grave when they discussed the Shanghai situation. Japanese men, women, and children were being stoned in the streets, they said. Japanese priests had been violently attacked, and one had died. Self-appointed searchers for Japanese-made goods were seizing such merchandise, and either burning it or selling it and pocketing the proceeds. An anti-Japanese boycott had assumed alarming proportions, and illegal methods were being pursued.

I asked if I had better return to Shanghai, if a real crisis was at hand. The evasive replies were to the effect that affairs in Manchuria would probably be unsensational for a time—but I took the hint.

It is a forty-eight-hour trip by sea from Dairen to Shanghai, and I made the journey in a small Japanese coasting steamer. Almost hourly we received wireless news about the heightening of the tension, and I was in a fever of impatience when we finally steamed up the Whangpoo river and docked just before dusk on the afternoon of the 25th of January. Significantly our steamer tied up between two Japanese destroyers.

Events moved swiftly, and on the night of the 27th the Japanese Consul-General made a number of demands upon the Mayor of Shanghai, giving him only twenty-four hours for unqualified acceptance.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the 28th of January, while I was hurrying through dinner, the telephone rang.

"Well, it's all over," said the genial voice of a very high American diplomatic official.

"On the contrary, it will begin three hours from now," I replied.

"But don't you know that the Mayor has accepted all of the Japanese demands?"

"Yes, I know that, but nevertheless fighting will be begun at eleven o'clock to-night," I insisted.

"But, Abend, you mustn't cable alarmist stuff like that to New York. The Japanese Consul-General called on me only an hour ago, and assured me that he is completely satisfied, and that the crisis is definitely a thing of the past."

"And just an hour ago," I retorted, "I was having a whisky and soda with Admiral Shiozawa aboard his flagship, and he told me that at eleven o'clock to-night his marines will begin marching into Chapei."

Here was another conflict of opinion and statement between Japanese Foreign Office representatives and the commander of an armed force. And in this case the Admiral was right about what was going to happen, just as the generals had always been right in Manchuria.

The last caution over the telephone from my American friend was not to be "foolishly rash nor alarmist," and my last advice to him was to listen for firing soon after eleven o'clock.

The Japanese Admiral's contention to me had been that, even though the Chinese Mayor had accepted all Japan's demands, nevertheless a dangerous condition existed in Chapei, where nearly six thousand Japanese resided or owned shops.

"The Chinese police of Chapei," he said, "have been overtaken by panic, and have deserted their posts and fled. My marines are going in at eleven to-night to preserve order and protect Japanese lives and properties."

The Japanese marines started to enter Chapei on schedule, on the night of the 28th of January, but they did not occupy that section of Shanghai until early in March, and by that time about thirty thousand people had been killed by artillery, aerial bombs, and rifle and machine-gun fire, and shells and flames had destroyed tens of millions of dollars' worth of property.

On that night of the 28th of January all the preliminaries to

the big story were 'mopped up' and cabled to New York before half-past ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock, with my overcoat and hat on, I was leaning from the dining-room window of my seventh-floor apartment, waiting for the first sound of rifle-fire. A motor-car was waiting in the street below to rush me to whatever part of the city from which might come the first sounds of firing. And at 11.5 precisely I heard the first burst of fire, only six blocks away.

That 'Shanghai Incident' brought to the Far East a large number of the ablest foreign correspondents in the world, but the news-fakers came too, and made trouble in plenty for those who were trying to give the world a correct record of those stirring times.

In Manchuria, a few months before, it had been bad enough to have men who never went farther from the warmth of the Yamato Hotel than the Mukden Club bar, a few blocks away, continuing to send 'scoops' about the hardships they were supposedly enduring in sub-zero weather in the Nonni river trenches, hundreds of miles to the north-west. But 'work' of that kind was conservative accuracy compared with some of the Shanghai faking.

Particularly memorable is the 'news' sent to America that, at five o'clock on a wintry afternoon, Admiral Shiozawa had committed *hara-kiri* on the deck of his flagship because his assault upon Chapei had been a failure. Those of us who had been enjoying martinis and caviare with the Admiral in his reception-room on his ship between five and six that evening did not have to spend any time checking the authenticity of that particular report.

Two incidents of those weeks of Shanghai fighting I can record as the most memorable of all the experiences of a decade spent in China.

The first occurred at dawn on the 29th of January, when fighting had already been going on for more than six hours. I was far down North Szechuen Road, near the borders of Chapei, and only half a block from a barricade which the Japanese had thrown up in a cross-street. The cloudy sky was just beginning to grey into a cheerless, drizzling dawn, when suddenly an aeroplane could be heard droning its way up the river.

We were a motley crowd at that street corner—frightened and indignant Chinese, arrogant and swaggering Japanese civilians, foreigners drawn by idle curiosity, and three newspaper-men.

"They're going to bomb the North Station," said one of these three.

"I don't believe it," I said emphatically. "It's only an observation flight."

The sky paled slowly, and then the single 'plane became visible, flying very low. And then, still utterly incredulous, I saw an egg-shaped object detach itself from the 'plane and fall slowly in a slanting line towards the roof-tops. The crash of the explosion echoed far beyond the shores of China. An unfortified area of a great city, containing six hundred thousand people, was being bombed from the air!

The second memorable incident occurred three days later. Before the fighting began I had invited four Chinese friends, young men connected with various branches of the Government, to have tiffin at my apartment.

We had just finished our soup when there came again that droning sound from down the river. Without a word we all rushed from the dining-room and up to the roof.

Twenty-two Japanese bombers, instead of the three or four to which we had become accustomed, left the line of the stream and crossed the International Settlement, some of them going directly overhead as they made for defenceless Chapei.

But this time I did not watch the bombing. Instead I watched the faces of my four Chinese friends while their eyes scanned the skies.

Vibrant, wordless hatred, once seen, cannot soon be forgotten. And the jarring crashes of the exploding bombs seemed to be only puny forces when compared with what I saw in the eyes of my friends.

VIII

DO DICTATORS DIE IN BED?

By JUNIUS B. WOOD

JUNIUS B. WOOD started as a reporter in Chicago in 1900. Except for a few months' interruption while in Panama under the War Department during the building of the Canal, and as an engineer for the Panama Government, he has remained a reporter continuously for more than a third of a century. The country, civilized or otherwise, which he has not visited for the American Press is not easy to find on the map. Junius Wood was educated in the public schools of Coatesville, Pennsylvania, and Elgin, Illinois, and the University of Michigan. His foreign assignments began with Vera Cruz in 1914, for the Chicago *Daily News*, with which paper he remained until 1934, when he went into special work for the North American Newspaper Alliance and others. Other visits to Mexico followed the Vera Cruz job, alone and with the Pershing expedition; then came a revolution in Cuba, topped off by service in the World War as one of the accredited correspondents with the American Expeditionary Forces until 1919. He was aboard the American fleet when it steamed from New York to the Pacific; then he continued to Japan and on to Siberia, before the American soldiers left. The next years he passed in Japan, China, and the Philippines, including a circle of the South Sea islands on a Japanese transport, inspection of army operations along the Korean borders, and other outstanding stories. After covering the Washington Conference he was back in the Orient until after the Japanese earthquake. Later assignments sent him for three years to the Soviet Union; a year's trip through the Caribbean and round the Horn to each of the South American republics followed. The following year he covered Mexico, Central America, Panama, Haiti, and Porto Rico by 'plane, then returned for an additional year under the Soviets, and several years in Japan, Manchuria, and Germany under Hitler. More recent assignments, both for the North American Newspaper Alliance, were with the pioneering expeditions by Pan-American Airways in the Pacific to establish bases for the air-line to the Philippines, and the investigation of Ku Klux Klan activities in Florida. His inevitable corncob pipe is only less famous than his incisive wit and unruffled efficiency on the job.

VIII

DO DICTATORS DIE IN BED?

DECades roaming the five continents and the Seven Seas with a newspaper deadline for horizon. . . .

The landscape of those years is pretty rough; a reporter follows the trail of trouble, and the troubles assigned to a foreign reporter are likely to be big and bloody. More recent events tend to block the view: the mountainous stories of the past seem flat in the perspective of time. The prominence of any event in the rolling memory, moreover, depends on the political and social weather at a given time.

Just now, for instance, the life-and-death struggle between democratic and anti-democratic ideas of government lights up in one's memory those incidents which have some bearing on the struggle. Moments in a correspondent's experience which might otherwise have been obscured seem haloed with significance. Certain interviews, which at the time seemed routine enough, have acquired a poignancy in my mind because of things that happened to these self-important people soon or long after I saw them or talked to them. They seem to bear out my inner conviction that, despite set-backs and temporary defeats, the march of democracy through the centuries is as irresistible as the seasons. Slow and sometimes inefficient, democracy gives men and women the political right which they all demand in the end: a voice in the Government that runs their lives. The totalitarian states seem to me, at best, the makeshifts of utter desperation.

A warm afternoon sun streams through a big, uncurtained French window like a floodlight on to a pudgy, stolid man in a heavy uniform who stands on a little platform reading a speech. Occasionally he pauses to mop streams of perspiration from his face, but he never budges from the uncomfortable spot. I find myself among several hundred persons clustered behind the napery and glassware of tables in the big room.

They are the cream of world diplomacy, for this is one of the famous afternoon teas of the German Government's Ministry of People's Enlightenment and Propaganda. Once a month correspondents of foreign newspapers and ambassadors, ministers, and occasionally a lesser representative of foreign Powers receive an engraved invitation to such a function. Not only will they be regaled with all the food and liquid refreshments which are customary where tea is incidental, but they will listen to a speech. Propaganda never sleeps, and such an opportunity for mass enlightenment cannot be overlooked.

Captain Ernest Roehm is to-day's speaker. He is a Cabinet Minister of the Third Reich, and, more than that, the veteran Nazi comrade-in-arms of the Reichsführer, Adolf Hitler. He is the organizer and leader of the Brown Shirts, the one and a half million stalwarts whose strong-arm methods did much to put leader and Nazi Party in power. This speech was remarkable because it did not end with the applause, as most speeches do, but reached its climax a month later, long after the applause was forgotten.

"Democracy and the individualism of man, whether the labour of body or brain, are dead in the world of to-day," were Roehm's concluding words that day. "In their place National Socialism has awakened the forces of soul and race which cannot be understood by the intellect alone. It is fitting that our Germany, which is the heart of Europe, should lead the way for the world."

The speaker stepped down from the platform, and those who had been listening with varied feelings of amusement or annoyance dutifully applauded. Representatives of other Fascist Governments agreed with the theory, but not that Germany had originated it, and those from republican Governments wondered at the good taste of inviting them to listen to an onslaught on democracy. Arrogance is a characteristic of youthful diplomacy.

Brains whose lifelong training had been to foresee the future in both politics and people were in that audience. Some questioned the propriety, but none realized the tense drama of the speech, least of all the speaker himself. None saw a few weeks into the future when the man whose droning monologue

under nature's spotlight had just finished would furnish the supreme illustration of the workings of totalitarian government which he had just extolled.

Roehm's entire life had been a symbol, a lusty, living dummy of what conditions and Governments make of individuals. From a boyhood in a pre-War Germany of lax morals a young man developed to whom settled family life had no appeal. His unbounded physical energy and limited mental ability were consecrated to the State and to somebody who gave orders. In the War he was the ideal soldier, a driving wheel in a machine which others guided. In the troubled years which followed Hitler won his devotion. He led the rioters in the abortive Munich *putsch*, fled to Bolivia while Hitler went to prison, was an officer in that republic's army, and returned to Germany when his leader was rising to power by ballots. He organized the Brown Shirts, backbone of the Nazi Party, who were equally diligent in cracking heads, evangelizing their neighbours, or soliciting alms in the streets. Now the time had come when, like the magician's genii, they threatened to devour the Government itself. With luxury and ease the exemplary caveman had become an offensive sybarite, an unsightly sore on the body politic.

He was the personification of all the changes which had come in government, the human putty and the type of citizen needed by the dictators whom he praised. Even the speech was part of the symbol. It had been written by some one able to discuss such a subject with an intelligent audience. He was put up to read it, just as nervous in facing such an audience, but just as dogged in obeying orders as in those days when he had been told to take a machine-gun and stop other enemies.

Directly in front of the speaker sat Joseph Goebbels, Minister of People's Enlightenment and Propaganda, nodding and smiling in approval whenever a particularly well-turned phrase rolled forth, as if he were both prompter and proud father of the literary child now reaching the light of day—as he probably was. Near by was Vice-Chancellor Franz von Papen, *protégé* of President von Hindenburg. He was not as effusive in his applause, but after the finish he and Goebbels shook hands and exchanged a few words, smiling broadly.

That was mere stage setting. A few days earlier von Papen, an outstanding example of a statesman who for ever blunders, but continues to live and hold office, had delivered a speech attacking the extremist policies of Goebbels. Newspapers in Germany had been ordered by the Goebbels' censorship to throw the advance copies which they had received into their waste-paper-baskets instead of printing them.

Newspapers in other countries received it from their correspondents in Germany who were not as amenable to the censor's orders—even the censor admitted it sounded good abroad and meant nothing at home. It was hailed abroad as indicating that Germany was becoming more tolerant and normal. Foreign editors assumed that a vice-chancellor, presumably the right-hand man of Chancellor Hitler, sole ruler in the state, spoke with authority. Possibly he did for the moment, but they did not realize the rapidly changing vagaries of Hitler's policies when the main issues of army, debts, and colonies were not involved.

The handshake was to show the world that von Papen still was in good grace, that all was harmony in Government ranks, despite the breach in policy between him and Goebbels. That night each of the diplomats present would telegraph an account of the incident in secret code to his Government, indicating its deep significance. The afternoon teas always were a good show. The scene was for the benefit of the diplomats, but none of those keen-witted men realized its exquisite diplomatic duplicity.

Portly Hermann Goering, the Reich's Minister of Aviation, President of the puppet Reichstag, President of Prussia, protector of the State theatre because his sweetheart was an actress, protector of hunters, designer of uniforms, and holder of many other titles, came in after the speech had finished, and the hall hummed with conversation. He was all smiles, a bluff, hearty soldier, and as much in his element with intelligent persons as when performing his amusing, spectacular physical stunts. Amiability and party love glowed, and even the crafty Goebbels did not tremble for the near-by day when he, like a fox which escapes a lion's paw by a hair, will be whisked out of reach of a vengeful Goering to continue living.

Roehm holds the centre of the stage in the stark drama under

the surface. This is his day, his valedictory. He beams at the applause which greets the finish of his remarks like a man who has stepped up to a shooting-gallery and scored a bull's-eye, himself as surprised as the spectators. Out of place in such a gathering, he mingles with it, holding back the uncouth words which are natural, obviously ill at ease, but enjoying his first—also his last—experience as the centre of attraction in diplomatic society.

A month later he was dead, unceremoniously shot in bed on a Sunday morning, and, when his tough body refused to die, finished in a cell that night. His associates received the same short shrift—some while they slept, others hunted down and disposed of in the next couple of days. It was called a 'blood purge,' a smug euphemism for wholesale murders to suit one man's whim. It was the working of the system which Roehm lauded that day.

The man he idolized gave the order for his death, and was there in person to see that it was carried out. Others had worked on the 'Leader's' fears, and, regardless of the flimsy explanations which were advanced later, the one man who held sole authority in the State suddenly became terrified with a belief that his dumb and devoted servants, Roehm and his lieutenants, might do physical harm to him. Democracies do not shoot Cabinet Ministers, Members of Congress, and hundreds of citizens to calm the frenzy of an individual.

Habits of a lifetime are hard to break, and possibly, even if he had known what was ahead, Roehm would have obeyed orders and delivered the same speech. Others would not have been as jubilant.

Venezuela has good roads, where it has any worthy of the name, and a ride from Caracas, its capital, to Maracay, where General Juan Vincente Gomez, its President, then directed affairs, took only a few hours. The smooth strip of concrete skirted sharp slopes on mountains winding down to the plains and through fertile valleys to the immense estates of the aged man who for so many years ruled the republic with an iron fist. It even detoured round trees which he had ordered to be spared, as if the aged should never die.

President Gomez was past seventy years when I drove out to see him. For more than two decades he had been the sole ruler, the world's current record in dictatorships. Any who did not vote for his candidates, or who whispered against his policies, were in prison, working on road gangs, or, if they started early enough, living abroad. Occasionally he instructed the National Congress to elect a trusted follower as President, but that did not change the picture, for Gomez remained the actual head of government, and a President ranked no higher than a secretary so far as he was concerned.

The National Congress elected him or whomever he designated. The authorities, appointed by him, used the police and army to keep anyone who would not obey orders out of Congress. As Congressional elections approached each local leader showed his efficiency by circulating petitions requesting Gomez to take another term. Each day the newspapers recorded the growing demand. Anyone who did not sign was marked, and if he grumbled trouble was certain. One youth wrote three hundred letters urging that another President be selected as a variation in the monotony. The last letter was addressed to Gomez himself. A reply came the next day. The writer was clapped into prison.

To Gomez Venezuela, with its four hundred thousand square miles and three million inhabitants, was a vast manor of which he was the country squire. A birth, wedding, death, trip abroad, or other event in a prominent family always brought a present of flowers or jewels from him, whether he knew them or not. He liked the movies, and when he attended in Maracay everybody else was admitted free for that performance.

His modest home, where he lived with his first wife and some of his numerous children, faced the little *plaza* with its monument to the Americans who were executed by Spain in the Miranda revolution. It was like a dozen others, except for its guard of soldiers, and the fact that the street was closed to traffic at eight P.M.

He was much more than the simple country squire. Any foreign concession or any enterprise which hoped to flourish, or even exist, in the country gave him a share. He had a monopoly on meat slaughtering, and his creamery in Maracay was

the only source of milk for Carácas. These undertakings possessed fine modern plants, and their output was sanitary, but others which had been built without taking him into partnership stood idle. He used soldiers to cultivate his fields, and no twelve-dollar head-tax was paid on his cattle when they were slaughtered. His private fortune was estimated at two hundred and fifty million dollars. It was all inside the country. Also, Venezuela was the only country without a national debt.

Venezuela had oil, many of the wells driven under water, and oil brings easy money. Refineries were at Curaçao, the island which belongs to Holland, forty miles off the coast, for experienced foreign concerns were not too sure of the aftermath of dictatorships, Gomez got his bit from them, but it was only a fraction of what they paid into the national treasury. Concrete roads were his hobby. The one clinging like a broad curving veranda on the edges of the mountains between Carácas and the port of La Guaira, twenty-two miles by road, but only eight miles by air, is possibly the most expensive in the world. Once an earthquake shook it off the mountain-side, but he built a new one. I often wished that the Spanish *conquistadores* who climbed those peaks, blunderbusses on their backs, could only return to see that road.

Gomez was an old mountaineer, and he loved the simple life. An attempted assassination in Carácas finished for him both the cities and his illusion that all the population were loving tenants. Changing the constitution so that he could conduct affairs of government from the country was easy. Ministers from foreign Governments came to Maracay to present their credentials; his Cabinet Ministers and other officials were summoned to get their orders; and there he held audiences for ordinary citizens, including newspaper correspondents.

Like other farmers, he röse with the dawn. Getting into a motor-car with his uncle, who was considerably older, and several of his farm experts, and with a couple more big, shiny cars with more advisers and guards following, he would start each morning for an inspection of his *haciendas*. Promptly at ten o'clock the three cars would pass under the arched stone gateway of Las Delicias, the largest and most pretentious of his estates.

Las Delicias was not only a farm, but a public park which would do credit to any city. Facing a grove of giant trees, which birds of all colours and from all parts of the world had adopted as their home, was a modern single-storied white pavilion, open on three sides, under an electric sign "Tea Dansant." Beyond the white gravelled drive, several hundred feet wide, were rows of barns for blood stock—cattle, pigs, sheep, and horses—all imported for breeding. On the other side, covering at least a square mile, was a zoo with every moving creature of land or water—except snakes—which his agents could bring from distant parts of the earth.

The old General stepped nimbly from his car to a comfortable armchair which had been placed under a towering rubber-tree. The farm advisers disappeared, their part of the day's programme finished. The uncle and half a dozen others, usually including several Cabinet Ministers who had driven out from Caracas, seated themselves near by, and affairs of State were ready to start. The guard, inconspicuous but alert, formed a scattered circle on the outside.

Those waiting for an audience were at a safe distance across the broad road, some fidgeting, others sipping coffee and nibbling cakes as they waited at tables in the pavilion. It was not as informal as it seemed, for the General's secretary had a list of everybody who was there and why. The captain of the guard also was supposed to know the name and habits of every person who had come through gate or side roads into the *hacienda* grounds.

The rustic setting for the old dictator's daily audience was a throbbing miniature of the larger nation. From the zoo in the background of the pavilion came the roars and cries of imprisoned animals, chafing to be free, or excited by the sight of food. In Venezuela thousands of human beings were in prisons, receiving less attention. Grim Puerto Cabello, with dungeons below the sea, brought death or hopeless insanity to many. On the other side, the front of the pavilion, unpaved plantation roads led into the main *plaza*, with barefoot peasants, leisurely ox-carts piled high with sugar-cane, and pack-trains of lightly stepping burros, loaded with sacks of coffee—the ordinary plain life of the country. And in the centre an aged man sat, a nod

of whose head would mean success or failure for those nervously waiting.

Getting into that audience with the more important prospect of speaking to Gomez was not difficult, but it required considerable preliminary arranging. He rarely permitted himself to be interviewed. Some said he never expressed an opinion unless there were some occasion for it, and others who disliked him insisted that he was in his dotage and had no opinions. After seeing him I realized that that was obviously untrue. He was spry enough physically (having become a proud father for about the eightieth time a few days earlier), and certainly was alert mentally.

The friendly American Minister might have arranged it, but such introductions are liable to be embarrassing. The official is prone to view the newspaper correspondent as a representative of Government, or of a certain political party, or as somebody official. That does not lower the newspaper-man's standing, but it does discourage free expression of opinion. Officials in other countries do not understand the ways of the United States, of newspapers least of all, and cannot believe that an ambassador or minister would help a newspaper-man unless his newspaper were a Government mouthpiece. It would not be done in their country. Nor can they understand how a newspaper-man can be of much importance unless he is a journalist, an editor, or has the title of 'doctor.' Anyone in their country who gets more than fifteen dollars a week is.

For the diplomatic representative who arranges such a meeting the consequences may be actually painful. What appears later in print may not please the great man in a small country, and whoever brought about the meeting is blamed. He is there and can be reached while the newspaper-man is gone to spread more truths, pleasant or unpleasant as they may be. The result is that some American representatives abroad flatly refuse to help a newspaper-man to get into touch with officials in the country where they are stationed; others, those who are fresh from home and are not career men, don't ask or give a rap what he is going to write and are ready to crash any door for a worthy fellow-American, but most of them are hesitant and dubious about facing such a situation. Nor can they be blamed.

In this case I followed a method which usually brings results without nervous chills to anybody. I advised the American Legation that I hoped to see the President, but did not expect it to make the request. The Legation could certify that I was a *bona fide* newspaper-man if it were asked, as it probably would be, and that would be all required of it. I made the request to one of the Cabinet Ministers, in this case the Minister of the Interior. He was one of the capable men in the Cabinet, a well-read man with a wonderful library on a hillside outside Caracas—incidentally, Gomez had presented each of his favourite ministers with a mansion at Government expense—and Head of the Secret Police, which had a dossier on anybody who had been in the country for more than five minutes. He made the arrangements, and a day later told me to go to Maracay.

My turn to cross the road came. A foreign minister and his family, saying farewell, were the first to be received that day. I was second, though many more were waiting, which may give a line on how an American newspaper reporter rates in some countries. The secretary, at a word from Gomez, whispered to an officer, who marched majestically across the pavilion and called my name. I was presented to the General, who this year was President. Bright eyes sparkled in his wizened face, and he smiled pleasantly, but he was very different from the stout soldier of thirty years before who was still shown on all pictures in circulation. I expressed my pleasure at the meeting, and ventured a question on international relations.

“Did you like the zoo?” he asked in Spanish. I said I did.

“Did you see the elephant?” he continued. I had. Evidently that was his favourite line of conversation. I asked if I might photograph him.

“With pleasure! With pleasure!” he boomed, greatly to the surprise of the retainers, as he had not been photographed for years.

He warmed up to national affairs, but in Caracas the next day the censor would not permit the interview to be broadcast, blandly explaining that the President had never said it. He also wanted the film, but did not get it. What particularly perturbed the censor was a mention in my broadcast of the soldiers work-

ing on the dictator's *haciendas*. I argued that this was highly commendable and an example to other nations how soldiers could be useful and productive in peace-time, instead of a wasted expense. He couldn't see it. As his opinion was backed by a conviction that he would be working on a road-gang instead of devoting his days to beer and sandwiches in a *plaza cantina*, the noble example was lost as far as being announced from Carácas was concerned.

Gomez kept Venezuela's prisons crammed for several more years before he went the way of all flesh, and the lives around him the day I talked with him helped to pay for his years of dictatorship.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin, one of China's triad of warlords of those days, had sent word that he would see me on Sunday afternoon. He was in Mukden, capital of Manchuria, an empire of which he, to all outward appearances, was the undisputed master. He had made a foray to the south with his tall, swarthy Mongols and captured Peking, but that was too vulnerable, and he had been driven back north of the Great Wall, where none dared to molest him. Foreign consuls in Mukden treated him as if he were the head of a nation instead of the ruler of a province; ambassadors and Ministers came from Peking to negotiate, and even the Japanese, with their big investments, a military foothold at Dairen and Port Arthur, and their quiet plans for the future, deferred to Chang Tso-lin.

China is strongly individualistic, and formalities, including diplomatic, have many loopholes, but this warlord of modern cities and wild plains did have some rules of procedure on which he insisted. One was that any visitor must wait at least a day in Mukden before requesting an audience, and then another day before it would be granted, if at all. These were the stage effects of the briefless lawyer, whose prospective clients wait in a reception-room until sufficiently impressed with the value of his time. There the comparison ends, for Chang had plenty to do and was important.

I had learned about the formalities of delay on a previous visit to Mukden. In those years the South Manchurian railway had not built its fine hotel, the streets were unpaved, and

Mukden was neither a pleasant nor a comfortable place in which to stop. The visitor could kill a few hours by taking a rickshaw or a ratty carriage and sloshing through the mud to see the ancient tombs on the outskirts. He might be invited for tea or an evening to the comfortable homes of other foreigners who lived there, either representatives of foreign Governments or connected with Chang Tso-lin's establishments, but most of his time was given merely to waiting with the patience which one acquires in China. The ancient hotel, across the square from the station, was always crowded, for this Mongol metropolis of the plains was the goal of foreigners and Chinese seeking contracts, concessions, or other business. They got away as quickly as they could, either back to the south or north to Harbin, which was semi-Europeanized.

I did not wait the first time, but explained that an urgent appointment in the north obliged me to hurry. That was more than merely diplomatically true. In case word of my presence in the city reached the ears of the warlord, who heard everything, it was advisable that he should also know why I had not at least asked to see him. Foreign newspaper-men coming to Mukden for that purpose were not unduly numerous, but they were insignificant compared to him, and an impression that one had treated the formalities lightly might make things difficult for the future.

An American, an energetic, cordial, friendly individual, had left the American consular service to go into business on his own in Manchuria. Like many foreigners in Mukden, he held the title—sometimes more than merely honorary, but always locally potent—of "Foreign adviser to the Marshal." Finding him took time, but once that had been accomplished he was enthusiastic in arranging an interview. I never knew how many hours he devoted to pulling wires and other conniving to get me into the presence of the great man, but they were plenty.

The next time I was bound towards Mukden I sent this man a telegram giving the day of my arrival. The day preceding that he made the request for an audience, backing it up with the impression, diligently created during the previous weeks, that I was a newspaper-man of importance—'journalist'—in that part

of the world. Those close to the warlord had reason to believe from the reports they had heard, all of which could have been traced to the same source, that their master was almost being favoured by such a visit. The request went from one to another, as they do in China, each time another step higher, with always the possibility that somebody will forget to pass it along, until finally it reached the warlord himself. Each one had added something more to its importance to justify himself for mentioning it.

When I arrived the next morning my first job—after leaving my suitcase at the hotel, and getting a vague promise of a room if one were vacant before midnight—was a search for my friend. Finding anybody in chaotic Mukden was a real job, even when a meeting-place had been agreed on, which we had not done. I finally found him talking with a portly Chinese seated in a carriage in the middle of a muddy road.

"No answer has come from the Marshal yet, but it's only noon, and he may be sleeping," he informed me. "We'll go and see the Young Marshal. He's a fine fellow, and will put in a good word with his father."

"Where will I get the answer?" I inquired. "I haven't a room at a hotel."

"No matter. They'll find you," was his answer. Obviously a native could see method in all the disorder, which strangers could not.

The Young Marshal agreed to speak to "Father," as he called him, and he has my gratitude for it. Later that afternoon at the hotel, where they had unexpectedly found a room for me (probably having received word from the police to do so), an immaculate, sombrely dressed Chinese approached noiselessly in cloth slippers and handed me a white envelope without comment or inquiry as to who I was.

I opened it and unfolded a stiff piece of paper with Chinese ideographs written in the neat hand of a scholarly Manchu. I could not read it, nor probably could Chang Tso-lin, who had sent it, but nobody had fooled him as to what it said. To me it might have been a tailor's announcement of suits guaranteed for a 'Number One gentleman,' or the hoped-for notice of an appointment.

" Marshal see you to-morrow, two o'clock," the messenger explained, only eyelids flicking in his expressionless face.

"Where?" I asked.

"His house," he replied. (I do not recall the Chinese name of the street, nor did I ever find it again when I was in Mukden in later years.) One day had been saved, however. Trimming it closer would have been too risky.

In his younger days Chang Tso-lin had started out with two companions as leaders of a gang of bandits. In Manchuria, as in other parts of China, bandits and soldiers are largely interchangeable, and many villages prefer paying bandits for protection to the more expensive garrisoning of soldiers. In 1905 the Russo-Japanese war encouraged expansion. The two fellow-leaders were disposed of, and he helped either Japan or Russia, as occasion dictated. Neither side has ever decided how much help Chang was to the other. Japan won the Russian territory and railway in Manchuria, and Japan was the only one to whom it made any practical difference. Chang certainly had been useful to Japan, a country never ungrateful to a friend.

Banditry prospered, and Chang was an able organizer. The Hung Huitzes, the most powerful of the bandit groups, was a tangible organization, and more potent in the actual countryside than the vague government administered from distant Peking. Those who paid were not annoyed, but were protected from irresponsible outlaws. If no tribute was forthcoming a train might be wrecked, a sawmill would burn, an explosion would damage a mine, a merchant's shelves would be stripped of stock, or an entire town would be raided and sacked.

The amounts to be paid were graded according to the size of the business, and collected like annual taxes. Offices—under the delusive names of 'business concerns'—were opened in Peking and other cities, where payments could be made to control the supposedly irresponsible and bloodthirsty bandits of wild Manchuria. American Prohibition bootleggers were novices in comparison. In Manchuria it was impossible to tell what reputedly leading citizen was a power in the bandit organization. It was stronger than the Chinese Government and more efficient, and it was but a small step, when he was ready, for Chang to take over the name of Government in Manchuria.

His residence, where I was to see him, was a two-storied grey-brick house with a useless little porch, about six feet square, inside a high brick wall. It was surrounded by big soldiers in fur caps and sheepskin coats with the wool inside, for Manchuria is bitterly cold in winter. Chang also had a bullet-proof American car, a novelty in those days before the gangsters popularized them. It was more for show than for necessity, as any street along which he drove was cleared of civilians and lined with soldiers hours before he passed.

Chang's English-speaking secretary, a most affable young man, was waiting at the guard-house inside the gate when I appeared. We entered the house, and he left me in a large front room. It was an amazing room. Any interloper who wandered into it in the dark would have frozen in terror. Stiff-legged stuffed Siberian tigers with shining glass eyes and erect tails were as numerous as chairs—and the Siberian tiger is a mammoth beast. Tiger-skin rugs hid every chair and covered the floor; one giant one was draped over a sofa. Mantel, table, and walls were covered with priceless ornaments.

A small, slender man in a black Chinese robe, with a black cap with a jade button on his head, followed by a little boy who held his hand, entered the room so silently that I did not hear them. It was Chang, with one of his numerous heirs. He shook hands as I rose, bowed slightly and sat down, enveloped in one of the tiger-skin chairs. The little tot gazed wide-eyed and unblinking at the foreign devil.

Chang talked freely. Chinese colonists were coming by millions from the war-torn south, and the waste stretches of Manchuria were being populated. The Japanese would not be permitted to colonize. They could operate their enterprises, the greatest of which was the South Manchurian railway, but Manchus and Chinese would rule. He had a well-drilled and well-equipped army of several hundred thousand, and his arsenal and munitions plant in Mukden was the best in the Orient outside of Japan.

What he meant was that he would rule, and after him his son and his son's sons. He could not realize that the national destiny of which he was so confident meant nothing more than a mere dynasty of rulers—in fact, only one man—himself. To-day, with

Manchuria a virtual colony of Japan, and the steps by which it was accomplished already written in history, it is easy to see that Manchuria was not on the solid foundation which he pictured that day. It was not a nation, only a ruler.

A railway wreck, which was diplomatically called an 'accident,' disposed of him. The playboy son, grown to an adult, had neither the stamina nor the shrewdness of the old-fashioned father. The night the Japanese decided to take actual possession he was gambling in a foreign legation in Peiping. A Russian woman secretary in Mukden risked her life to telephone to him. He could not be bothered, and a couple of days later, when his head had cleared sufficiently to know what it was all about, it was too late.

The other millions of Manchuria never had had any voice in the government, and it did not make much difference to them who were their rulers.

Moscow's streets were sloppy, for spring-time and winter come with the dawn so far north. One night each year the Muscovite goes to bed with streets grimy and black, and when he awakens in the morning sledges are sliding over clean white snow, and the carts which rattled over the rough cobblestones are gone. This morning the hot sun of spring had burst through the winter haze, and the first thaw was breaking the winter mantle. Gutters were creeks flowing into swollen rivers, and men and women with picks and shovels were breaking a foot-thick layer of ice from the pavements.

I waded and slid past the old Imperial Riding Academy, a former stable covering a block in the centre of the city, towards a neighbouring building which in departed Tsarist days had been an aristocratic apartment house. Now it was the world headquarters of the Third International, the Communist organization which directed the party's activities—sometimes persuasive, but often violent—in other countries.

Sentries were in front of each door leading to the tiers of former apartments. There was no possibility of that building, of all others, being attacked in Moscow, but the Russian loves an appearance of danger and mystery. More hocus-pocus was inside. Visitors could enter through only one of the many doors.

The sentry outside merely nodded, and the one inside with another bayoneted rifle allowed apparently peaceful strangers to pass as far as a third, who stood in front of a battered counter.

Behind this counter were several clerks, who asked the visitor's name and whom he wanted to see. Then a wait, while the person within the bowels of the rambling building was called on the telephone and asked if he would see the visitor. If he would the answers to more questions were noted on a printed slip of paper. Finally the visitor was asked for his 'document.' Everybody in the Soviet Union, visitor or resident, carries one for identification.

The clerk retained the identification card, wrote the hour and minute on a slip, and handed it to the visitor. When he arrived at the office the time of his appearance was written in another blank on the slip, also again when he left, to show whether he had tarried too long in the corridors or peeped through any forbidden doorways. He must return his slip when leaving in order to get back his 'document.' The documents in the pigeon-holes would show how many visitors were in the building, and where they were.

Behind all the red tape in this building were officials who were supposed to be representatives of the Communist organizations of every country in the world. Frequently Moscow did not have a *bona fide* national of a country in its polyglot population who would fill the bill. The international organization would solve the problem by naming a worker in the vineyard, give him an assumed name, and print his interviews in the party newspapers. Many countries outlawed Communism, and death would be the penalty if it were discovered that one of their citizens was an officer of the Third International, or even a visitor to Moscow. For these representatives an assumed or revolutionary name was a real necessity.

Others who did not need a disguise enjoyed the feeling of danger and daring by assuming one. A well-known newspaperman and cartoonist, who at that time was the representative of the United States, went under the name of "Edward Duncan." Earl Browder, who succeeded him, was Earl Browder in Moscow and in the United States.

The dingy building was supposed to be the treasure house

of secrets and machinations which were rocking a post-War world. That was more important and more mysterious. Here the leaders of the Third International held forth, so seldom seen in the flesh that they might have been names only, who were credited with having agents working in every country and unlimited funds to start revolutions and overthrow any Government they decreed. When trouble started, far or near, they were blamed for it, though it might usually be due to the country's own shortcomings. Nor were they backward in claiming responsibility for an uprising, though it may have been going on for weeks before they heard of it.

Greatest of these was Gregory Zinoviev, chairman of the Presidium, or governing board, of the Komintern (Communist International). His also was a revolutionary name, as he was born Apfelbaum. I was to see him that morning, and seeing him in those years was not accomplished by merely calling at his office and sending in a card. Weeks of insistent correspondence, telephoning, and conferences with secretaries or others who might know somebody with influence were a necessary preliminary. The time came later when few wanted or dared to see him, but at that time he was in the heyday of power and arrogance.

The formalities necessary to get into the building were waived. Evidently the great man's office had notified the guard that an unbeliever was coming. A porter even ushered me to the office—most unusual in Russia. It was not a large room, but was richly furnished compared to other Moscow offices. There was a suggestion of luxury: half a dozen upholstered chairs, a sofa, a large table, a big flat-topped desk. A picture of Lenin and one of Marx adorned the walls. The stout, curly-haired man behind the desk had a heavy, pale, unsympathetic face.

Zinoviev talked of world revolution, how Communism was developing in one country, then in another, naming them as he went along, until finally Communist Governments would circle the globe, all bound together under the *ægis* of the Third International. He was a dramatic talker, even though filtered through an interpreter, and his assurance was impressive—in fact, disquieting to an American who did not hanker for Communism after seeing the Soviet Union as it was at that time.

Russia alone, of all the countries he mentioned, had a Communist Government. The Third International had representatives from all nations and their colonies, but only those from the Soviet Union represented the country for which they spoke. Zinoviev was like a man with one piece of a jigsaw puzzle trying to put the puzzle together. And he never got any more pieces. Revolutions came in other countries, plenty of them, but they did not become Communist as he had said; rather more became Fascist.

The Third International is not dead, but its voice has become weaker with the years. And Zinoviev? The man who that day talked so confidently as if he were to be dictator of the world—the Soviet Government shot him so recently that he is not yet wholly forgotten.

Captain Roehm, General Gomez, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, Comrade Zinoviev—men who wore their power, all of them, with a good deal of swagger. Among them only the Venezuelan dictator died in bed. The others were ‘purged,’ ‘removed,’ ‘executed’—different names for murder, and at that no more than a few murders among multitudes.

IX

MY RUSSIAN EDUCATION

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN spent twelve years, from 1922 to 1934, in the Soviet Union as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and is regarded as one of the foremost foreign students of the Russian Revolution. Among his published works are *Soviet Russia* (1930), *The Soviet Planned Economic Order* (1931), *Russia's Iron Age* (1934), and *The Russian Revolution, 1917-1921* (1935), the last-named being a two-volume history of the Revolution and the civil wars, the first work of its kind in English. He was born in Brooklyn in 1897, and was educated at Penn Charter School, Philadelphia, and Haverford College. He entered newspaper work immediately after leaving college, and was connected with the Philadelphia *Press*, later becoming assistant book editor of the *New York Tribune*. He interrupted his long Moscow assignment only once for a few months in 1927 when he went to Shanghai to cover the Chinese revolution, also for the *Monitor*. After completing his monumental history and delivering a series of lectures on Russian conditions before universities, public forums, and other gatherings in America, Chamberlin, in February 1935, sailed for Tokyo, and has since that time been the *Monitor's* chief Far Eastern correspondent. In that capacity, besides covering Japan, he has made trips to China, Manchoukuo, and other Asiatic countries for his paper. Apart from his books, Chamberlin has written extensively on Russian and Far Eastern subjects for such magazines as *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Asia*, *Foreign Affairs*, *Current History*, *The American Mercury*. His wife, Sonya Trosten Chamberlin, is a Russian-born American whom he met in New York before he went to the Soviet Union. They have a daughter, Nadezhda (Hope) Elizabeth, born in Moscow.

IX

MY RUSSIAN EDUCATION

TWELVE years in a country which two decades ago experienced the most sweeping social upheaval since the French Revolution is certain to be an education for all but the most hopelessly stupid and unimaginative. One may like or dislike the Soviet *régime*; one may accept or reject the Communist philosophy and interpretation of life. What one cannot very well do, assuming any reasonable measure of intellectual curiosity, is to remain indifferent, to fail to react somehow.

This is why the record of a Russian assignment almost inevitably tends to become, to some extent, the summing up of a Russian education, an essay in personal history. By far the biggest story in the Soviet Union during the last fifteen years has been the unfolding and development of the revolution through several phases, the uses to which the victory won by the Communists in the civil war have been put.

Both the veteran hard-boiled reporter who prides himself on getting the news without any corrupting taint of views and the bright young man who would be in his element beating the competing newspaper by an edition on the latest development in a murder story would be lost in Moscow. No one, it seems to me, has done or can do a passable job of covering the Soviet Union without absorbing fairly large doses of Russian history, pre-War as well as revolutionary, economics, and Communist political theory. However much it may go against the grain of the American news tradition, a certain measure of interpretation is necessary if news reports from Moscow are to be intelligible.

I went to Russia in the summer of 1922 with virtually no reporting experience, domestic or foreign, and a strong sentimental sympathy with what I conceived to be Bolshevik theory and practice. Immediately after leaving college I had done a bit of routine police-court and general reporting on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Cordially disliking this work, I escaped

as soon as possible to the more congenial job of assistant magazine editor on the now long defunct *Philadelphia Press*. The editor was a strong and argumentative Socialist—we agreed in a thoroughly negative attitude towards the War and America's participation in it—and during this period I developed a mental attitude that predisposed me to sympathy with Bolshevism and a ready acceptance of the glowing stories brought back from the Soviet Republic by John Reed, Louise Bryant, Albert Rhys Williams, and others of the first generation of apostles of Bolshevism.

Moving to New York about the end of 1918, I naturally found friends largely among the Greenwich Village radicals, and during the Russian civil war the Red Army had no more enthusiastic foreign sympathizer than I was. I still remember how I rejoiced in my modest lodging in Grove Street when I read a brief news item to the effect that Orel, the high point reached by General Denikin in his drive against Moscow, had been retaken, and how I told my sympathetic landlady, a charming and warm-hearted woman who had graduated from an apprenticeship in the suffrage movement into a general advocacy of lost and unpopular causes, that now "the backbone of counter-revolution was broken." To which she replied, "Good old Russia! Don't you want to throw open *all* the windows and *cheer*?"

Since leaving Russia I have occasionally yielded to the temptation to write harsh and controversial things about the type of Left Wing intellectual, especially common in America and England, who sees everything wrong in the rest of the world and nothing wrong, even in the face of the most overwhelming evidence, in the Soviet Union. Yet, having passed through this disease myself, I should realize that it is seldom curable by argument; direct contact with Soviet realities over a long enough period is probably the sole effective way to make possible a balanced judgment. I recall how for months I cherished a personal grudge against Bertrand Russell, who, thinking he was a Communist, went to Russia with the British Labour Delegation in 1920, and who left the country sure that he was not. I was sure all the fault must be with Russell, not even a modicum of it with the Soviet Union.

My wife was a Russian-born girl who generally shared my sympathy with the Soviet régime at this time. It is amusing, incidentally, that after the publication of my book *Russia's Iron Age* a whispering campaign started among Soviet sympathizers in America to the effect that my fall from revolutionary grace was attributable to the sinister influence of a White émigrée wife. My wife came to America from Russia as a child with her family. She lived on the East Side, knocked about in factory jobs, gained an education by great sacrifices, and finally became a teacher in one of the New York high schools. Anyone less prejudiced in favour of the old régime, or more unlike the aristocratic émigré driven by the revolution from a vast estate and a mansion in Moscow or St Petersburg, could scarcely be imagined. As a matter of fact, my wife's influence was rather a sobering and moderating one at both the beginning and end of my Russian experience. Less enthusiastic than I at the start, she was more moderate in her criticisms later on, although there was never any very wide divergence of view-point or general reaction between us.

I left some rather perishable memorials of this kindergarten phase of my Russian education in the shape of articles which I contributed, under the pseudonym of "A. C. Freeman," to two publications which have long ceased to exist, the New York *Call*, a Socialist daily newspaper, and *Soviet Russia*. My regular job at that time was assistant book reviewer on the New York *Tribune*, a pillar of staunch conservatism, and I got a mild thrill in surreptitiously composing flaming panegyrics of the Soviet Republic and denunciations of its traducers—pieces that would have sent the venerable chief editorial writer of the *Tribune* into a choleric fit if his eyes had ever fallen on them. It was something akin to my writing protests against compulsory church attendance in the college magazine, and thereby annoying the President and the Dean of the estimable Quaker institution of learning which I attended. All rather juvenile, but entirely sincere.

Given this background, it is easy to understand why my wife and I welcomed an opportunity to go to Russia in 1922. On the occasion of this first visit I had only the slenderest of free-lance connexions: a general invitation to contribute occasional mail

articles to the *Christian Science Monitor*, and a similar arrangement with two or three impecunious Left Wing magazines. Our plan was to be abroad at the most for a year and to spend part of that time in Germany, where inflation at that time made it possible for the foreigner to live in comfort, and even luxury, for a few dollars a week.

Impressionable visitors may fall in or out of love with the Soviet Union at first sight. One sentimental lady assured me that she saw triumph written on the skies from the moment she set foot in Moscow. Another added a good deal to the gaiety of the foreign colony during an especially bleak and drab winter by bursting into poesy and dedicating to her "beloved comrades" a series of verses which began with the following inspiring lines:

I yearned to see your wondrous land,
I longed to shake you by the hand;
And now at last my dream's come true,
And I have seen and talked with you.

At the other extreme was a brilliant and temperamental young Englishman, who came to Moscow late in 1932, sure that he was a Communist, eager to exchange his British for a Soviet passport, and quite disgusted with what he considered the luke-warm, *petty-bourgeois* attitude of the well-known Liberal newspaper which he represented towards the workers' republic. Fortunately for himself his idea of assuming Soviet citizenship remained unrealized. For within a very short time he experienced as complete a psychological somersault as could well be imagined. His newspaper, faithful to its tradition of relative friendliness towards the Soviet Union, began to censor and soften the bitterly denunciatory articles which it received from him. And the final result of his illuminating sojourn in Moscow was a series of articles in the *Morning Post*, a newspaper with which he probably disagreed on every point except its antipathy to Communism.

The effects of my own first contacts with Russia were not so sudden or violent. I recall the summer day when the train which was taking us to Moscow creaked across the border from the Latvian frontier station to Sebezh, the first Russian town,

and I remember my feeling of satisfaction that, to the eye of faith at least, the Soviet territory near the frontier looked no more dilapidated than the Latvian.

Moscow in 1922 was no longer the bleak, visibly hungry city of civil war years, with practically all shops boarded up, pipes bursting, and houses torn down for lack of fuel. Neither was it the relatively well-organized Moscow of to-day, where the foreign tourist who has paid his way can be lodged, fed, transported, and shown about with a fair approximation of Western comfort. It was immensely disorganized, with the ultimate implications of the New Economic Policy which had been introduced in the preceding year still uncertain, and with people just beginning to breathe freely after the extraordinary rigours and privations of 'war communism' had been removed.

At that time only one hotel was open to foreigners; most of Moscow's pre-War hotels were occupied by Communist Party and Soviet officials. As this hotel, the Savoy, was invariably filled to capacity, we were naturally turned away, and spent a harassing first day roaming about Moscow in a droshky piled high with baggage, looking up all possible addresses and searching for a place in which to lay our heads. Just when we were about resigned to settling down in one of the city's parks for the night the American representative of the Comintern (Communist International) came to our rescue with the offer of a room in a house which belonged to a workers' famine relief organization. The room had just been vacated by a patient in an advanced stage of consumption, and a couple of large typhus lice which were crawling about didn't add to our equanimity; but anything seemed better than a continual wandering about the streets, and we camped out as best we could.

After two or three days we slipped into the Savoy. I remember, as two spectacles in a dining-room crowded with foreigners and 'Nepmen' (profiteers who made money rapidly from the recent legalization of private trade), a venerable and dignified head-waiter, who had somehow survived the revolutionary storm, and the *New York Times* artist, Cesare, staring morosely at the second course of the dinner and audibly observing, with perfect justification, "The world's worst fish!" There were no sensational and striking news developments in Russia at that

time, and we set about getting acquainted with Soviet life through visits to persons to whom we had introductions, talks with officials in institutions, and general browsing around.

The physical discomforts and inconveniences were no special surprise or disillusionment: civil war, blockade, and Russia's former backwardness furnished ready explanations to a visitor with favourable predispositions. The Nepmen were a more bitter pill to swallow: a more disreputable-looking set of pirates could hardly be imagined. The revolution which had been made with the avowed objective of destroying capitalism seemed in the end to have spawned a peculiarly undesirable type of capitalist. But here there was the consolation that these profiteers had no political power, being disfranchised and excluded from all the social welfare benefits of Soviet legislation. This did not worry them very much at the time under discussion, when so much quick and easy money was to be had for the taking. Ultimately they were, of course, thoroughly and ruthlessly 'liquidated as a class' when the revolution entered a new phase.

Another early unpleasant impression was created by the number of Communist Party members whom one found to be obvious careerists, interested solely in their jobs and in the perquisites attached to them. Close-up views of these careerists jarred on my romantic idea of the Communists as a kind of proletarian *samurai*—pitiless, perhaps, but only for the good of the cause, idealistic, and self-sacrificing. At the same time, to counterbalance this unfavourable impression, I did meet enough of the genuinely heroic types of Communists, of the men who had given up liberty and often health in the apparently hopeless struggle against Tsarism, who had fought on the fronts of the civil war, and were then struggling wholeheartedly with the difficult problems of reconstruction. I was still in the age of faith. I had not yet reached my later conclusion that honest fanaticism, with no taint of self-seeking, can be one of the most cruel and destructive human forces when it is associated with absolute power. The net effect of my first few months in the Soviet Union, while sobering, was not definitely disillusioning.

After spending a winter in Germany we returned to Moscow in the spring of 1923 and took a long and most interesting

trip down the Volga, through the gorgeous mountains of the Caucasus, with their amazing mosaic of many-tongued races and tribes, to the wonderful cities of Russian Central Asia, Bokhara and Samarkand. I revisited the Caucasus several times during my subsequent stay in Russia, and was again in Samarkand and Bokhara in 1930. But it was during this first trip that one could still see the colourful Asiatic customs which, little touched, had survived under the Tsarist *régimes*. In the Caucasus a local Communist official, an Azerbaidjan Tartar, got out of the train at a stop, turned his face towards Mecca, and prayed in traditional Moslem fashion. In Bokhara, at the time of our first visit, there was scarcely a Russian face; every native woman was heavily veiled, or shrouded in a horsehair covering. The rich silks and delicious fruits in the shops offset the general poverty of the Oriental countryside. A few years later the revolutionary steam-roller, with its irresistible mixture of propaganda and compulsion, had done its iconoclastic work. The women discarded their veils; Mohammedanism, like Christianity and Judaism, seemed to wither away, leaving few professed believers; the beautiful mosques were closed or turned to secular uses; the young tribesmen began to wear shoddy manufactured clothes, and to spout in their native tongues the wisdom of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin—all very good for progress, no doubt. Yet the old life of Asiatic Russia, with its rude chivalry, its vivid costumes, its variety of inherited national customs, excites nostalgic regret in anyone who has ever seen the magnificent horsemanship of a Caucasian tribesman, or a Mohammedan throng responding to the call to prayer.

It was towards the end of 1923 that, instead of returning to America, I became the regular full-time Moscow correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Every foreign correspondent has his own news-gathering problems and methods. As the representative of a daily newspaper which, because of the unusually far-flung nature of its circulation (there are probably at least as many readers of the *Monitor* in California as in Boston) and because the general development of its editorial policy has always laid special stress on the desirability of dispatches of a solid interpretative character, intended to outlast the day on which they are published, my problems were different from

Still more important was the consideration that any mail article which was too outspoken in the opinion of the Soviet authorities exposed the correspondent to the risk of expulsion. Soviet efforts to control the activities of foreign newspaper-men are by no means restricted to the censorship of cables. A close system of personal espionage is maintained; letters are frequently opened, and telephones are tapped. Because of my wife's knowledge of Russian I had no need of a translator. But the average foreign correspondent, at least during the first years of his stay, is obliged to employ a secretary-translator, who is, of course, a Soviet citizen, and who is not likely to be in a position to refuse a request from the G.P.U. for information about the doings of his or her employer.

A British correspondent once had an illuminating experience of how minute, if inaccurate, is the system of personal espionage. Calling on the head of the Press Department, he was reproached for making some comment, alleged to be sarcastic, on the "imperialistic" character of the Soviet invasion of Manchuria in the course of conversation with another Foreign Office official. The journalist denied having made the alleged remarks. "It's useless for you to deny it," retorted the head of the Press Department, shaking a large *dossier* at him. "Everything is reported. *Everything* is reported."

The Soviet *régime* shares with other dictatorships a noteworthy psychological peculiarity. Utterly callous and hard-boiled in carrying out acts of ruthlessness, such as the shooting of forty-eight people without trial for alleged sabotage in the food industry, or exiling whole villages in mid-winter for resistance to grain collections, it is as sensitive as the most temperamental *prima donna* when any inquiring reporter writes a plain, unvarnished tale of its less pleasant activities. The closest kind of check-up is maintained on all news appearing about the Soviet Union abroad, even in the smallest and most obscure newspapers.

The correspondent who transgresses the line of what the Soviet official likes to call 'objectivity' is a candidate for expulsion or for the withholding of a return *visa* when he next leaves the country. (With a view to holding the journalist by a tight bearing-rein, the Soviet Government does not grant per-

mission to stay in the Soviet Union for a longer period than six months at a time; and the correspondent who leaves, even on a short trip, must always obtain a new *visa* abroad before he can return.)

The position of the correspondent brought face to face with the forceful public relations methods of the Soviet dictatorship is complicated by the fact that the average newspaper and news agency is very far from being a Don Quixote, intent on obtaining and championing the whole truth at any cost. The correspondent who falls into the bad graces of a dictatorial *régime*, however fair his reporting may have been, not infrequently finds a cold reception in his home office. If he is expelled for telling some truth that is too unpalatable for the censor's sensitive taste he may find himself out of a job or, at best, transferred to a post of minor importance.

Censorship, as I found, was by no means the sole problem involved in covering a dictatorship. Under the Soviet system many news sources which are naturally utilized in democratic countries are closed and others are definitely tainted. There is no opposition Press, with the aid of which one might check up on the official interpretation of a new decree or a diplomatic note. There are no opposition statesmen to be consulted or interviewed, no opposition deputies to be buttonholed in the lobbies during a Congress of Soviets. On every subject of the day there is just one available published version: the official one.

Even the most private informal contacts with Russians, outside the small licensed circle of officials, favoured writers, prominent Soviet journalists, whom one invariably meets at teas and other social functions arranged by Government departments, are difficult and fraught with risk, not for the foreign correspondent, but for the Russians. The faintest suspicion that a Russian who had been seen in the company of a foreign journalist might have conveyed some critical views was apt to be followed by the arrest and administrative exile of the Russian.

Even the purveying of official information was increasingly scanty and inadequate, and provided a subject of constant and quite futile grumbling among the journalists. In this respect

there was a marked deterioration during the latter period of my stay. In the first years of the New Economic Policy, 1923-25, high Soviet officials were fairly accessible; I recall interviews with Premier Rykov and President Kalinin, with Trotsky, Chicherin, and Litvinov. Chicherin, whose death was recently reported from Moscow after ill-health had removed him for years from any participation in public affairs, was one of the most striking and fascinating of these personalities. A scholar and an aristocrat, descendant of a long line of diplomats, who had joined the Bolshevik Party long before the revolution, he was distinguished by his amazing fund of historical and political knowledge and his extraordinary mastery of all the leading European languages. The text of the interview which I submitted to him was returned with two or three corrections, not changing the sense of the interview, but suggesting words which, he felt, conveyed to a greater degree of nicety precisely what he had said.

As time went on, however, the official interview became increasingly harder to get, and increasingly empty after one had obtained it. A rule went into effect that any interview with a Commissar, or Cabinet member, had to pass through two revisions, one at the hands of the Political Bureau, or highest inner council of the party, the second by the Foreign Office. In the early years of my stay Chicherin and Litvinov not infrequently appeared at Press conferences. Later contact with foreign journalists was handed over almost entirely to minor officials, who were often obviously unable to give any authoritative information about Soviet policy when international problems affecting the Soviet Union came up.

In such circumstances the correspondent in Moscow often had to fall back on his intuition, common sense, and general stock of knowledge. One gradually learned the art of reading between the lines of the controlled Press, of recognizing the significance of the omission of one or more familiar names from lists of newly elected party dignitaries. One made the most of such contacts as circumstances permitted with Communist and non-Communist friends and acquaintances. One tried to thread a careful path amid the maze of rumours that is always so characteristic of a country where the people know that the

Press cannot print many things. (I noticed this same tendency in China in 1927 and 1935, and in Germany in 1934.)

I always found travel a very helpful, broadening, and informative process in the Soviet Union, and I visited every part of European Russia, from Karelia to Armenia, and from Lenigrad to Magnitogorsk. The size of the country and the multitude of races which inhabit it made almost any trip to study local conditions a source of fruitful impressions. After 1929 Moscow was so much better provided than the rest of the country with food and manufactured goods that one could only get a correct idea of the severity of the crisis through which the Soviet Union was passing by occasionally touring the rural areas. The main Soviet objectives, around which the history of the country largely revolved during the period of the first Five-year Plan, the forcing at a rapid pace of industrialization and the institution of collective farming, could only be studied realistically on the spot, in the new industrial construction centres and the collective farms.

Finally, curious as it may seem, I always found that conversation flowed most freely with the casual acquaintances one made on trains, in the waiting-rooms of stations, on the rickety buses in which I have precariously negotiated the mountain roads of the Caucasus and the Crimea. The Russian, rigidly repressed as he has always been by his form of government, is naturally not reserved, but communicative. He loves to meet a foreigner and to exchange ideas with him. In Moscow the penalties of too great intimacy with foreigners were fairly widely known. But in remote provincial towns, where foreign visitors rarely appeared, the frank and talkative Russian spirit asserted itself with less inhibition. A long talk with a Kuban Cossack whom my wife and I met when we were all riding, packed like sardines, in a fourth-class railway carriage across the steppes of the North Caucasus was my first introduction to what the peasants' grievances really were under the new *régime*. A Ukrainian schoolmaster with whom we talked in his little whitewashed hut, the wife of a worker whom we met on a river boat coming down the picturesque Kama, a young engineer who travelled with us for a distance on the train in the wooded northern Urals, a group of students and young pro-

fessional people in whose company we made a five-day walking trip through the magnificent mountain scenery of the Sukhum Military Road, in the West Caucasus—such meetings were like a breath of fresh air, and gave us an insight into various aspects of Soviet life that could never have been extracted from the dull reports of Soviet Congresses, or the carefully censored columns of the official Press.

In the beginning, like some other newly arrived correspondents in Moscow, I committed a few errors of gullibility. Somewhere in my files I still have one of my early dispatches, sent after interviewing a walrus-moustached Commissar for Justice, who evidently did not take George Washington of the cherry-tree as his model in the matter of truthfulness. Obediently repeating the Commissar's words, I informed the readers of the *Monitor* that there were only two hundred political prisoners in Russia, and that these were confined in northern regions where the climate, "although cold, was clear." I subsequently learned that one could have safely added two ciphers to the Commissar's figure without running the least risk of exaggeration, and after experiencing some of the fierce bleak winds that swept over Karelia, opposite the Solovetsky Islands (one of the most notorious concentration camps), I had my doubts about the idyllic nature of the cold but clear climate which I had mentioned.

However, I don't think I took an unreasonable length of time in cutting my eye-teeth in Moscow, or in emerging from the soporific state of propaganda fairy-tales from which some people never do seem to wake up in Russia. The years from 1922 until 1929 represent a progress to a half-way house in my Russian education. The early attitude of distinctly favourable partisanship melted away, not into violent aversion, but into a kind of detached neutrality.

Several factors helped to bring about this change. There were so many cases, among a very limited number of friends and acquaintances, of arrest, imprisonment, exile, without trial. One typical instance was that of a friend who knew the Caucasus very well, and one evening was giving me advice about possible walking trips there. Several of the main roads in the Caucasus were built during the Russian occupation in the last century,

and are called 'military,' although they have no special military or strategic significance at the present time. Our servant, of course, was a spy. She listened in on the conversation, overheard it imperfectly, and reported that there had been some talk about military secrets. On this 'evidence' my friend was arrested and held in prison for a long time, without ever being brought to trial. This sort of case could be multiplied indefinitely. It was inevitable under a system where the G.P.U. had unlimited powers of arresting and banishing suspects without any kind of open court procedure.

The inverted class tyranny of the Soviet *régime* grated on me more and more the longer I stayed. In the beginning it seemed wonderful to find so many workers in high positions. Later I began to realize that intelligence and capacity are far more important qualifications than blood, whether red or blue, and that a Communist worker might sometimes, like a Grand Duke of Tsarist times, be a drunkard, a moron, or simply unfit for the post to which he had been appointed through class favouritism. My naïve, 'petty-bourgeois' conception of the revolution had been that it was designed to abolish privileges of birth and wealth, and to give every Soviet citizen equality of opportunity. It had abolished pre-War privileges thoroughly enough, and converted them into mortal disabilities. But it had set up even more rigid caste and class distinctions in their place. In the matter of admission to the universities, for instance, a worker who belonged to the Young Communist organization could always count on being preferred to the son or daughter of an intellectual family, even though his mental capacity was clearly inferior. For children who were unfortunate enough to choose as their parents aristocrats, 'capitalists,' or priests there was no chance for higher education at all; and they were also excluded from employment in the State service, which in Russia came increasingly to mean from all employment. Quota systems were set up in various branches of the universities. Instead of holding examinations on a basis of merit it was laid down that there must be such and such arbitrary percentages of 'proletarian' students in this or that course. All of which did not seem to promise well for the Binet-Simon quality of the future Soviet intelligentsia.

The methods by which Trotsky was eliminated from the higher councils of the Communist Party were unpleasantly suggestive of Boss Murphy and Tammany Hall. I have never been a theoretical 'Trotskyist.' On the basic issue of the controversy between Trotsky and Stalin, the possibility of building up Socialism in one country, it seemed to me that, putting aside hair-splitting quibbles as to when Socialism could be regarded as achieved, the Soviet Union had no alternative except to make the best effort it could to create a Socialist *régime* on the basis of its own resources. The flame of world revolution simply would not ignite. And the reason for this was to be found not in the bureaucratized stupidities of the Communist International, under Stalin's dictatorial leadership (although there were plenty of these), but rather in the unfavourable objective situation. No amount of eloquence and strategy could make violent revolutionaries out of British trade-unionists, or create a solid Soviet *régime*, on the Russian model, on the shifting sands of China's vast hosts of backward, impoverished peasants and city *Lumpenproletariat*. (I was shifted to China during the spring and summer of 1927, the critical period of the Chinese nationalist revolution. And, on the basis of my observations and impressions, I couldn't agree with Trotskyist friends and acquaintances who insisted that only wrong tactics, prescribed from Moscow, prevented the emergence of a full-fledged Chinese Soviet Government under Communist leadership.)

At the same time, it seemed to me that a man who had rendered such great services to the revolution as Trotsky had every right to a free discussion of his ideas before the forum of the party. Many of his criticisms of the prevalence of bureaucratism and the absence of free speech in the party ranks seemed to be eminently just, even if Trotsky's own record as an upholder of internal party democracy in the days when he was second only to Lenin in power left a good deal to be desired.

Actually the party rank and file never had an opportunity to learn what Trotsky stood for. The iron rules of party discipline, so conducive to the building up of a personal dictatorship, were invoked against the Trotskyists; they were given no chance to advocate their ideas in speeches and pamphlets. They were not even allowed to publish the programme which they prepared for

the consideration of the Party Congress which expelled them from membership in the latter part of 1927. Now, when objective circumstances have made the outlawed Trotskyists the defenders of the direct interests of the Soviet workers against the oppression and exploitation of the State bureaucracy, no group in the country is so mercilessly harried and persecuted by the political police.

The complete lack of security of the individual against the arbitrary raids and arrests of the G.P.U.; the prevalence of class bigotry and discrimination; the stifling atmosphere of absolute conformity, of lack of any means of critical expression, even within the ranks of the revolutionary ruling party—these, I think, were the elements in Soviet life that most effectively cooled off my original enthusiasm for Bolshevism. I might also mention the influence of the few pre-War Russian radicals and liberals whom I met now and then, in Moscow and on my trips, in spite of the forbidding barriers which the G.P.U. erected. These people had all been opponents of Tsarism in pre-War days; some of them had much more creditable records of sacrifice and prison and exile for their ideas before the revolution than the many careerists in the Communist ranks could have shown. Their attitude towards the Soviet *régime* was negative and critical, not because it had destroyed private capitalism, but because it had destroyed liberty; and I came more and more to agree with them.

At the same time, not all my impressions during this period were unfavourable. I recognized that there had been a big awakening to new opportunity among the masses, that for every middle-class intellectual who had been shouldered aside by the ruthless sweep of the revolutionary process there were perhaps two or three workers and, to a much smaller extent, peasants who felt that the revolution had opened to them doors that had long been closed by class prejudice and economic inequality.

Despite the limitations which were imposed by the poverty of the country and by the gross inefficiency of industrial management, partly attributable to the unfamiliar new system, partly to the decimation of the pre-War trained engineering and managerial class, there were many commendable efforts to improve the well-being of the masses. The working day had been legally

shortened first to eight hours, then to seven. Annual holidays with pay, freedom from work for expectant mothers for a definite period before and after childbirth, free health service (lamentably inadequate as it was in practice), a nation-wide network of rest homes and sanatoria: all these things represented forward steps from the brutalizing and degrading conditions which prevailed in Russia's slums before the revolution.

Year by year, up to 1929, one could see signs of improvement and recovery from the appallingly low level to which living standards had been reduced when I first arrived. Finally there was the consideration that, whatever might be said in criticism of the Soviet *régime*, it was the only possible government for Russia. It had emerged victorious from the ordeal of battle; it had beaten Russian conservatism on the battlefields of Siberia and Ukraine; Russian democracy had been a stillborn dream.

It was in this state of mind that I wrote my first book, *Soviet Russia*, in 1928 and 1929. I recognized at the time, as in retrospect, that the book, like my correspondence, suffered somewhat from the self-imposed censorship dictated by the desire to remain in the Soviet Union. Had I left Russia at that time the passages on G.P.U. terrorism and on the Tammany Hall methods by which Stalin reached supreme power would have been sharper, and there would have been more of my personal reaction to the events and conditions which I was describing. But the margin between what I wanted to write and what could be written in the circumstances was not unduly wide; *Soviet Russia*, by and large, represents fairly accurately my impressions of Soviet life and conditions under the New Economic Policy. It was an altogether different phase of Soviet development that greatly accelerated my 'retreat from Moscow,' a phase that witnessed the epidemic of sabotage trials, the 'liquidation of the *kulaks* as a class,' the wholesale introduction of forced labour, and the great famine of 1932-33. It swept away waverings and uncertainties, and led me to a basically negative evaluation of Communism in theory and practice.

Stalin called 1929 the "year of great change"; and it unquestionably marked the end of the New Economic Policy, with its limited toleration of private enterprise, and the beginning of a

new era in Soviet development. The whole story to be covered in Russia for several years after 1929 seemed to me to revolve around two main policies which the Soviet Government was putting into effect—the forced industrialization of the country at a rapid pace, and the substitution of collective for individual farming. Everything, the very lives of whole classes of the population, the patterns of daily life, the character of art and literature, was inextricably bound up with the merciless driving through of these policies, regardless of the human cost involved. Measured by the standards of this titanic struggle, the 'human interest' stories that took their share of the cable tolls during this period—the travels of a *de luxe* party of American tourists which toured the Soviet Union just on the eve of the Wall Street crash, the annual efforts of aviators to fly round the world in faster time, the adventures of New York Society girls in the wilds of the Caucasus—seemed trivial and inconsequential.

Given Russia's size, population, and natural resources, industrialization was a reasonable policy, provided it was pursued with some regard for human and material limitations. Indeed, very considerable progress in industrial development, mining, and railway construction had been achieved before the revolution. Any Russian Government would doubtless have encouraged a further development of the country's raw materials as a means of promoting wider employment and prosperity.

The abolition of the individual peasant household and the pooling of all land, working animals, and machinery in large collective farms seemed to me from the beginning a much more debatable policy. I had travelled enough over the Soviet countryside to know that the Russian peasant, poor as he usually was, clung to his independent ownership of his plot of land, his horse and cow, and was most indisposed to sink it in any kind of common pool. Collective forms and communes, where groups of peasant families worked the land in common, had existed since the revolution; some sectarians had practised this form of farming before the War. But although any peasant was free to join one of these communal enterprises, which received some State aid, the overwhelming majority refused to have anything to do with them. The general impression among peasants with whom I had talked about collective farming was that it attracted loafers,

ne'er-do-wells, and incompetents, who hoped to live at the State expense. The idea, on a voluntary basis, certainly had no appeal for the average peasant.

The only chance for success, therefore, lay in a ruthless employment of all the means of State compulsion, assignment of the best land to the collective farms, imposition of intolerable taxes on peasants who refused to join the collective farms, wholesale banishment of opponents of the movement. All these means and many others were used, with most disastrous results for agricultural productivity.

The inexperience of most of the town-worker Communists, who were mobilized and sent into the villages to organize collective farms, was another source of great difficulties. In the beginning there was a widespread attempt to force the peasants to give up all their personal property, even down to the chickens, to the ownership of the collective farm. This led to a tremendous slaughtering of cows, pigs, sheep, and chickens by owners who preferred to kill and eat the beasts rather than give them up. The natural result was a shortage of meat and dairy products that is still far from being overcome.

The strain which was placed on the people's endurance by the combined policies of industrialization and collectivization was terrific. Just at the time when the production of food was being gravely reduced and disorganized by the slaughtering of livestock, the forcing on the peasants of a strange and undesired form of farming, and the 'liquidation' of the most efficient farmers, the necessity arose of feeding the great masses of new workers and employees who were recruited for the new factories under construction. Also it was necessary to pay for the considerable amount of foreign machinery, equipment, and technical aid which were required in order to construct the new tractor and machinery factories, chemical and motor-car plants, steel and munition works. This demanded increased exports of all commodities, including food products. The result was a swift decline in the standard of living. Tea and sugar disappeared in the country districts; meat and butter became luxuries, beyond the reach of the ordinary worker or employee in the cities. As a means of squeezing out the last reserves of gold and foreign currency from the population, the Government, finding that the

direct method of torturing individuals suspected of possessing *valuta* was not very productive, opened all over the country so-called Torgsin shops, where butter, sugar, meat, rice, and other 'luxuries' were sold only for gold or foreign currency. In some cases hungry people took gold fillings out of their teeth and brought them in to the Torgsin shops. While Soviet 'bally-hooers,' native and foreign, proclaimed the unheard-of triumphs of 'planned economy' in Russia, in contrast to the black depression of the capitalist world, Soviet advertisements filled the newspapers of other lands, suggesting that remittances of foreign currency for purchases in Torgsin shops would be appreciated by friends and relatives in Russia.

A hungry people demands scapegoats and amusements. The Soviet authorities tried to satisfy this need by organizing several public sabotage trials, with a maximum of publicity, all designed to prove that the main cause of the prevalent hardships was the sinister wrecking activity of engineers who had been bought by foreign gold, and were acting in league with *émigré* Russians and the General Staffs of Great Britain and France.

The most sensational of these trials, held in the autumn of 1930, was that of a well-known electrical engineer, Professor Ramzin, and seven associates. The accused displayed the most amazing readiness to confess everything, even more than everything that the Public Prosecutor, Krylenko, suggested. The case would have been perfect, just a little too perfect, perhaps, if it had not been for a luckless slip in drawing up the indictment.

Ramzin and his associates confessed that, besides doing everything in their power to throw the country's industries out of gear, they had plotted the political overthrow of the Soviet Government and its replacement by a counter-revolutionary dictatorship. Just how this rather ambitious project was to be achieved by a small group of elderly professors and engineers was not made very clear. But they were positive in identifying the prospective members of the new Government. The Premier was to be P. P. Ryabushinsky, a well-known pre-War Moscow captain of industry. The Finance Minister was to be one Vishnegradsky, who had held the same office at one time under the Tsar.

The bright young G.P.U. official who had dictated this 'confession' had neglected to check up on his *émigré* obituaries. After the indictment, with the confession, had been published, the disconcerting discovery was made that both P. P. Ryabushinsky and Vishnegradsky had died several years before the alleged treasonable activities of Ramzin and Company had supposedly occurred, and were peacefully reposing in Paris cemeteries. Had there been one free newspaper in Russia which could have published this revealing bit of news the whole affair would have broken into guffaws of laughter at the expense of prosecution and accused alike. As it was, no one, least of all the timorous attorneys for the defence, made the least reference to it. The trial dragged on to its appointed end, with the accused going through their obedient confessions, Krylenko bellowing for death sentences, the son of one of the accused, trembling for his own skin, demanding that his parent be butchered immediately, the whole Moscow Bar (including the attorneys for the defence) committing itself to a demand for the death of the accused before the trial had even begun, and a peculiarly offensive Russian-American engineer shouting with laughter at Krylenko's wit and applauding the death sentences which were duly pronounced against five of the defendants.

Farce, however, outweighed tragedy in the whole sorry business. The death sentences were quickly commuted; the families of the accused were left undisturbed in their apartments; and the news soon spread that Ramzin and his companions, while they were technically prisoners, were actually going about their usual occupations. The bargain was obvious: a dutiful repetition of anything the G.P.U. dictated to them in return for immunity from serious punishment.

The Ramzin trial was obscene comedy. But the epidemic of arrests and sentences of shooting, exile, and forced labour on the vague and comprehensive charge of sabotage was stark tragedy for great numbers of Russia's intelligentsia. Forty-eight men were shot without trial in the food industry, thirty-five in the Commissariat for Agriculture; it is impossible to say how many perished as a result of the mental and physical torments of the protracted examinations, of the vermin and bad food in the prisons and concentration camps.

Side by side with this tragedy of the intelligentsia (there were successive waves of arrests among engineers, agricultural experts, historians, natural scientists, and statisticians), an equally grim process was going on in the villages under the euphemistic term 'liquidation of the *kulaks* as a class.' No one ever worked out a satisfactory definition of what constitutes a *kulak*—or 'fist,' to give the word its Russian meaning. Broadly speaking, the *kulaks* were the 4 or 5 per cent. of the Soviet peasants who were a little better off, or a little less poor, than their neighbours. The *kulak* was the man who owned a little brick-kiln or wind-mill, who had enough sense to vary his wheat or rye with some more profitable cash crop, who possessed a flock of sheep or a small herd of cows.

The *kulak*, by his mere existence, was a challenge and a stumbling-block to the newly organized collective farms. Almost every peasant would rather enjoy this status of an independent individual smallholder than work under the direction of an alien farm manager without the stimulus of personal ownership of fields and cattle. Therefore the *kulak*, regardless of whether he openly opposed collective farming or not, must be destroyed. From the beginning *kulaks* were excluded from membership in collective farms. Early in 1930 a decree was published authorizing their 'liquidation' as a class wherever collective farming had become the prevalent form of agriculture. What this meant was that millions of human beings, the great majority of whom were guilty only of being a little more efficient than their neighbours, were violently dispossessed, driven from their homes with little but the clothes on their backs, and either turned out to shift for themselves or packed in fetid goods trains and sent on long journeys to the timber camps of Northern Russia and Siberia and to Magnitogorsk and other new construction enterprises, where they were sentenced to rough, unskilled labour. The measure was carried out with the greatest brutality. Particularly appalling was the mortality among children, both on the crowded trains, where the supply of food and water was scanty and irregular, and in the places of exile and forced labour, where scanty rations of the coarsest food were provided.

The exiled *kulaks* furnished the main labour force for a huge system of State slavery, carried out under the supervision of the

G.P.U. The serf colonies of the gloomy Russian Middle Ages were revived as timber enterprises, fisheries, canal building; coal-mines were manned exclusively by prisoners, over whom the G.P.U. possessed power of life and death. Often engineers, convicted on flimsy, trumped-up sabotage charges, were forcibly shipped off to provide needed technical guidance in unhealthy places where it would have been difficult or impossible to obtain voluntary recruits. A large part of the harder and rougher work in connexion with the Five-year Plan was performed by what could only be fairly called slave labour, with the G.P.U. as task-master. In a tour of the main new construction enterprises in 1932 I found, at such places as Magnitogorsk, Cheliabinsk, and Berezniki, many thousands of these newly created serfs of the Soviet State, working in physical conditions which were worse, as regards food and housing, than the worst one could find in backward sweat-shops or plantations in other countries.

The climax of *Shrecklichkeit* was the famine of 1932-33. This, I think, was the most important story I covered in the Soviet Union. It was, to a considerable extent, an exclusive story, not because my colleagues did not know about it, but because, for various reasons, no one except myself dug into it very deeply.

The circumstances of the case were unusual, even for the controlled and hobbled journalism of the Soviet Union. Two successive bad crops in 1931 and 1932, combined with very heavy State requisitions of grain and other food products, partly to feed the swollen cities and new industrial centres, partly for military storage, partly for export, had set the stage for catastrophe. As early as the autumn of 1932 there were predictions that the coming winter and spring would witness outright famine instead of the hungry conditions which had become familiar during previous years.

I left Moscow on a trip to America in November 1932. When I returned in the spring of 1933 I found every one talking about the famine which was devastating the southern and south-eastern part of European Russia and parts of Central Asia, but no one writing about it. For this last fact there was quite good reason. Not only did the censor blandly deny the existence of famine, but no journalist was permitted to travel in the Ukraine,

North Caucasus, and other famine areas, and report the situation on the basis of his observations.

As a means of stifling news about the famine this method had its unmistakable advantages. Every correspondent in Moscow who was not deaf, dumb, and blind knew that there was famine. It was common talk in the Embassies and among Russians with friends and relatives in the affected regions. But stories of famine, as of other catastrophes, are apt to grow in the telling. No correspondent could stake his professional reputation on retailing second-hand rumours on an issue of such gravity. In view of these considerations, and in view of the catastrophic situation, which, as I later learned beyond all possibility of doubt, existed in the Ukraine and the North Caucasus during the spring and early summer of 1933, the Soviet authorities, from the standpoint of their own interest, doubtless acted wisely in excluding foreign witnesses of the process of starvation as an instrument of national policy. Officially the reason for barring correspondents was that their presence might interfere with the harvesting operations. Even funnier than this suggestion that half a dozen foreign correspondents could upset the harvesting of a crop over one-sixth of the surface of the globe was the fact that some foreigners were naïve enough to take this seriously.

My own curiosity, however, persisted. I resolved to make every effort to find out, as accurately as possible, how much truth there was in the stories of famine that had reached Moscow, how many lives had been lost, and what were the causes and background of the disaster. For the success of such an investigation several things were necessary. One had to visit enough separate regions to get a fair cross-section of the stricken area without travelling so widely that too much time would be lost on trains and in establishing new quarters. One must get direct access to the peasants with a minimum of shepherding by local officials.

Our trip (my wife accompanied me, and we both worked overtime every day during the two weeks of the journey, talking to as many people as we could find) turned out more successfully than I might have expected. We visited three regions (Kropotkin, in the North Caucasus, and Poltava and Belaya Tserkov, in the Ukraine), all separated from each other by hundreds of miles, at least fifteen villages, and talked with

hundreds of people, mainly peasants, of course, but also with Soviet officials, heads of collective farms, townspeople, railway workers, and foreign agricultural experts. I am as sure of the correctness of the fundamental conclusions we reached as of anything I learned during my stay in Russia.

Our first stopping-place was a hospitable German agricultural concession, the Drusag, which was subsequently liquidated. The Germans there had been in the North Caucasus for years, and gave us much useful information about agriculture, famine, and general local conditions. Best of all, we could use the concession as a base, and ride or walk about to neighbouring villages and settlements without being obliged to deal with the town or county authorities.

The first house we entered, quite at random, in a Cossack *stanitsa*, or village, called Laduzhskaya, was occupied by a young Cossack woman, nursing a baby, and her mother. In that house there had been seven deaths from famine during the preceding winter and spring: the brother of the young woman, his wife, and five young children. There was not a single person whom we questioned in Laduzhskaya and in the larger neighbouring *stanitsa*, Kazanskaya, who did not tell some similar story of tragedy affecting friends and near relatives.

With a view to checking up on the official side of the case, we called on the president of the Kazanskaya Soviet, a man named Nemov. He assured us that peasant estimates that half or two-thirds of the inhabitants of Kazanskaya had died were exaggerated, and stated that eight hundred and fifty people had perished out of eight thousand inhabitants of the *stanitsa*. He showed us what I believe were genuine official figures, showing the steep upward climb of the death rate: 21 died in January, 34 in February, 79 in March, 155 in April, and so on.

In Poltava, a beautiful old Ukrainian town situated on a hill, the authorities were more on the look-out for us. They furnished us with a car and several trusted comrades for an inspection trip through the villages. Although we sometimes missed the freedom with which we had tramped about in the Cossack country around Kazanskaya, we also learned the essential truth about Poltava. It was easy enough for an official in Moscow to assure the credulous tourist that all stories of famine were lies of the

malicious capitalist Press. It was not so easy for the Soviet or collective farm president in Zhuke (the largest of the villages we visited near Poltava) to follow this example, because some peasant in the office or the field was sure to pipe up with a disconcerting story of how Aunt Masha got very weak in March when the bread was all gone and died in April, or how Uncle Ivan had swelled up after he had been on a diet of cats and dogs and ground weeds for a few weeks and died in great agony.

The mortality rate, wherever we could get an estimate from the local authorities, was always in the neighbourhood of 10 per cent., with the exception of one specially bad village, which I shall describe later, near Belya Tserkov. Allowing for differences of emphasis and interpretation, there was substantial agreement between the peasants themselves and the local officials as to the causes of the famine. Climatic conditions, while unfavourable, had not been utterly disastrous. There had been a good deal of neglect of the fields and a great growth of weeds, largely as a result of the apathy and discouragement of the peasants, who year after year had seen the State take away their grain and other products at arbitrarily fixed prices in paper roubles without giving them anything in the nature of a fair return in the shape of manufactured goods. (It was only in 1933, after the famine, that the Government gave the peasants some incentive to produce by substituting a regular tax in kind for the irregular requisitions.)

Consequently the yield was much lower than it would have been in normal years. Even so, the peasants could have pulled through without starvation if the State had relaxed its levies on their grain. It did not do so. The requisitions were carried out as ruthlessly as usual; we heard of case after case when local officials and collective farm presidents who were considered too mild were replaced by men of sterner mould, who ransacked the peasants' houses and barns and took away their last food reserves. It was treated as a crime, punishable with deportation, to secrete enough food to see a family through the winter.

The Soviet Government could easily have averted the famine if it had desired. A complete cessation of the exportation of foodstuffs in 1932 or the diversion of a small amount of foreign currency for the purchase of grain and provisions would have

sufficed. The president of the Poltava Soviet, Mezhuev, gave an illuminating exposition of the Soviet attitude in this connexion when he said to me, "To have imported grain would have injured our prestige. To have let the peasants keep their grain would have encouraged them to go on producing little."

Among the mass of information which we collected two incidents stand out especially strongly in my memory. We were walking through a village near Poltava in the company of a collective farm president and a state agricultural expert, both Communists. They persisted in steering us into the houses of local Communists, 'shock' workers, and others who were relatively well off. Suddenly we asked to go into a house selected at random. Our companions were not enthusiastic, but went in with us. On a bench was huddled up a girl of perhaps thirteen. Where was her father? In the fields. Her mother? Dead, last spring. Her brothers and sisters? Four, all dead last spring. Did her father belong to a collective farm? No, he was an individual farmer. In these few simple questions and answers one saw an amazing tragedy of dour, passive endurance. Not even the starving to death of his wife and four children had convinced this stubborn individualist that he had better bow to the inevitable and submit to the new Soviet agrarian dispensation.

Our last experience on the trip was the climax. We slipped unobtrusively into Belya Tserkov, a country town south-west of Kiev, largely inhabited by Jews, and walked out into the neighbouring villages without benefit of car or companions furnished by the local authorities. Again and again we were advised by peasants to "go to Cherkass" if we wanted to see the worst the famine had done in this region. And after a long walk we entered this true village of death, where the multitude of abandoned houses, gaping windows, weed-grown gardens, bore mute witness to the recent catastrophe. This catastrophe was put in concrete terms by a Young Communist named Fishenko, secretary of the Cherkass Soviet, who told us, on the authority of the village records, that over six hundred people had died out of the village's population of more than two thousand, while several hundred more had fled. To harrowing stories of individual loss and suffering there was no end. One that somehow made the deepest impression on me was that of a mother who had lost her

three children, who, as she said, were so good and so *ucheni* (learned), because they, unlike herself, had been able to go to school. I can never see Stalin in the benevolent poses which he now prefers, holding a child, without recalling these three Ukrainian peasant children and the uncounted host of unknown victims of the famine to which they belonged.

Somehow the simple tragedy of this woman, whom I had never seen before and shall probably never see again, brought to a sudden crystallization a long-germinating conviction of the deep, unbridgeable gulf between the democratic and the dictatorship conceptions of life and civilization. I realized that under democracy, with all its faults, blunderings, and imperfections, there was some underlying recognition of the value and right to existence of the individual human being. Under dictatorship, on the other hand, the individual was an egg to be broken to make the perfect omelette, a bit of cannon fodder, in peace as in war. It was a clear-cut issue, and I knew which side I was on.

After Cherkass I had just one desire: to get out of the Soviet Union and to tell the story of the famine, with what I believed to be its political and economic implications. This, to the best of my ability, I have done. I had already become anxious about what seemed to be an unduly large gap in my correspondence between what should be told to give an adequate conception of what had happened in Russia after 1929 and what could be told without getting expelled under an ever tightening censorship; and a comprehensive series of articles which I wrote for the *Monitor* immediately after leaving Moscow gave me an opportunity to discharge what I regarded as a debt of honour to my readers.

Looking back from a perspective of three years, I see no reason to regret or to modify my reaction. The Massacre of St Bartholomew, which took a negligible number of victims by comparison with the Soviet man-made famine, has survived in historical memory four centuries as a ghastly testimonial to religious fanaticism. I see no reason why the Soviet famine, with its millions of victims, should not stand as an equally impressive warning against the consequences of economic bigotry and class fanaticism armed with the power of absolute dictatorship.

It was mildly amusing to watch the contortions and gyrations of amateur and professional friends of the Soviet Union when the unpleasant subject of the famine was discussed. In general, my account of what I found in the Ukraine and the North Caucasus contributed a little to a belated and grudging admission of the historicity of the famine by some individuals who had found it more expedient to be silent or vaguely equivocal on the subject before. I encountered one or two accusations, invariably unaccompanied by any counterproof or any indication that my accusers had made first-hand investigations in the famine region themselves, of exaggeration in my statements. On this point I may say that the places which I visited are all on the map and easily accessible; and anyone who is genuinely interested in checking up on my reports may go there, provided he is equipped with a working knowledge of Russian or accompanied by a reliable interpreter, and make his own inquiries as to what happened in 1932 and 1933. I should cheerfully submit the accuracy and moderation of my descriptions to the judgment of a jury of peasants from Kazanskaya, Zhuke, and Cherkass.

My journalistic career in the Soviet Union was obviously ended from the time when I decided to report the famine. I know many individuals who have been placed on the long Soviet black list of 'undesirable aliens' for much smaller offences: one for what he supposed was a private speech on the condition of political prisoners, another for a book which contained too many anecdotes or satirical stories, still another for a mild analysis of the country's agricultural difficulties before famine had actually occurred.

It only remains to sum up briefly the main results of my Russian education. I went to Moscow believing that Marxism, as interpreted by Lenin and as practised in the Soviet Union, offered the most promising solution to the economic and social problems of the modern world. That belief has been thoroughly destroyed, for me, by my Russian experiences and by my interpretation of those experiences. I consider the Soviet dictatorship in its most essential features thoroughly reactionary, in spirit and method carrying on some of the worst traditions

of the Tsarist autocracy which it succeeded, and approximating to an amazing extent in practice to the patterns of Fascism. An alleged infallible leader; a single party which tolerates no organized opposition and no criticism in its own ranks; concentration camps full to overflowing with 'counter-revolutionaries'; tall talk by the leaders, and short rations for the people; a Press that is simply an instrument of Governmental propaganda; art and literature, science and sport, all regarded not as ends in themselves, but as means of glorifying the existing dictatorship; spies and snoopers everywhere, and people taking refuge in contraband jokes as Americans resorted to bootleg liquor under Prohibition—is there a single item in this fairly comprehensive list that would not apply equally well to Hitler's dictatorship? Now that the Soviet Union has gone in for heady doses of nationalism, and has begun to penalize contraception and go in for large families, the parallels with Fascism seem to become still more numerous and significant.

An American magazine enthusiastically greeted the new Soviet Constitution as "creating a democracy, providing for freedom of speech and the Press, religious tolerance." This alluring picture will scarcely stand serious analysis. A democracy cannot be handed down from above; it can only be fought for and created from below; and the conditions of Soviet life, with the G.P.U. ready to pounce on the slightest sign of 'counter-revolution,' make any kind of spontaneous popular movement impossible. The new Constitution contains no new guaranties either of freedom of the Press or of religious tolerance, both of which are conspicuously non-existent. As for freedom of speech—one can begin to believe that only when one reads that Trotsky has been allowed to return to the Soviet Union and to attack Stalin in an election speech with the same vigour which Comrade Browder in America might exercise in criticizing President Roosevelt. Not one of the fundamental bases of the dictatorship (the absolute power of the Communist Party over the country and of Stalin over the Communist Party, the monopoly of propaganda through Press, wireless, school, and every other agency by the ruling party, the censorship of every printed word) is touched by the Constitution. Elections with only one party enjoying a legal existence give

every promise of being as close and exciting as a Hitler plebiscite.

What I carried away from Russia, along with a profound distrust and dislike of dictatorship, which, I am convinced, can never be benevolent even if it desires to be so, was a very strong belief that liberty is the surest guaranty of well-being and the best touchstone of the value of any social order or civilization. Imagine the preposterous sabotage-hunting if Habeas Corpus had been functioning, or the famine if the ruling party had to reckon with an opposition Press, an opposition in Parliament, and the votes of the Ukraine and the North Caucasus at the next election!

I suspect that twelve years under a dictatorship have made me a thoroughly unrepentant Liberal and a democrat for life.

X

NATIONS IN STRAITJACKETS

By GEORGE SELDES

GEORGE SELDES, born in Alliance, New Jersey, in 1890, was named by his radical father after Henry George, the single-tax crusader. True to the name, he has gone through life in a high crusading spirit, especially evident since he left the Chicago *Tribune* foreign service in 1928 for free-lance writing. His international investigations produced a stream of books, including *You Can't Print That!*, *Can These Things Be?*, *Iron, Blood, and Profits*, *Freedom of the Press*, and *Sawdust Cæsar*. Seldes started newspaper work as a cub reporter on the Pittsburgh *Leader* in 1909; five years later he was night editor of the Pittsburgh *Post*. In 1916 he joined the United Press staff in London. He then went to Paris, and within a few weeks was managing editor of the Army Edition of the Chicago *Tribune*. He left it to become an accredited war correspondent attached to the American Army, working for the Marshall Syndicate, and tasting a lot of action under fire. The first American to enter Saint Mihiel on September 13, 1918, after the Germans had abandoned it, Seldes was received as a hero and liberator, so that the arrival of General Pershing and Secretary of War Baker hours later seemed an anticlimax. During Armistice week he was one of the four correspondents to cross the line into Germany. His interview with Hindenburg on that occasion was one of the memorable post-War stories. By 1919 he was with the Chicago *Tribune* staff in the London bureau on special assignments, which included the Irish risings, Fiume in the d'Anunzio days, and many others; he remained with that paper for the next nine years, as correspondent in Germany, Soviet Russia, Italy, and elsewhere. A three-year Moscow sojourn was ended by expulsion, due mainly to his paper's bitter antagonism to the Bolsheviks. Two years later he was also expelled from Rome for publishing official documents linking Mussolini to the killing of Matteotti. As the only war correspondent in Syria in 1926, Seldes arrived in Damascus in the last hours of the three-day bombardment and scored a world scoop. Next year he accompanied General Andrea in the capture of Soueida, capital of the rebellious Druses. Returning to Europe, he reached Vienna on the night before the revolution in Austria on July 5, 1927, and shared with the New York *Times* man a world scoop on the Vienna events. In twenty years of active journalism Seldes has interviewed the key people in the world's headlines.

NATIONS IN STRAITJACKETS

WE cover the world. But year by year, ever since the War, ever since America became conscious of Europe, ever since foreign correspondents became important figures in international affairs, the dictators have preceded them in covering Europe. They painted Russia Red, Italy Black, Germany Brown, Hungary and Poland White, Bulgaria Green; they established a whole spectrum of censorship and terror, and they made honest news reporting a gay, sometimes romantic, but perpetual battle with suppressive and repressive forces.

At least, it was so for me.

I did not go round defying the dictators. But neither did I trim my sails or make compromises, or sign false names to my dispatches, as the brilliant William Bolitho was forced to do. So naturally everywhere I went—to Russia under Lenin (and Felix Dzherjinsky, the head of the dread Cheka); to Fiume, where the fantastic poet d'Annunzio ruled in fantastic ways; to Marie's corrupt Rumania; to Eternal Rome, where a fellow-journalist knew better than any man living how to suppress the news; to Mesopotamia, and Syria, and Arabia, where Oriental guile and Occidental imperialism contended for oil and prestige and face-saving; on occasions such as the Kapp *Putsch*, the Ruhr-Rhineland republic, the Hitler beer-hall revolution in 1923; the Damascus bombardment; the Vienna revolution—it was just fifteen years of contention with the dictators.

We, the twenty members of the Press section of the American Expeditionary Force in France, believed on Armistice morning that the bugles which sang peace also piped journalistic freedom; we knew, of course, that military censorship in wartime was a matter of life or death, but we expected the triumph of Wilson's policy. I remember attending the first meeting of the Supreme Council on the 12th of January, 1919, when the world believed that Lloyd George's programme ("a new deal for every one") and Wilson's thesis ("open

covenants openly arrived at" and "pitiless publicity") were on their way to realization. But on the 15th of that same peace-happy January in Paris Clemenceau, supported by Japan and Italy, ruined the American President by making the real peace conference sessions secret.

Nobly the four hundred or more American journalists rose to the support of Wilson and Lloyd George, and we saved the plenary sessions for the public, but the vast intrigue which made the Versailles Treaty the crime it is was conducted behind censorship walls. Clemenceau was the virtual dictator. He corrupted the Press then as thoroughly as any Hitler or Mussolini did later. And the Anglo-American newspaper-men could do very little, because the Espionage Act and the Defence of the Realm Act still prevailed. Clemenceau had actually sent a communication to all the editors of France which contained these three items:

First: to emphasize the opposition to Mr Wilson in America by giving all the news possible regarding the speeches of Republican Senators and other American critics.

Second: to emphasize the disorder and anarchy in Russia, thereby stimulating the movement towards Allied military intervention.

Third: to publish articles showing the ability of Germany to pay a large indemnity.

We begged permission of Wilson to publish the story of Clemenceau's dictatorship and corruption of the French Press, but the President, who never did like and never fully trusted newspaper-men, thought secrecy and diplomacy, rather than open action, was the way to break the conspiracy. Versailles became a battle of censorship *versus* publicity, and when censorship and Clemenceau won Wilson and the American journalists lost a just peace for the world.

With the refusal of the Conference to deal with Russia that country withdrew into itself, disdaining the kind offers of the 'bourgeois' Press to send 'impartial' men to report the course Bolshevism was taking. And as the difficulties of censorship increased in Europe the passion for getting the news, reborn Armistice morning, burned with a fiercer flame, became a roaring fire, despite the dictators who arose everywhere.

My first dictator was Gabriele d'Annunzio.

In 1919 Tom Morgan, then with the Associated Press, got to Fiume just after the poet drove the Allied forces out of the town. He hid in the coal-bunker of the little train which kept up haphazard communications between the new ' principality ' and Italian Trieste. But, while it was not easy to enter the blockaded city, the censorship within was one of the worst in history. It grew even more stringent as the outside world, the poet-tyrant, the Yugoslavs, the Allies, the hungering black-fezzed Arditi legion, the disgruntled citizens, became more desperate, and reinforcements in supplies, men, and money which a journalist named B. Mussolini was gathering in Milan failed to arrive. These promised ' troops ' had been ' diverted ' to create a Blackshirt militia in Italy, yet the morally cynical but politically naïve poet suspected no treason then.

When I found that d'Annunzio had a secretary named Henry Furst, an American citizen who had volunteered and become a lieutenant in the Dalmatian Legion, who spoke Italian beautifully, and was willing to help me to get through the guards and the bars of secrecy which the poet had erected, I was overwhelmed by the unexpected kindness. In the fortnight in which Lieutenant Furst was assuring me he was doing his best to obtain an interview for me I naively told him the names of persons I was meeting, the temper of the population, the stories I was smuggling out with passengers on the daily train and through bribed officials. I told him I thought the fair thing to do was get both sides of the story, letting a Yugoslav leader speak for his people and d'Annunzio for Italy. Lieutenant Furst agreed.

Two weeks passed. Every day I smuggled a story out of Fiume, and although I received no word from Paris or Chicago, I had reason to believe that my work was satisfactory. But I still had no interview with d'Annunzio. Then one morning in the hall of the royal palace I met an Italian writer named Prezzolini, who asked me what I wanted. I replied that I had been trying to get word to d'Annunzio for a fortnight. Prezzolini laughed. "*Via Signor Furst?*" he asked. I nodded. "Signor Furst's functions are not to *expedite*," continued Prezzolini, with a wink, and at the same moment he knocked

on the door opposite us. It opened. And there stood d'Annunzio.

A minute later the poet-dictator was cursing Woodrow Wilson in the most beautiful language I have ever heard a man utter.

On my way back to Trieste d'Annunzio guards stopped the train at a little village which passed as a frontier between the 'free state' and the mainland of Italy. They demanded my passport, said it was not in order, despite a special rubber stamp applied at the poet's headquarters, and insisted that I must spend the night in the frontier gaol. I refused the invitation. It finally got down to a tug of war, three soldiers armed with bayonets and rifles *versus* one reporter clinging desperately to a portable typewriter and the baggage shelf.

In the railway station I insisted on sending telegrams to President Wilson, the American Ambassador in Paris, the consul in Trieste, Colonel McCormick, and other impressive names, and as a result I was kept under guard instead of behind bars. My baggage was searched, and typewritten material and letters removed. An officer who could speak a little French arrived, but we came to no friendly understanding, and when the next train came in—twenty-four hours later—I was released minus printed and written matter.

At Trieste I found that all my stories had been confiscated. I had been *incommunicado* for a fortnight. And the first news out of Fiume was that d'Annunzio had arrested the Yugoslav spokesman whom I had interviewed "so as to present both sides of the Fiume question." As for my fellow-American and volunteer assistant, Mr Furst, the American vice-consuls who had been expelled from Fiume gave me the information that they had cancelled his passport when he had joined a foreign army. There was plenty of trouble ahead for d'Annunzio's boastful American secretary.

The Fiume incident, my first experience with a living dictator, taught me never to trust those who have usurped power, and to beware especially of the fanatical converts to a foreign cause.

Of the censorship in Russia lengthy volumes could be written. A paramount fact, it seems to me, is that the world,

and naturally the journalists of the world, were, thanks to propaganda spread by the Allies, antagonistic to Bolshevism from the first days of the Kerensky revolution in March 1917. Because we already hated the Germans the propagandists told us that it was Ludendorff who arranged for Lenin to come to Russia from his Swiss exile *via* Germany for the purpose of spreading Communistic defeatism among the Russian troops, thus eliminating the Eastern front and making a swift German victory possible on the Western. It was Allied propaganda that distorted the whole Brest-Litovsk Treaty, and it was Allied propaganda that made inhuman monsters of the Bolsheviks. For example, it took Lincoln Eyre, of the New York *World*, two years to trace the myth of the nationalization of women, a myth which is now supposed to have died many years ago, but which still appears occasionally, the last revival being in an American magazine in May 1933.

The majority of newspaper-men who went to Russia between 1918 and 1921 either were sympathetic to the Communistic experiment or were prejudiced against it. Few were really neutral. In many instances representatives of each class underwent a change of heart. Even Emma Goldman, who, when she was being deported to Soviet Russia in 1920, told reporters that "This is the greatest day of my life—I do not consider it a punishment, I consider it an honour," after working for the Communist Government a year said that Lenin's was a "blood and murder régime. . . . Our comrades have been arrested and shot as bandits by the Cheka." Russia did queer things to passionate persons.

One case of 'conversion' I must mention in detail. It concerns the representative of a reactionary American newspaper who was sent with instructions to get a series of articles against Bolshevism. This elderly man, with a wife and children and a salary of seventy-five dollars a week, at first obtained material about the Red terror, the suppression of public and private liberties, the Cheka prisons, all the usual and expected items. But as the weeks went on he began to change his mind: he admitted the terror, but found reasons for it, such as treason within the ranks during a blockade and invasion by the Allies, the shooting of Lenin by a girl member of the Social-

Revolutionary Party, and the claim that a continual civil war was in progress. He was impressed by statements from the leaders of the Soviets, that the militant phase of Communism was temporary—temporary in the historical sense, that is—and would end when opposition ended, and he was made to see that the ultimate goal of Communism was an idealistic Utopian State where the French idea of *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité*, and the American ideal of all men born free and equal, would actually, and for the first time in history, become a reality. He was taught to take the 'long view.' So he came out of Moscow and began writing a series of articles mentioning the terror, but explaining it, apologizing and stressing ultimate ideals.

The result was a cable from America saying in effect, "Change your bias or resign."

This correspondent considered his family, his three children, his whole future, the fact he would be boycotted among newspapers if he were fired for 'going Bolo.' He obligingly changed his view-point and wrote, from his imagination, a more stirring series of anti-Bolshevik editorials than his paper had ever printed. He was given a bonus.

Russia was opened to the 'bourgeois' Press by the treaty between Walter Lyman Brown, representing Hoover, and Litvinov, representing the Soviets, signed in Riga in 1921. Permission for all correspondents, regardless of their own or their newspaper's political colour, to visit Russia was the result of an interview between Soviet diplomatic officials and Albert Boni, the New York book publisher, who was in Berlin attempting to get a *visa* for Moscow for the purpose of obtaining memoirs or historical works from Lenin, Trotsky, and other leaders. The Russian insisted that only American journalists whose papers or who themselves were sympathetic to Bolshevism would be given *visas*.

"In that way you would ruin everything," said Mr Boni, "because no one would trust the news."

"But," the Soviet representative exploded, "you wouldn't expect us to let the New York *Times* in—or their Paris man Duranty—after all those terrible stories of the past three years."

"Exactly that," replied Mr Boni. "Let them come into Russia, and you will see that the fake news will stop." After hours of argument the Russian said, "I will take this up with Radek."

A few days later many of us were on the way to Riga.

Floyd Gibbons, chief of the Chicago *Tribune* foreign news, headed our delegation. All we knew at that time was that the Bolsheviks said that there was a famine, and that there were two journalists somewhere in the famine district who might scoop the world with their stories. Haste was imperative. Floyd was on the first train to Moscow, leaving me behind to relieve him later and to handle his telegrams. There was then no direct communication between Russia and the rest of the world, but telegrams addressed to Riga could be forwarded to Chicago.

How Floyd scooped the world is one of the grand stories of American journalism. With three colleagues he went from Moscow to the dying heart of the famine zone; he saw horrors unparalleled in war, suffering indescribable. As he walked through the streets of dead houses in a stricken town he had to step over the bodies of men, women, and children, dying where they fell. But instead of returning to Moscow with his colleagues to write the great story of the famine—it had not entered their heads that there was a possibility of a post office being open in a dead town—he kept on walking towards the post office. It was a stroke of genius. He found an emaciated telegraph operator, and with his usual nonchalant Mid-western manner shoved him a sheaf of typewritten copy addressed to me in Riga and said, "Send that."

When the train arrived in Moscow four days later each of Floyd's three colleagues found awaiting them angry and explosive cables from America, telling them they had been scooped badly on the biggest story since the Armistice.

In 1922 I relieved Gibbons in Moscow. The third day after my arrival I realized I was being shadowed by agents of the Cheka. The head clerk at the official Soviet hotel, the Savoy, turned out to be a spy also—we spotted him in a Cheka parade in uniform, but whether his marching there was stupidity or astuteness I can only guess—and from our bedroom windows all of us could see our spies conferring in dark passages across

the street. At first it was amusing. It soon got to be nerve-racking.

I laid all my papers, all my letters, all my notes—everything—on the table, figuratively and literally, in Moscow, so that the Chekists had no difficulty in making their reports, but I never forgot that I was working for an American newspaper which liked scoops, expected you to beat the censorship, and enjoyed a fight with any and all dictators, colour immaterial.

I am not quite sure which item got me into trouble with the ruling powers, but it is probably the first in the following list:

(1) The Butchkavitch execution following the trial of two Roman Catholic prelates charged with treason.

(2) Secret visit to the Red Army. Trotsky had dallied with my request for months. One day Sam Spewack, of the *World*, met the colonel who had shown him the Tsarist jewels. This officer was now back with the troops. Without informing Trotsky we went secretly to the cavalry, infantry, and artillery headquarters and were the first to see Trotsky's new Red Army. I smuggled the story out in the diplomatic mail-bag.

(3) Discovery of a secret army in the Ukraine. One day the European edition of the *Tribune* published a big story about my discovery of a secret military organization numbering something up to fifty thousand armed men, Jewish youths of the Ukraine, whose Communist or anti-Communist politics was immaterial, but who were banded together to prevent another massacre of Jews by the Soviet troops. It was probably the first reliable report that there had been a massacre of Jews by Soviet soldiers.

The story so far was authentic, but unfortunately for its Moscow correspondent the Paris edition not only dated it from Kiev and printed it under my name, but also added the following words: "By courier from Moscow to London to escape Soviet censor." I had, of course, smuggled the story to London in the diplomatic mail-bag, and had suggested that it should appear dated from London, but in no circumstance be credited to me.

I will not here repeat the story of the trial of Archbishops Butchkavitch and Zepliak, nor can I pass judgment on the case. The priests were charged with being agents of the Polish

Government during the Russo-Polish war, of giving aid and comfort to fellow-nationals, of counter-revolutionary activities in the interests of a foreign state. What I do want to point out is the fact that the Soviet Government made a complete *volte-face* as regards the newspaper-men and their reports on the famous trial. At the beginning we were encouraged to tell the story fully. The result was that Protestants and Jews, as well as Catholics, throughout the world rose as a body in protest. Religious fervour, not the question of justice, was the international answer to our telegrams. Poland threatened a new war. Immediately the Soviets resorted to the most stringent censorship exercised for years. The Cheka took charge of the situation and managed it so completely that neither Kursky, the Minister of Justice, nor Foreign Minister Chicherin knew that Monsignor Butchkavitch, who they assured us would be pardoned, had been executed secretly in the Lubyanka Prison.

Thanks to the censorship, there was again a deluge of false and hysterical dispatches emanating from Helsingfors, Berlin, and other centres of anti-Russian news. Even the Liberal *World* expressed doubt concerning correspondents in Moscow, saying that it was "very doubtful whether correspondents in Moscow are in a position to get any perspective on events so stupendous as those involved in the religious revolt now occurring in Russia."

But in this case the only persons, it seems to me, who had the perspective were the correspondents in Moscow. They were among those Americans who remained objective in a time of mass hysteria; they saw the 'anti-God crusade,' atheism advancing with banner, for what it was: a movement led by children, inspired by elders who hoped in two or three generations to free the Russian mind from the degradation of the Russian Orthodox Church, which had scores of Rasputins, whose priests lived in sin, and whose Patriarch had, for bribes, betrayed his associates to the Tsar on every occasion when the reigning plutocracy had need of mass suppressions. The correspondents reported the atheistic movement fairly—*i.e.*, factually; they did not approve of the verdict of death in the trial of the Polish priests, and told the Soviet officials, hoping that this warning would save the lives of the condemned, that they would arouse

world hatred by executions. But the correspondents realized that the trial was a fair one, and that, although the priests would be martyrs in the eyes of the Church, they were evidently political traitors in the eyes of the established Government.

The correspondents were also fair in reporting the establishment of the new Living Church with Bishop Vedensky as its Patriarch. The latter had opened his new career by a sermon in which he said, "The Soviet Government is Christian because it is trying to bring about the evangelical brotherhood of man. . . . Capitalism is one of the seven deadly sins. . . . In Western countries capitalism has caused Christianity to elect Rockefeller, not Christ, its leader." The correspondents agreed with the reports from outside that the Soviet Government was subsidizing this new Church. Of course it was, because it was good policy for any Government to divide and conquer, and the old Russian Church had been a Tsarist tool, a bloody instrument for oppression. But the correspondents denied that the new Church was a hypocritical mask for the Bolsheviks. They found that no more sincere religious leader existed than Bishop Vedensky, and so reported. The fairness of the newspaper-men in Moscow can be judged from the fact that after cabling a report on the sincerity of Vedensky they followed it the next day with the story of how Bishop Blake, who had given the blessing of American Methodism to the Living Church, had had his pocket picked at its latest conference of bishops! Could anything be more impartial?

However, it was the Catholic trials which confirmed the suspicion of the Bolshevik Foreign Office that the majority of American correspondents were not friendly, and when, some time later, it was found that several of us had been sending out censorable news items *via* the diplomatic mail-bag four of us were expelled from Russia. First to go was Francis McCullough, of the New York *Herald*, whose cables, after the Catholic trials, had taken on an anti-Russian colour. Percy Noel, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, Samuel Spewack, of *The World*, and I were expelled within the next week. I cannot for the life of me see how we three could be accused of sending news which was false or coloured or prejudiced. But it is true that we had sent news secretly—uncensored news which was fact,

and fact which was probably not pleasant to the Soviet Government.

One of the features of the Moscow censorship was that incoming mail and telegrams were read as well as outgoing, a fact I did not know until one morning when I had climbed the six weary flights of steps of the Narcomindel, Mr Chicherin's Foreign Office, I was received with ironic laughter by the censorship officials, who talked about my paper sending an "ultimatum" to Russia. I did not know what they were talking about. Apparently there had been a communication from Colonel McCormick addressed to me which every one in the Foreign Office had read, but which was never delivered to me. Amid the general and derisive laughter I was informed, "Chicherin wants to see you; come at two-thirty."

Promptly at two-thirty I climbed the six flights again.

"What do you want now?" the censors asked.

"That interview with Chicherin at two-thirty . . ."

"Two-thirty?" Every one shouted and laughed. "Chicherin never sees anyone in the *afternoon*. He sleeps all day. Come again at two-thirty A.M."

It's an old revolutionary custom. Chicherin, and many other former enemies of the Tsar, did all their sleeping by day because once, in Switzerland and London and New York, they had done all their plotting and planning by night. It became a mode of living, a habit which Chicherin could not break, and the Foreign Office was conducted, as far as possible, on a turn-night-into-day basis.

So I had to keep awake, and at half-past two in the morning I climbed the terrible six flights and was shown into Chicherin's office. He greeted me in a friendly way, and then shoved this cablegram across the desk:

SELDES, HOTEL SAVOY, Moscow

Inform Chicherin *Tribune* will withdraw correspondent and get other papers do likewise unless censorship stopped.

McCORMICK

"Who is your McCormick?" thundered Chicherin in his small way. "Is he a nation? Is he a Foreign Office? Is he a Government? What is this?"—pointing to the cablegram.

"He sends me an ultimatum! He addresses me as an equal power!"

I attempted to point out the fact that the cablegram was actually addressed to me, and that if the Cheka had not intercepted it I might have presented the 'ultimatum' in a less-ultimatumly fashion.

"You can cable your McCormick," continued Foreign Minister Georges Chicherin, "that until he can prove to me that he is a Foreign Office I cannot accept ultimatums from him."

Which I did.

The next day I was asked to leave Russia.

Rereading the series of articles I wrote when I 'came out,' I find that, while I did not make a fool of myself by publishing the rumours and propaganda against the Soviets which in 1923 still filled the world, I protested vehemently against the Cheka system of espionage, surveillance, and imprisonment of political dissentients, the maintenance of the Red Terror, the absence of democracy. I find that I did not believe for a moment the Soviet claim that the censorship and Cheka, or the terror system, were necessary because Russia was in a state of war with the *bourgeois* nations which surround her. I did not then believe the Russian statement that Japan was planning aggressions in the East, with Poland, France, and German imperialists (led by General Hoffmann) to come from the West. I realize now that I placed no faith in anything the Bolsheviks said—at a time when the world Press was telling the world not to place any faith in anything the Bolsheviks said—and that I returned from Russia with exactly the same views I took there. I was still the democrat, still the Liberal, the middle-of-the-road man (who is usually run down by the traffic on both the Right and Left), still the champion of a free Press, individual liberty—in short, the libertarian I was brought up to be.

It took me about ten years to realize that Russia was then, is now, and will for a long time be, in a state of war.

In a state of war a nation is seized by the throat by madmen and assassins. In fighting to extricate itself all weapons are used, and all moral and ethical means are used, abused, discarded, in a blind fury for survival. No one should expect

anything that is good or true to survive in time of war. My strictures therefore had been naïve and unwarranted.

When I came to Rome 'permanently' in 1925 I was told by Baron Valentino, head of the Press bureau, that there was no censorship. Mussolini has said so many times. So has Dino Grandi. Of course, it would be presumptuous for a mere reporter to call dictators liars, so their statements may be dismissed as merely diplomatic. Was it not Sir Henry Wotton who said that an ambassador is a man sent abroad to lie for his masters? It is a fact that no official censorship exists—that is, no one cuts words out of telegrams, as they did in Russia—but it is also a fact that the person who sends out words, even be they 100 per cent. true, will in turn be sent out of the country if these words are unfavourable to the Fascist *régime*.

And that, I believe, is what happened to me.

One point I must emphasize here is that the Anglo-American Press corps in Rome, supported by German, French, and other journalists, protested against my expulsion to Mussolini. Only two men broke that unity. I mention this with no feeling of resentment. The two men were Italians, and their action was therefore logical.

In 1925 Italy was not the so-called totalitarian State of to-day. As recently as August 1924 there had been a revolutionary surge against Fascism (following the discovery of the dismembered body of the opposition leader Matteotti) which might easily have been converted into a civil war if Amendola, the new leader, had cared to play the rôle of a Trotsky instead of choosing that of a Kerensky. The nation still seethed. The vast majority were *non-* if not *anti*-Fascist. The Matteotti case was still untried. Sensational documents came to light frequently—confessions by members of Mussolini's political household, telling of crimes and the part the Duce had played in them.

Was that news? I thought it was. While one day I might report a Mussolini 'victory' in increasing the grain acreage or birth-rate, or defying some defeated nation, another day there would be a document written in his own fine Italian hand saying, "Make life unbearable for Signor X. . . ." And soon

after we should hear of the murder of Signor X. I did not hesitate to send both kinds of news. Once I reported that the Fascisti had coerced an American Consul. Foolishly, perhaps, I took their word for it that there was no censorship.

On page five of the *New York Times* of July 28, 1925, there is the following item from the man who still represents that paper in Rome:

Signor Grandi . . . formally requested Ambassador Fletcher on Friday last to use his influence to "make George Seldes understand that his stay in Italy is no longer advisable. . . ." Officials of the Foreign Ministry explain this measure against an American correspondent by asserting that Mr Seldes has cabled to his paper a series of misleading, exaggerated, and alarmist dispatches during the several months of his sojourn in Rome. . . .

Signor Grandi received a delegation of American newspaper-men, . . . refusing to reconsider Mr Seldes' case. . . . "There is no form of censorship existing," he said. "No newspaper-men need fear to cable any facts, even if damaging to the Government, or need fear to express any honestly professed opinion." . . .

Signor Grandi in his letter to the American Ambassador asserted that Mr Seldes had "become the mouthpiece exclusively of small groups and political minorities in whose hands he is a passive instrument."

My own paper had reported—and, in all fairness to the *Times*, it must be said that it reprinted this report—that my last dispatch "was so garbled or so stringently censored that its meaning was lost," and that "on Wednesday a group of other American correspondents in Rome, including representatives of the *New York World*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Chicago Daily News*, *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, and the *United Press*" had protested against my treatment as "unfair and high-handed." "And," continued the *Times* dispatch from Chicago,

The *Tribune* adds that it telegraphed to the State Department in Washington that it has reason to fear, in connexion with the threatened expulsion of its correspondent, that his life or physical safety is imperilled, and asking that the American Embassy intercede to protect Mr Seldes from threatened violence.

The fact is that Grandi, who received the American Press

corps, minus the *Times* and Associated Press representatives, at the same time that Mussolini was receiving Ambassador Fletcher, informed the delegation, headed by Thomas B. Morgan, of the United Press, that Premier Mussolini had reconsidered my case, and that I could remain in Rome.

This called for a celebration. We had a grand banquet. For the occasion Hiram Motherwell, of the Chicago *Daily News*, composed a song, and we sang it to the tune of *Old Man Moses*:

Dino Grandi, fine and dandy,
He's as sweet as a stick of candy.
Ain't it grand he is so handy;
That kid's candy, the dandy Grandi.
(*Refrain*) Mister Grandi, how we love youuu.

Some are naughty—Grandi's not, see?
Goes to church with his friend Regazzi.
Says his prayers, and is never snotty;
The guy that was naughty was Matteotti.
(*Refrain*.)

Every evening, just at seven,
He goes to call on the Lord in Heaven.
"Walk right in, you're welcome, very,
Specially to Christ and the Virgin Mary."
(*Refrain*.)

The Chicago *Tribune's* *molto sporco*,¹
Gets its stuff from a *grosso porco*.²
A newspaper-man should write what's *vero*,³
Just like us in the Rome *Impero*.
(*Refrain*.)

The merrymaking was interrupted melodramatically by a knock on the door. A secret agent entered and walked over to me. "You have twenty-four hours in which to leave the country."

On the train to France I felt scared for the first time since the War. I had that morning received from Chicago a copy of that telegram addressed to the State Department saying, "We have reason to fear that in connexion with the threatened explosion or deportation . . . Mr Seldes' life or physical safety

¹ Very bad.

² Fat pig.

³ True.

is imperilled . . . Respectfully request you ask American Embassy to intercede to protect Mr Seldes from threatened violence," and the reply from Secretary of State Kellogg that "no violence had yet been shown him." That "yet" got me.

On the train there was a compartment in which sat three men, two in the uniforms of officers of His Britannic Majesty's Navy. The third, in civilian clothes, was also an officer, he informed me later, and all were on leave from their squadron in Malta. I explained my case. They insisted that I should sit with them.

Just before we got to Modena the train made its usual stop. Down the platform we could see a crowd of Blackshirts armed with sticks and clubs. They were shouting. As they came closer we heard the words, "Dové Sel-des? Dové Sel-des?" ("Where is Seldes?") The officers understood. The Blackshirts barged into our carriage, banging on every door. They came to the one in which I was sitting.

"Dové Sel-des?" they shouted.

"You get the devil out of here!" the superior British officer replied. "We are four British officers."

One look at the uniforms was enough for the Fascisti. They went to the next carriage.

The *Manchester Guardian*, the *New York World*, and some seven hundred other newspapers of which I have seen clippings called the expulsion stupid. The *Nation* added an important point for questioning: "The European correspondents of the American Press have more than once demonstrated their loyalty to the principle of the freedom of the Press, and we hope that their home offices will boldly sustain them."

Mine sustained me. And neither did I then nor do I now resent the events of the aftermath. All they do is to recall my first city editor's words, "Rats, this isn't a profession; it's prostitution."

This is what happened. No sooner did I land in Paris than I began a series of articles on Fascist Italy which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and the many papers which subscribe to its service. But these articles were suppressed in the Paris edition of the *Tribune* by order of the local business department which stood to lose some Italian hotel advertising. Nor was that all.

While the editorial office at home was supporting its correspondents everywhere in a demand for Press freedom, the business office in Paris was sending slick gentlemen to apologize to all the hotel-keepers and steamship and tourist bureaus for the late unpleasantness for which I was guilty.

And in addition to this, and surely without the knowledge of the editor of the *Tribune* in Chicago, a member of the Paris editorial staff was sent to apologize to Mussolini, and to ask for the restoration of the Governmental advertising.

In the long series of articles which I wrote on Mussolini and Fascism I tried objectively to present the whole picture. I compared the Fascist Cheka to the Russian Cheka; Mussolini's Press censorship to Trotsky's—the former, secret, sly, hypocritical, the latter, honest and open, but none the less drastic; the Fascist terrorism to the Bolshevik terrorism; the political prisoners on the Liparian isles to those at Solovjetsky, in the Arctic Circle; and the fate of democracy and freedom under dictatorship in the two countries. Generally speaking, I concluded that the two systems had much in common.

If, therefore, I am one of the many who is responsible for the myth that all dictatorships are alike in action, that Bolshevism and Fascism and Naziism are angles of the same triangle, all I can do now is make public penance. But I can produce the evidence that I was among the first to see that Mussolini and his self-announced philosophy and ideology were nothing but frauds. In that midsummer of 1925 I published not only the official evidence of the complicity of the Duce in the murder of his chief political rival, but also the evidence which other correspondents had given me (it was useless to them unless they wanted to be expelled) and which proved that Fascism had no philosophy or even a programme. It was, rather, merely the Lega Industriale and the Chambers of Commerce of Milan and Turin, the bankers of these cities and Naples and Rome, the manufacturers of steel and iron and munitions, motor-cars and tyres, and shipbuilding. Mussolini was the *condottiere*, Fascism the fighting power, of big business.

"All the rest," wrote that grand reporter William Bolitho, the colleague who had worked with me to break through the

censorship in the Ruhr in 1923, "is merely word-spinning." Mussolini's definition of Fascism in the official encyclopædia is mere falsehood—except for the statement that it prepares for and glorifies war as an ideal human expression.

Eleven years have passed since I wrote the first articles of what I considered the whole truth about Fascism, and during all that time I have continued to assemble evidence. With a few exceptions, all the journalists stationed in Rome have, during all these years, assisted this collection, and I have never been forced to change my main conclusions. In 1931 I wrote in *Scribner's Magazine* on "Twilight of Dictators," showing how they were going down in economic disaster and wars in South America, and predicting that wars and disaster were their fate in the rest of the world. Within a few months the Spanish dictatorship which Primo de Rivera had bequeathed to General Berenguer collapsed, and it took four more years before Mussolini resorted to war. But it was in 1925 that I showed (from the charts prepared by Hiram Motherwell, my Chicago rival) that Fascism was making no headway economically and socially, and in 1929 I claimed that the budgets were fraudulent, that the standard of living had gone down desperately, and that Mussolini would either collapse or go to war. Collapse and war were inherent in a programmeless dictatorship whose one aim was to preserve the banker-manufacturer group in political power.

So, while I had come to Rome after an unfortunate experience with the Bolsheviks, I was never for a moment fooled by the pretences and frauds and charming manners of Fascism, nor could I, after seeing what it really was, recommend Fascism as an alternate philosophy, programme, or ideology. As such, Fascism does not exist. Even Hitlerism, perverted as it is, wrong as the civilized world may consider it, is much more a philosophy, a programme, and an ideology than Fascism. Italian Fascism substitutes bayonets for ideas.

Is the choice in America to-day really between Fascism or Communism? I do not know. Unlike so many of my colleagues in Russia who first embraced the Bolshevik philosophy (and then turned against it), I am unable now, although my general attitude is changed, to accept the dilemma. The mistake I

acknowledge is attacking Communism for Russia. It was there; it should have been reported honestly. The honest reporter must neither attack nor defend. Beating the Bolshevik censor was all very well—it was the game my employers expected me to play; but reporting on the Bolshevik experiment should be left neither to the enthusiasts who went to Moscow determined to see nothing but the rosy colour of things, nor to the police reporters who were out to 'get the goods on the Bolos.' Interpretation should be the exclusive domain of journalists capable of diplomatic objectivity. Russia was no place for prejudiced cynics or naïve idealists.

There is really no choice between Communism and Fascism, because Fascism is nothing. Communism is an assertion, Fascism is a negation. Communism is an attempt to hasten the ideal future; Fascism at its best is an attempt to return to the serfdom of the medieval past. The choice, it seems to me, is not between Communism and Fascism, but the choice of means, programme, philosophy, or weapons if necessary, in achieving the ultimate goal, the co-operative commonwealth which I once heard Lenin describe, and which is not different from the dream of every humanitarian since civilization began.

"In the Darwinian progress from an ape to a commissar," I heard Lenin say at the fifth anniversary session of the Comintern celebrating the October revolution, "it may be necessary to pass through the phase known as a labour Government." Perhaps the political labour movement which is now beginning to stir in the United States is the necessary phase for America on the road to the ideal co-operative commonwealth.

But to continue with the dictators.

In May 1928 the Duce was inadvertently named a member of the National Press Club in Washington. The Board of Governors cabled Mussolini notifying him of the honour, expressing the pleasure of the American organization in having so distinguished a member. This telegram was given to the Press of Italy with instructions that it should be played up as indicating the feelings of the Press of America towards the dictator of Italy. The Fascists made a Roman holiday out of the cablegram.

But it was also posted on the club's bulletin board. The

intention to complicate the situation. "If we issue a statement to the local Arab Press, saying that you now admit that no Mohammedans were in the attack on Christian towns, will you oblige us by not denying it?" the commandant asked. I agreed. I certainly did not want to be the cause of more bloodshed—no Press scoop was worth that—and I was more than willing to get the French into my debt after all the difficulties I had had with military bureaucracy, censorship, suspicion, and insults.

The war in the Lebanon was covered from Beyrouth (Beirut), the war against the Druses from Damascus; for two of the three events which were important enough to make the front pages in America I was the only war correspondent present. The bombardment of Damascus was a world scoop; the capture of the Druse capital, Soueida, with the subsequent desertion by an American from the Foreign Legion, his capture and trial, was another scoop. But at the time of the Kaukaba massacre seven or eight Americans and a few British and French correspondents had arrived.

In Beyrouth and Damascus both the French and the natives were very angry with me. Both sides thought me unfair. The military were exceedingly annoyed with my telegrams since they betrayed the fact that the French were committing tragic strategic errors, that they were sacrificing men in badly prepared weak attacks instead of reinforcing their army, that they had no aeroplane service, although they knew how the British in Iraq had quelled native disturbances, and that, in general, the military situation was unfavourable. The stupid censors believed they could have kept the Damascus bombardment from the world if I had not been present: they could not get it into their bureaucratic heads that other rumours and dispatches exaggerating the incident ten to a hundred times had done them that many times as much harm as my factual dispatches.

The Syrian nationalists, on the other hand, at first accused me of sympathy for the French, and later of being in their pay. A secretly printed Arab publication mentioned a million francs as my price. When the French civilian administrator, M. Lapierre, arrived in Damascus I met him at the Hotel Victoria and showed him the cutting.

"Will you compromise for a cocktail?" he asked.

"If you buy me a drink it will be the first thing I've had from the French since I've been here," I said, and we drank a cocktail.

It was not until a French journalist, M. Brochier, arrived that I was able to get the French command to do something for me. The army had captured Soueida, but did not hold all the intervening ground. I wanted to go to the capital of the Druses. I still had at that time my credentials as World War correspondent, signed by General Pershing, and his letter of 1919 thanking me for my work. I translated them to the French general. He was not impressed. But M. Brochier was a schoolboy friend of the new French commander, Andrea, and he got a message through to the front. When Damascus headquarters issued a permit for Brochier they could not well refuse me, and so we went to the aviation base and got permission to sit in the back cockpits of the first aeroplanes flying into Soueida.

I flew with Captain Pittault, who had been commissioned by Commandant Wauthier. Five years later, when I went to Le Bourget to welcome Willie Seabrook and Marjorie Worthington home from flying adventures in Timbuctoo and the Sahara Desert, their pilot, descending from the 'plane, looked at me and said, "*Tiens, if it isn't monsieur le journaliste* whom we almost killed that day at Soueida!" The fact was that Pittault forgot all about me, sitting in the back cockpit wedged among hundreds of Lewis-gun ammunition drums. He had spotted some Druses in the fields, and let loose with his machine-guns; the latter returned the fire, and Pittault began a series of acrobatics in which he several times almost spilled me. On landing on the improvised flying field at Soueida, moreover, the aviator hit a rough bit, and the old 1918 Spad, which I could swear had its struts tied with string, crashed and tangled us both pretty badly.

General Andrea was the embodiment of friendliness. He shared his meagre meal, the bad water, the thin *pinard*, and the abominable sleeping quarters with me. It was a night of fleas. Not Roman fleas, the two per visit one must expect at the Costanza Opera House, the one per trip in a Roman cab, but fleas by millions, all the descendants of the King of the Fleas

which mythology has reigning in Tiberiad. So I left at dawn, by the first 'plane out.

But I took with me the second scoop, the story of the man who said his name was Gilbert Clare, and who was in reality Bennett J. Doty, of Memphis, Tennessee. He was the only American in the Foreign Legion, and what a story he had!

This story became even better when, a few days later, my friend Brochier arrived in Beyrouth with the news that Doty, several Germans, and Harvey, the Legion's lone Englishman, had deserted, fought their way through Bedouin ambush, engaged in battle with French gendarmes, and had been finally captured, tried, and condemned to death.

"And," added M. Brochier, "General Andrea is very angry with you; he accuses you of starting this revolt in the Foreign Legion."

It was Sunday morning. I got Consul-General Knabenshue; we went to the Beyrouth authorities, and telegraphed Consul Keeley in Damascus. Our intervention postponed all talk of execution. Later Doty was retried, sentenced, pardoned, and shipped home. At the same time I wrote to General Andrea explaining that the worst I could possibly have done to instigate a 'mutiny' was to discuss America with a homesick soldier.

It was at this time that I was threatened with disembowelment by the Arab nationalists.

For years the native Syrian Press named me as a propagandist for the French. But the truth was I thought the French were stupid, and the religious hatred between Christian and Mohammedan stupid, and intense nationalism stupid. I had had sympathy only for old General Sarrail, who had tried to break up feudalism, ruin the power of the emirs and other exploiters of the poor Druses, poor Arabs, poor Christians—and who reaped rebellion and dismissal as a result of his socialistic ideals. He died soon after, a broken man.

The Rumanian censorship is slippery, secret, and arbitrary—on a par, in fact, with the national politics, which are the most corrupt in Europe. I wrote the story of a session of the Rumanian Parliament, where the Bratianu boys put through a law giving themselves control of the oil-wells of the nation,

and how, although there were only eighty-six members in the chamber after the Opposition had walked out, the Bratianus announced a vote of "a hundred and twenty-six in favour, two opposed." Business and graft are synonymous terms in this country, as the various American representatives of railway and oil companies have found out; the agent for a Philadelphia railway company was able to get an instalment on his bill paid only because he had prepared for the American newspaper-men in Bucharest one of the most amazing stories of national corruption in history. I saw part of it, and really regretted that the Bratianus paid, because I had been promised the story if they didn't.

Naturally the correspondent who tries to tell even a small part of the crookedness of the Rumanian situation lands in gaol or is expelled. Warned in advance, I made arrangements with the porter of my hotel, to whom I gave a larger bribe than his monthly bribe instalment from the Government, so I escaped arrest after cabling items of the character indicated above. But at least a dozen colleagues have been arrested or expelled, or both. The most notable of them is Clarence Streit, of the *New York Times*, and I mention him because he is one of the fairest and most objective correspondents in Europe to-day. His newspaper requires no sensationalism from him.

Mr Streit made arrangements to go electioneering with the two leading opponents in a Rumanian general election. The first day he witnessed Government agents intimidating and terrorizing Opposition voters, and the next day he was refused permission to accompany Government candidates. Instead he received a letter charging him with "gross exaggerations and insults addressed to the Rumanian Crown and country."

He was asked by General Nicoleanu, Prefect of Police, to leave the country, and when the American *chargé d'affaires*, Benjamin Riggs, protested to the Foreign Office the Minister of the Interior hinted that Streit had better leave in a hurry—otherwise he might be attacked in the streets of Bucharest.

Threats and intimidation are part of the Rumanian Press censorship. Even blackmail is not beyond Rumanian diplomacy. Thus in 1932 the Crown Prince and ex-King Mihai of Rumania, who was taught English by his British grandmother,

Queen Marie, read with great interest in the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* that Papa Carol had a beautiful red-headed mistress named Magda Lupescu; the youngster did not know what the word 'mistress' meant, and addressed an inquiry to Colonel Grigorescu. The colonel reported to the Embassy, and the Embassy sent a diplomat to the offices of the *Daily Mail* with a royal demand for an apology and a promise that Carol's mistress should remain unmentioned in the future. The *Daily Mail* refused to listen.

"If you don't retract," the Rumanian Ambassador threatened, "I will have stories about the *affaires* of the Prince of Wales published in the Rumanian papers."

Whereupon the blackmailing diplomat was thrown out.

Rumania was a country where the King, the Bratianu dictators, the Queen's friends, a few generals, and a few of the leading business-men seemed, in my time, interested only in dividing the natural wealth of the nation among themselves. Carol has been implicated in more than one graft case; the recent bribing of high officials by the Skoda armament works is one of the many instances which was exposed in the foreign Press. Years ago Gregory Phillipescu, who in his *Epoca* wrote of Queen Marie and of Prince Stirbey as the "man behind the *portières*," had to flee to Paris, and Jon Bratianu handed journalists cigars with thousand-lei notes as bands. Rumania muzzles its own Press and attempts to muzzle the Press of the world. The correspondents who break the censorship invariably are hounded by the police and expelled. But it is significant that they keep on.

But not all of them, and not everywhere. Because wherever there is a dictatorship American correspondents must make one of three choices: they can defy the dictator, as dozens of us have done; or they can embrace the *régime*, as a few of the best-known journalists have done; or they can accept certain compromises which make work possible and delay or eliminate expulsion.

Those who defy the dictators, whose latest recruits are Edgar Ansell Mowrer, Dorothy Thompson, and David Darrah, expelled by Hitler and Mussolini, are lucky if they have the

support of their home offices behind them. I do not want any applause for my activities, because I was fortunate in having an employer who was defiant of Europe in general, and who gloried in the fact that his men were always getting into trouble with foreign dictators.

On the other hand, the few who go over to the dictators are generally accepted as gentlemen. When a correspondent writes for years in a liberal and intelligent manner from many countries, then suddenly becomes biased and obscurant, it is quite likely that the dictator of either the country to which he is assigned or in his home office has made his influence felt.

There are many other things than the bribe which the Fascist Foreign Office and the chancelleries of several Balkan states—notably Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, in my time—give in the form of free telegram, radio, or cable tolls. Even a great newspaper publisher sometimes never quite gets over the fact that he has had the honour of shaking hands with the demigod-like Duce. Mussolini's autographs, smiles, frowns, interviews, and *commendatore* ribbons have worked more miracles for Fascism than Fascist money.

Newspaper-men can no more escape psychological imperatives than common mortals. Among them there are also power and success worshippers, good republicans at home, and democratic in all things American, who bow and tremble before success and power personified in humanitarians or tyrants. They do not question; they abase themselves from inner necessity. Generally when one talks of 'prostitutes of the Press' the inference naturally is that the reporter is good, the employer evil, that the good is debased by the bad. But I am sad to record that there are instances of voluntary, happy prostitution by noted foreign correspondents. For anonymous example, my colleague who wrote to Mussolini for an interview in these words:

I beg thy face to see,
Thy hand to clasp,
Thy mighty voice to hear,
For thou art Rome,
And more than Rome to me!

The majority of men assigned to Russia after 1921 have always been anti-Communist, but some embrace Communism;

others merely recognize the *régime* as *de facto* and try to assume a machiavellian, if not a neutral, attitude in describing its progress; while still others let their enmity get into their dispatches and soon find themselves outside. One thing that must not be forgotten about all dictatorships, reactionary or radical, is that they hold to the old maxim that who is not for us is against us. 'Objectivity' to them consists of giving one view of affairs—*their* view alone.

Many foreign correspondents are not too well paid, although their salaries are higher than those of the average newspapermen at home; the result is that economic pressure sometimes encourages friendship for dictators. If you are inimical things are hard for you, and if you succeed in the miracle of being objective they are not easier; but there are ways and means of making life more livable in the hard times of dictatorships. The problem of housing, of foreign exchange and inflated money, of bringing in foreign food or clothes, and many other things, are solved for those who accept the aid of *régimes* they do not defy.

The ideal situation, of course, would be for American correspondents to maintain an Olympian aloofness from the problems of the peoples and dictators of Europe; to report, if they were able, on the successes or failures, Utopian progress or hellish terrorism, of life under the dictators. And in order to do so they would not necessarily have to be supermen. It is quite possible for a reporter to voyage to Mexico and write a truthful account of the conflicts of Fascism with Communism, the Government and the Catholic Church, the patriots and the interventionists, the people and the exploiting land- and mine- and concession-owners, at a time when a large part of the American people, for religious or financial reasons, have a biased interest in Mexico; it should be even easier to treat of the same conflict of philosophies, religions, social, and economic forces in European countries, where our moral and financial investment is comparatively smaller.

One of the reasons why American correspondents abroad can be divided into three classes—the defiers, the foot-kissers, and the sail-trimmers—is the failure of the newspaper publishers and the Press services they directly or indirectly control to unite in

the common cause of a free Press. After all the shouting for freedom of the Press, after all the orations about the Press being the foundation, the keystone, the main bulwark, and the last ditch of all our liberties, the newspaper-owners do nothing to clear the poison from the springs of European news. The publishers and owners have never yet united in supporting their correspondents abroad. They have never united in protesting against the expulsion of honest and conservative correspondents, let alone taken common action when the representative of a dictator-defying newspaper gets what was perhaps coming to him.

I have given dramatic personal examples of what the business of European news-reporting has become. I must add that daily journalism is not always running to a fire—or a revolution. Yet between the high spots and the daily routine it is a very important work in these days when the United States, unentangled, has to watch the great movements of Communism, Fascism, Democracy, Reaction, fighting for world control. We may remain as we are for a long time, but sooner or later we also shall have to choose. We should therefore be informed. The chief means of information is the newspaper, and the representatives of the American Press abroad ever since the War have been bound and gagged by the dictators. How, then, are they to inform the American people?

Why should not the American Newspaper Publishers Association at its next convention plan united action in supporting the correspondents abroad? Not even Hitler will dare to fire the American Press corps if the united newspaper publishers support such persons as future Edgar Mowrers and Dorothy Thompsons, whose truthfulness and integrity cannot be questioned, and whose only crime has been telling facts which Hitler could not bear to have told.

Perhaps more important, the correspondents themselves would do well to stop playing local police reporter or the lone-wolf game abroad, and to co-operate and fight unitedly against the dictators, the corrupting forces, and for a free and a clean flow of world news for the enlightenment of the millions at home who are at present lost in the no-man's-land of warring political, social, and economic philosophies.

XI

GIRL REPORTER IN PARIS

By MARY KNIGHT

MARY KNIGHT is the daughter of the late Dr Lucian Lamar Knight, who was for many years with the Atlanta *Constitution*, and later Historian Emeritus of the State of Georgia. A graduate of Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Georgia, Miss Knight left her home in Atlanta in 1929 for New York. There she worked for four months as assistant editor of the magazine *Romance*, and five more writing a shopping column for the New York *American*. Leaving for a tour of Europe, with little money and a borrowed Ford, she remained there five years, mainly in Paris, on the staff of the United Press Bureau. Her thrill-packed career in France ranged from fashion shows to executions, with staple fare like murder and divorce scandals in between. Her reporting of the guillotining of Gorgoulloff, Russian assassin of the French President, focused the limelight on one of the most enterprising reporters of either sex in the foreign service; she dressed in men's clothes to gain admission to the scene of the execution. From France Miss Knight went to China for a year, then across the Pacific to San Francisco. For the United Press and the Scripps-Howard Newspapers she lived the life of an 'extra' in Hollywood, and turned her experience into a series of sensational stories. Then she flew from California to New York as an air hostess to describe the sensations of the new feminine profession in the clouds. Arriving in New York to complete the journey round the world in six years, she spent a day in the House of Detention talking with the "Lucky" Luciano 'vice girls,' took service at the Music Hall Theatre to learn about life behind its footlights, and worked as a volunteer nurse at Bellevue Hospital—all of this transcribed into exciting feature material for the Press. Late in 1936 she joined *The Literary Digest*. Good-looking, vivacious, daring beyond most men, and a facile writer, Miss Knight does credit to her beloved South and to the predominantly male profession which she has chosen to grace with her charms.

XI

GIRL REPORTER IN PARIS

I WENT to Paris for two weeks and stayed five years. Little did I realize when I stepped on to a cattle-boat anchored in the North River, New York harbour, at 5.30 P.M., Saturday, May 31, 1930, that I was headed towards anything remotely connected with a career.

When I announced my intention to work my way round the world by easy stages, easy only in that I would have to take it slowly, the majority of my friends looked upon me as something of a lunatic. If one of them had intimated that I was on the way to join the Paris Bureau of the United Press and, as its only woman staff reporter, to participate in beheadings, murders, suicides, peace conferences, beauty pageants, and political powwows, or that within the next few months I should see a famous French Marshal on his deathbed, or hold a Spanish royal head on my shoulder while regal tears trickled down my neck, I should have known which one of us would bear watching.

As it was, nobody told me anything. Very few of my friends even took notice of my departure. If I must carry out a crazy idea they needn't become a party to it by condoning my action.

With very little experience and less money, I found myself in New York going through the last routine of checking baggage and counting pennies. It seems almost impossible now that anyone could have been so completely naïve, so overwhelmingly confident, and so hopelessly enthusiastic all at once about the definiteness of a future built upon so vague a present.

I guess it's every girl's dream to stand one day on the deck of the fastest, biggest, most beautiful *de luxe* greyhound of the seas, swathed in a sable coat with orchids dripping from her shoulder, while she waves good-bye to friends on the dock who will miss her like everything. Certainly I was no exception. The only exception was that I was standing on the freshly scrubbed deck of a cattle-boat and had on a raincoat. The

orchids were still at the florist's, but a blind lady I knew sent me an umbrella.

Through the tough hide of my new alligator pocket-book I could almost feel each of the 378 dollars that were inside, representing the worldly assets upon which I was to build my future. That and *Quo Vadis*. *Quo Vadis* was a Ford roadster covered with a big piece of tarpaulin down in the hold where the cattle used to stay. But the great day was here anyway. At last we were on our way to the far corners of the world, and nothing could stop us now.

Cargo trouble delayed us in hoisting anchor, but the captain assured us it wouldn't be much longer. He suggested, however, that we might as well turn in when we felt like it, and when we heard the gong for breakfast we should be far out at sea. That was a sound idea. Better than watching other people wave to people you didn't know.

The first-call-for-breakfast gong, accompanied by a loud rap on the door, brought me to a sudden awareness of my whereabouts. Mid-ocean, of course, the captain had said. . . . I ran to the porthole for my first sight of a world surrounded by water—only to find we were still safely tied to the New York dock! In an hour we were really off. Watching skyscrapers dwindle to matchboxes and then drop out of sight is something I haven't forgotten yet.

In England *Quo Vadis* and I did the Lake District and the Shakespeare country, bouncing merrily along the highways and byways, stopping at country farmhouses for "Bed and Breakfast," or in small back-street city hotels that promised a "Bed and Bath for 6s." An idea had crawled into the back of my mind, as guilty as a stowaway, the afternoon I stepped off the boat, that I would not be going back as soon as the date on my return ticket indicated. Why hurry? I had no family, no ties of any kind, and the whole world was here in front of me! If I was parsimonious with my pecuniary properties I might even stick around and get a job 'on the other side.' That would be romantic and thrilling! Well, why not? All I needed was enough money to stake myself for a few weeks until I could look round and get my bearings. Surely I could find something in London or Paris. Other people did.

Oh, well, that would take care of itself. What counted now was driving, lickety-clip, willy-nilly, through lazy little English villages dripping bright blobs of rhododendron along the roadside, splashing our wheels with sweet-smelling rainbows. Or bucking big city traffic, trying to remember to stay on the *left* side of the street, which was the *right* side, and finding ourselves all too frequently on the *right* side, which was the *wrong* side!

Late one afternoon, in a little town called Street, I was standing on the pavement, deep-nosed in a British Baedeker, when a monocled Englishman, tall and a bit on the scrawny side, but well-built, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I beg your pardon, but do allow me to show you just one little place you'll not find in your book there." I looked up, ready to give him a you-may-be-there-but-I-don't-see-you stare. As I met his straightforward gaze he continued smiling, but the monocle dropped from his eye. The smooth, regular features of his clean-cut face suddenly became distorted, as if crippled by some inexpressible grief. . . . A shiver went over me, and I said nothing, but walked along beside him until he stopped and, his face more composed, said quietly, "This."

We were standing before a little church—one of the oldest in England, he said. We went in. There seemed to be no one praying, not even any candles lighted, but it was heavenly peaceful, and beautiful in a quiet, simple way, as are many of the smaller churches throughout England. I wandered around, looking at the wonderful stonework, the carving, the stained-glass windows. Quite some time passed, for I was interested. He was waiting for me there near the big statue of St Peter we had passed coming in, and I turned to look for him through the darkness of the arches. What! . . . God Almighty! . . . Instinctively I raised my right hand to my throat to smother the sound of my own voice. He was not where I had left him on entering the church, but was standing directly behind me, his long, tapering fingers, so artistically slender in the daylight, steel claws in the dusk of the chapel, slowly clamping down over my shoulders close to the base of my neck. What if I fainted? I never had in my life, but . . .

An old rule in our family trickled through my mind like

water dripping from a pipe: "Never let anybody think you are afraid of them. In a tough spot relax. Keep your voice at a smooth, conversational pitch, no matter what you say . . . low and well modulated. . . ." The dripping went on. Slowly I realized that I had moved my right hand from my throat, and that I was stroking the claw that gripped my right shoulder, like a toy clown wound up to beat a drum. The voice coming up out of my throat was mechanical, and had no connexion whatever with my brain. "I know. It must be terrible. But please believe me when I say that I do understand. Some one you must have cared a great deal about died recently, didn't she? And you like to come here because it's so peaceful and quiet. My mother died only a little while ago too, so you see—I really can understand. . . . Thank you for bringing me here. . . ."

For a split second I caught my breath, knowing it might be the last one I could ever hold like that, warm in my body—and then let it out slowly as I felt his big hands loosen, slide off my shoulders, and plop against his body. "It must be getting late," I said, this time fully conscious of what I was saying, and wondering if I could keep my legs from folding up. "Shall we go?"

His feet shuffled along the stone floor. "Yes," he said, dropping the world like a sounding-lead. "I had intended to strangle you. You would have been my fifth. But I've changed my mind." He sucked in his breath. "If you ever mention this incident, or try to describe me to anyone, I'll . . ." He stopped. This is the first time I ever have.

My first flight in an aeroplane was over the Alps from Innsbruck to Vienna. We stopped once at Salzburg to leave a passenger—and I parted weakly with my too hurriedly gulped lunch at the airport just before we took off again. It was a small 'plane, seating only four passengers. When we got in the pilot strapped us to the backs of our seats and handed us small grocery-store paper bags—'erp sacks' he called them—and winked. While dodging in and out, over and around one peak after another, he kept turning to look at us, as if he were never sure that we should all be there. We dipped and dived,

swayed and swerved, like a roller coaster at Coney Island. He never appeared to look where he was going, and I was a little jittery, even though our 'road' seemed relatively clear but for the traffic of clouds and sunshine. The Danube looked like Main Street, Anywhere, and the Summer Palace of the Habsburgs might have been the Cyclorama in Atlanta, or the Aquarium in Manhatten. When I unpacked at the hotel that night I discovered I'd left my toothbrush at Gottlieb Schwartz's in Oberammergau. Gottlieb was playing Judas in the Passion play.

Days went by. I woke up with a jerk one morning in Paris. What was there about to-day that was different? Then I remembered. It was all over—that's what it was. No, it hadn't been a dream. I'd been places and seen things—would I ever forget them! But my two months were finished, and to-day I had to choose—either to pack up and go home or to miss the boat. I still had a hundred left out of the 378 dollars I started with, which meant I had seen most of England, large chunks of Holland, Belgium, Germany, Bavaria, Austria, Switzerland, and France, and driven 4405 miles on less than \$5.62 a day, including food, drink, and shelter for both Quo Vadis and myself.

Quo Vadis had been such an appropriate name for my partner in solitude. We never knew or cared whither we went from day to day, so long as it was interesting or pretty or there were special museums, churches, gardens, castles, or whatnots to see, and the red lines on the map corresponded with the landmarks. We did want to stay on the map until we got to Paris. Well, here we were. Time to answer: "*Quo vadis?*"

I went down to the garage. There she was, clean and shiny and ready to be off again. I gave her a drink and closed her mouth with the radiator cap. "Quo Vadis," I said, swishing a dust-rag affectionately across her face, "I wish you were mine, but you're not. You're just borrowed. We can't both stay anyway, even if you were mine. It costs too much to feed and house you here. I'll flip you. Heads I win, tails you lose!" It was a dirty trick, but Quo Vadis went back to America, and I stayed on in Paris for the next five years.

The die was cast. I rented a little attic room in an old Louis

XVI house on the Left Bank, and started out to look for a job. It didn't take me long to discover the truth of the old maxim—the difference between capital and labour—"Capital is what you spend, and labour is what it takes to get it back." After wearing thin the soles of my cherished American shoes in intimate contact with the boulevards of Paris, inserting 'job wanted' ads in the local English-printed newspapers, and doing temporary chores of various kinds, I received a charming letter from a French woman in Tours. The only experience I could boast of was with a retail credit company in Atlanta, writing letters about text-books for Scribner's, a column called "About New York with Peggy" for the *New York American*. I sold that column line by line, but it was supposed to look like advice to the young housewife—where to shop, and how to keep her husband from keeping his blonde secretary. I had already made the rounds of all the English and American newspapers and advertising firms in Paris, but each one suggested I should see Mr So-and-so somewhere else. Here I was, three thousand miles from home, so cock-eyed sure I could 'cover the world' on any foreign assignment—and yet the only nibble of interest I had had anywhere was at the United Press office. The director for France, Ralph Heinzen, said he would like to try me, although he felt I would be a "dubious experiment." They didn't favour women much in their outfit, and, anyway, it was out of the question for the time being. Perhaps later . . . And so it went.

The upshot of the letter from the French lady was that I went on the most delightfully tragic wild-goose chase I've ever undertaken. A Mme Roget was opening a finishing school for English and American girls, and wanted a young college graduate, American, to act as her secretary, speak English to her two small children, chaperon her girls to the movies, the theatre, opera, and, in season, to various watering-spots and culture spas throughout Europe. Very simply she had worded her note: "In answer to your advertisement in the *New York Herald*, would you be interested in a post I can offer you in this *château*—Château Saint-Victor, *côte Sud*? . . . I will pay your return passage, second class, if you do not decide to remain. . . ."

Would I be interested? With exactly 210 francs left in the alligator pouch, and the third month of no-job-yet staring me in the face—would I be interested!

I packed my suitcase, bought a third-class ticket, and considered myself called and chosen. It wasn't what I wanted or was looking for, but it ought to give me time to think out the next move on this foreign draught-board of my own selection. I arrived in high spirits, duly impressed by my first job and my first *château*. I met the Prince of Siam, and was his dancing partner most of that first evening. He was charming. So were Madame's other guests, and I was beginning to believe that everything was all right as long as life had its blush as well as its blight—when the truth came out the next day.

In no silken-voiced manner I was informed that I was to have replaced a little Swedish servant-girl and was expected to take entire nursemaid's care of two infants, aged two and a half and three and a half, plan and order meals, keep house, be secretary to the school, and act generally as Madame's Good Woman Friday. My hours were to have been from five A.M. on. For my labours I was to have received twelve dollars a month in addition to my board and laundry. An excellent opportunity for the right person.

But . . . I had committed the unpardonable sin of acting as a guest on the evening of my arrival, had created a most embarrassing situation by dressing formally, as the others had, for dinner, and when I had the effrontery to continue to the *salon* for coffee and liqueurs, and to dance with the Prince when he asked me to, Madame had kept from fainting by the sheerest will-power! Now it was impossible for her to explain. She couldn't tell a Prince he had danced with a servant. Whatever could she do? She hoped I "didn't need the job too badly. . . ."

"Damn! I didn't come here to be nursemaid," I exploded inwardly, by the sheerest will-power maintaining an outward calm. "If I go back I'll have to borrow." That sobered me a little. "I can't borrow because I don't know anybody!" Maybe that United Press man would lend me something. If I couldn't pay maybe he would put me to work to get it back." There was still my west-bound ticket to New York, but when I took

daily column which was used on the first page under her 'by' line. She is still in harness, although the Paris edition of the *Tribune* was taken over in 1934 by the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The United Press was the first news agency to appreciate the value of presenting women's news from Europe through a woman reporter. There had been three on the Paris staff before I joined. The Associated Press also had one in Paris then—Adelaide Kerr, who succeeded Mrs Smith Reavis. On the Paris staff of the Chicago *Tribune* was the arch-wanderer, Mary Shapiro, who worked on newspapers across America, across the Pacific, all over China and the East, before she came back to Paris and found herself homesick for America.

There is no work for a woman newspaper writer like a job as foreign correspondent. It should be the early ambition of all women news-gatherers, because of the facilities it offers for cosmopolitan work, travel, pleasant experiences, development of ideas and skill for further writing, and the chance for 'by' lines on really good stories. Unfortunately there are far too few such jobs, and there is always a waiting list in the offices where they might be available.

The woman writer abroad has a stiff day's work every day. It is never less than nine hours, and during the fashion showings longer, but there are enough compensations to more than offset the time element. It is agreeable to be in Paris, Vienna, Madrid, or London, even if a third of the day has to be spent in work. It is the kind of work you soon learn to eat and sleep and breathe. It's fun to see a fashion show of the world's costliest gowns, if you can remember that 'wine-red velvet spattered with sequins' is not a matter of life and death, and that whether Mrs Gotrocks wears galoshes to the Ritz or goes barefooted is a small point.

A typical day during my first weeks of being 'staff-broken' began with my arrival at eight A.M. I had a daily fashion article of three hundred words to do, after reading the previous day's cable report of some three thousand words. Then came an interview with Chaliapin about his lawsuit against the Soviet Government for infringement of a copyright. An inter-

view with Paul Poiret, the freakish style creator, about futuristic modes at eleven o'clock. I should be lucky to lunch before my next appointment, but hoped to be able to try out a little restaurant I had discovered opposite the bookstalls along the Seine where they served the juiciest, thickest steak and *pommes frites* in Paris!

I had two fashion displays in the afternoon, a handful of general reporting, an article to do on new thought in art and writing among the American 'budding lights' in the Latin Quarter of Montparnasse, an interview with "Miss Europe," and—I would like to get my hair washed!

Speaking no foreign tongues when I first went to Europe, I learned through bitter experience the necessity, for anyone who aspires to foreign correspondence work, of knowing, not one, but several languages. French comes first, although it seems to make little difference now with the whole world so topsy-turvy; then Spanish, Italian, and German.

There are various methods of learning a language. But I learned French by fright, and there is a lot to say for the system, even though it is a bit unorthodox. I couldn't take lessons when I hadn't money to pay for them, and I knew I couldn't hope to get anywhere with a job—the kind I wanted—without learning it. So I started to work on myself, with the aid of school books I had brought along, and discovered that fear has its advantages. If you know you are apt to lose your job for failure to understand what is being said to you in an important interview you reach into the book every day, grab a handful of verbs, adjectives, and nouns that are absolutely essential in the day's conversation, sprinkle them with subjunctive powder and slap them into your think-tank, turn on the concentration, and before you get home that night check up and make sure you've used every one of them. You'll be surprised at how much you can learn.

It isn't enough, however; and after the first few weeks at my new job I began attending night school at the Alliance Française. Night school anywhere is slow work, and I had practically no time to study, getting home from the office at six-thirty, eating supper at seven, and having to be at school by eight. A month of this, and I asked Mr Heinzen if he

couldn't pay me a little less and let me off an hour or so earlier so that I'd have time to study and could get along faster. I hoped it would be to his advantage in the long run as well as mine. He said, "No, I'm sorry, Mary, but I can't do that. You can't live on less decently, but we'll consider that a part of your regular work. Hereafter see that you leave the office at four-thirty." Had I needed an incentive to swallow the whole French language in one gulp here it was!

Ignorance has its advantages, as well as fear. One day, shortly after Mr Heinzen had given me permission to leave early so that I could study at home before school, I was sent like a shot out of a gun to the hospital where we had a tip that Marshal Joffre was dying. My French was exceedingly sketchy, and I was scared stiff. I didn't dare ask anybody anything, for I knew I shouldn't know what I was saying myself or understand their reply, so I walked fast, as though I did know perfectly well what I was doing and where I was going. I passed by the guards and the sisters in their black robes, who apparently suspected me of being nothing more harmful than a guileless waif coming to see her aged grandmother (I had grabbed a little bunch of flowers from a vendor down the street, and clutched them frantically in one hand). Inside I went down the hall, opening doors and looking inside and saying, "Oh, pardon! Excusez-moi!" and closing them as quietly and quickly as I could until, to my relief, I walked right into the Marshal's room, where all the family was gathered weeping. I recognized his face from pictures I'd seen in the movies and papers. The scene was one I shall never forget. I stared dumbly while my mind clicked like a camera. Then I mumbled a sincere apology and closed the door softly. Five minutes later he was dead.

The thing that finally set me on the road to what is usually referred to as a 'career' was, ironically enough, an entirely unexpected event. As part of the routine of learning to be a newspaper-woman Mr Heinzen had seen to it that my menu of assignments included a number of the nastiest things that could happen in the guise of 'news.' I had covered murders, suicides, brawls, and brothels, so I thought I would prove to

him not only that I could 'take it,' but that I liked it, by asking for the guillotining story.

The President of the French Republic in 1932, Paul Doumer, had been assassinated by a Russian named Dr Paul Gorgoulloff, on the 7th of May, at a benefit book sale for veterans of the War. Gorgoulloff was to be beheaded at dawn on the 14th of September in the middle of the street, according to French tradition. They chose the Boulevard Arago, which was just opposite the *Santé* Prison, where he was incarcerated.

"Okay," said Mr Heinzen. "Help yourself!"

All would have gone well but for the fact that at the eleventh hour, when the special cards were issued by the Government to a group of selected reporters and officials permitted to attend the lugubrious spectacle, it was discovered that I was a woman. They immediately and flatly refused to give me a permit to stand by, because, they said, no woman had seen a beheading here since the French Revolution—when they used to come and bring their knitting to the Place de la Concorde, and teach the children to count as the heads plopped off one by one—and, in so far as the French Government had anything to do with it, no woman would ever see another one. Stymied.

But the more I thought about it the madder it made me. It was the first time that I had been discriminated against because of my skirts. What could I do? If any bright ideas were to be worked out I'd have to think fast, for it was six P.M. now, and the execution was set for dawn.

At nine o'clock I was at the American Hospital in Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, pleading with a friend of mine who was an *interne* to get me a suit of clothes, my size, his sex. I didn't care where he got them, or whose they were; in fact, I preferred not to know. He tried to tell me I had lost my mind; that the idea was insane; that they could put me in gaol if they caught me in men's clothes—and then he decided to come with me himself.

I knew it was against the law, but they would have to catch me first. We spent the rest of the night getting into a strategic position, and finally broke through the last line of police just as

the wagon was coming out of the prison gate with the assassin. Everything worked out like a dime novel, and before I realized it I found myself standing within six feet of the glittering blade. I shuddered, but it was too late to turn back. The spectacle was not half as terrifying as it was ghastly. The street lights were turned down to a thin film of dull red thread in the bulbs as dawn began to make the shapes of the lamp-posts discernible. We stood there, conversing in whispers. A great crowd waited outside the police lines. Suddenly everything became quiet. The van manœuvred into position. The door opened. Out stepped Gorgoulloff, looking like a great monster in the early light. His hands and feet were manacled. He had a peculiar, twisted smile on his face, half saint, half devil.

Guards raised their sabres as he came towards the platform of the death machine, where Anatole Deibler, "Monsieur Paris," official executioner, stood. The faces of his assistants were expressionless. The silence was broken only by the tinkling of a bell in a near-by convent. The Russian hobbled to the death block. His neck was placed in the scooped-out groove, and, standing thus, like a man behind a huge playing card, only his head and feet visible, the half-mad Gorgoulloff turned to his guards and said, "I am not a Royalist. I am not a Communist. I commend myself to Russian peasants. I hope my son, who is yet unborn, will become a doctor, like myself, and will carry out the principles of that profession."

The heavy blade fell with a thud. A second, lighter thud told us that the severed head had dropped into the wicker basket on the other side. It was all over. The fire squad turned the hose on the street to wash up the blood. After the first gush from the jugular vein the neck was clamped firmly, and the body placed in the container with the head, and returned to the black van in which the dead man had taken his last ride. There was no autopsy. The slayer's widow claimed the body, but she could not exhume it until it had lain temporarily in the "Square of the Damned" with Landru, the famous Bluebeard, and countless other victims of the "Widow."

Weak in the knees, and with a hollow feeling in the pit of

my stomach, I dived into the nearest taxi to get myself out of sight first of all, and to reach, as soon as possible, the warmth and security of my own four walls. I shall never ask for another assignment like that. Although my covering of it was unofficial at the time, it was pretty thoroughly broadcast in the papers, and the French secret service delegated a special five-foot-two shadow (which they cleverly imagined I might think my own) to trail me for weeks afterwards. They had not caught me in the act, but I would bear watching in the future.

Assigned to my first out-of-town story, I was told to pack a suitcase for the Riviera.

The Riviera! Grande Corniche—Monte Carlo—the Mediterranean—all my life I'd ranked the Riviera along with New York, London, Paris, St Moritz, Shanghai! I knew it was a murder trial. A very important murder trial. But, murder or no murder, an ill wind always blew some one good, and even if the one-time beauty queen of St. Louis were hanged for shooting her jealous husband in self-defence I should have my Riviera!

Arriving in Nice quietly and ahead of the scheduled date of the trial, I was to attempt an interview with the beauty-prize winner, Charlotte Nash Nixon-Nirdlinger, in gaol. No one had been allowed to speak with ~~her~~ personally ~~br~~ to see her, except her lawyers and ~~her~~ mother, who had come from America for the trial.

The second day after my arrival I sauntered down the Boulevard des Anglais, where the Nixon-Nirdlingers rented an expensive apartment, and ~~where~~ their two children were still living with their nurse. I thought if I met them, and made them like me a little by playing with them, I might work out something. Perhaps the boy, who was three and a half years old, might, with a little help, write a letter to his mother—the children were told she was ill in a hospital and so ill they could not see her for a long time. She would ~~come back~~ quite well if they were good and did what ~~Mrs~~ Nussie told them to do. Daddy was off on a business trip. Charlotte Louise was only eighteen months old, but she could, with a little help, make crosses on

her brother's letter, or put her hand down on a piece of paper and draw around her fingers "for Mummie."

It worked, but it was tough. Their hospitality wasn't very cordial. The nurse was wary, but warmed up as the hours went by, and I managed to make myself useful rather than ornamental. Fred threw a whole menagerie of wooden animals at me. I managed to dodge all but the red elephant, which he hurled with a straighter and surer aim. Charlotte Louise was milder in her disapproval. She only pulled my hair out by the roots with a small, determined fist and succeeded in jerking loose a gold necklace I was wearing. When it finally broke she gurgled gleefully, and we were friends from then on. I mended toys, carried the children piggy-back, and submitted to the final indignity of being harnessed to a little red wagon which had long since lost its wheels so that they could play "sleigh-riding in the Alps." I was the St Bernard dog.

I departed at six o'clock in the evening with a letter, "to Mummie from Freddie," in my pocket, and a picture of Charlotte Louise's hand with a big X in the middle of it and little ones on the tip of each finger. Here I was, deliberately and shamelessly for the first—and last—time in my life, a self-convicted sob sister!

Richard McMillan, also of the United Press staff in Paris, who was holidaying at Juan-les-Pins, came over that evening to ask if he could be of any help. I said, "Yes. Please come with me to the gaol." By appearing as an old friend of Mrs Nixon-Nirdlinger who was just passing through Nice on her way back to America, and who had spent the day with the children and brought letters to her from them, the guard reluctantly, after much persuasion, permitted me to stand before her cell door and stick my notes through the bars. We were not allowed to speak, so we just stood and wept at each other. I was ashamed of my onion tears, but it was the first time a journalist had seen the alleged murderer in her prison cell. It made a good story.

The day I arrived at Nice I spent in getting acquainted with the court-house and especially with the Cour d'Assises, where the trial was to be held. I found there was a vacant room just

above the small courtroom, and in it a telephone. In Paris we had a machine which transmitted urgent messages through the cable company to the United States in forty seconds. If I could get the verdict through to Paris by 'phone instead of sending it by cable—and without my having to leave the reporters' bench—it stood to reason I should have a scoop. A 'phone outside would take too long to get to in the crowd, but this one . . . I rented the strategic room.

Again McMillan came to my rescue by agreeing to sit upstairs at the 'phone while I sat downstairs in the courtroom with my hands folded, as though I were sending my messages by wireless telepathy. Mac could look out of the windows upstairs and add outside local colour and background for the trial, while I scribbled notes about the proceedings inside and sent them up to him from time to time. To the gaff from the men reporters (I was the only woman covering the trial), who took it for granted that my failure to send cables by the boy who came to collect them every fifteen minutes or so was a sign that I had got stage fright, failed to understand the French, or just gone plain berserk, I tried to present a serene countenance. They nudged each other and sniggered like schoolboys, until one of them finally blurted out, "Too bad the U.P. isn't being covered on this story. Ought to have known better than to send a girl out to do a man's job. Serves 'em right!" I bit my lip to keep from laughing.

The afternoon session was long and hot—May 20, 1931. The room was crowded beyond belief, stuffy, and reeking with garlic and ale. The Press benches had more space than any part of the room, for the reporters kept it well policed of their own accord, making assurance double sure that nobody got their seats at this trial. A thin little lady in black came down the aisle and started to take a seat on a vacant end of one of the Press benches. "Hey, get off of there!" shouted one of the men. "You can't come in here. This is reserved for the Press!" She jumped, and I did not stop to realize he had spoken in English, and she had seemed to understand. Looking down at the space around me, I noticed I had a foot or so to spare, so I leaned back to catch her eye and motion her to come and sit by me. Throughout the afternoon she proved of

invaluable assistance, giving me information any one of the others might have had, but which they could not possibly have got from anyone else.

The little lady in black was the defendant's mother.

Charlotte Nixon-Nirdlinger was acquitted by a jury of Frenchmen. The jurors accepted her story that G. Nixon-Nirdlinger, Philadelphia theatrical man, had tried to strangle her in jealousy over the attraction her beauty had for other men, and acquitted her after twenty-five minutes' deliberation on the grounds of self-defence. The jury, comprised of married men of average means, heard her vehemently deny that she had a lover, or that she married her husband for his money. The traditional sympathy of Frenchmen for women involved in a crime of passion was upheld by the verdict which set her free.

Mrs Nash, Charlotte's mother, and I edged our way out of the Press section while the jury was in retirement. We managed to stand near the defendant's box while the foreman of the jury announced the verdict. I wanted to be near the box so that I could send my final message upstairs by a Frenchman who stood ready to rush it to McMillan at the 'phone; Mrs Nash, so that she could be near her daughter. "Silence in the courtroom!" . . . "We find the defendant NOT GUILTY!" Two words scrawled on a sheet of paper, a minute later shouted through the 'phone, and we had a world 'scoop!

Charlotte collapsed on her mother's neck, with one arm flung around mine. "Oh, I am so happy!" she wailed. "I knew they would do the right thing. I want only my children, and to go home."

A few die-hards stubbornly insisted I had 'jumped the gun' on the decision. I showed them the telephone upstairs, the received bill for it, and McMillan. They finally rendered me a verdict of "Not guilty!" and together we celebrated the end of another assignment.

The baly other time my integrity as a reporter was questioned following an interview with Anne Lindbergh in 1933. It was when she and Colonel Lindbergh had made a flight across the Atlantic to test possible northern seaplane

routes, and, leaving Inverness, had dropped suddenly and unannounced into Le Bourget. With their accustomed quietness they slipped into an apartment of a luxurious hotel, famous headquarters for international conferences that have changed world maps.

When we received our tip-off of the arrival we 'phoned the American Embassy to check on their plans. The Embassy, it seemed, had not been informed of the arrival of the Lindberghs, and therefore it was impossible that the Lindberghs had arrived.

Thirty minutes later I was standing in the lobby of the hotel with every journalist and photographer in Paris. The first Secretary of the Embassy was making an announcement: "Colonel and Mrs Lindbergh will receive the Press at three o'clock this afternoon, on condition that they are not to be asked any questions." His statement to the Press was general, but I had received a previous statement—from my editor—that was specific. "Get a story from Mrs Lindbergh."

The announcement was received with confusion, for, like myself, the other correspondents had their orders to bring in an exclusive Lindbergh story and picture. It was every man for himself then, to devise a way to carry out his editor's instructions before the official reception at three P.M. The front steps were barred to reporters, so I strolled round to the back, just in time to bump into Colonel Lindbergh slipping out to a car waiting at the kerb. As he was driven away I surmised that Mrs Lindbergh might be alone, and up the back steps I fled, wondering how I could find out what floor she was on, and how I could persuade her to talk to me.

Two garbage-men on the back landing of the third floor solved my problem. They had seen the flying Colonel descend the back stairs—had, in fact, themselves aided his get-away. Yes, Mrs Lindbergh was alone, and they told me the number of her room. Even a garbage-man can have a sense of drama. These two refuse collectors and I concocted a little plot wherein they stood guard in the passage, and when the coast was clear beckoned me to dash down the hall, knock boldly on the door and—

"Come in," said a charmingly soft and low-pitched voice. I

opened the door quickly and closed it behind me. I was surprised that she did not dismiss me when I introduced myself. Instead she seemed almost lonely, while crowds waited outside for a glimpse of her. Immediately she made me feel at ease by admitting it was a relief to rest awhile and to talk about unimportant matters such as shopping, the weather, and being a little homesick. She explained why she and her husband always dodged curious persons on the look-out for them. "We try to live very simply," she said. "It is easier to dodge newspaper people in Europe than it is in the United States." I learned that she was a great admirer of Amelia Earhart, whom I had known both in New York and in Paris. For nearly an hour we talked informally, and I departed with a world copyright story.

Disappointed competitors accused me of posing as a representative of the State Department, and the fat was in the fire. Colonel Lindbergh was kind enough to settle the argument himself by telephoning both the Embassy and our editorial offices, stating that I had sailed under no false flags, and that I had duly presented my credentials. Generously he added that his wife had said she thoroughly enjoyed the visit.

'Bloody Tuesday,' February 6, 1934, was one of the high spots of my five Paris years.

Monday was relatively calm, but those who kept an ear to the ground knew it was a calm that presaged an ominous event. I went to a fashion collection at 10.30 A.M. and another at 3 P.M. The summer style showings were in full swing, and while we sat in the glittering *salons* watching gorgeous mannequins parade in soft chiffons, sequins, and dazzling spring raiment, the dull tread of soldiers marching outside and the occasional shrill command of the officers could be heard plainly through closed windows.

Coming from a late fashion parade at midnight, eyes still full of the newest styles in line and colour (the trend was then Oriental), and with the 'feel' of the finest fabrics still fresh on my finger-tips, I was shocked to see hundreds of Gardes Républicaines policing the streets, keeping pedestrians on the move, and ordering everybody to get home as soon as possible

and stay there. A queer and uncomfortable thrill ran down my spine. I had never been this close to a revolution or in quite such a vortex of history in the brewing.

The next day the French capital was swept by the bloodiest riots since the days of the Commune in 1781. Tens of thousands of citizens battled the largest force of police and military ever assembled in time of peace. On a dozen fronts hand-to-hand street fights raged, while police and Gardes Mobiles fired volley after volley to turn back angered throngs pushing towards the Chamber of Deputies, where the Daladier Government was making its initial stand. The toll of deaths that first day ran to nearly a score, and the injured numbered over a thousand.

For sixteen hours I sat at the cable machine sending out stories that flooded us from every corner of the city. I was able to operate the cable machine faster than the others in the office, and was therefore more valuable inside than in the streets in an emergency where speed meant money and beats on stories. Our men were stationed at every key-point in the city and in the Chamber of Deputies, where fist fights broke up the reading of the Premier's speech for peace.

Outside, in the Place de la Concorde, where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI were beheaded, thousands of demonstrators were tearing up the granite roadway in huge chunks two feet square to build barricades, throwing missiles at mounted police, attacking buses in front of the American Embassy, breaking street-lamps, and throwing torpedoes under horses and tramways in the Latin Quarter.

As darkness spread over the "City of Lights" War veterans, students, and patriotic groups stormed from underground railway stations at widely scattered points, marching towards the Government headquarters.

Mobs were still rioting at dawn when I was taken home in a car, the windows of which had already been smashed by flying stones. As we went through the Tuileries Gardens we found them sacked, and many of the famous statues spattered with blood. Marble urns were broken, benches overturned, and the neat picket fences round the formal flowerbeds were completely destroyed.

A young French boy, trying to get home on foot, was struck by a stray bullet, and instead of putting him into a car and taking him to a hospital the frenzied crowd carried him aloft, over their heads, blood dripping from his wound, shouting, "This is Revolution!"

But it wasn't. The fury of the French subsided almost as quickly as it had risen, and the next week found Paris restored to practical peace and quiet. The Government brought in trained workers from the Army and the Navy to ensure continuous water, electric, and gas service, rather than risk the disorders that would result from a darkened Paris cut off from the vital necessities, which might easily cause a more serious panic.

Royalty love their little jokes, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent, as Prince George of England and Princess Marina of Greece, had the laugh on Paris news-hounds and picture-snappers the day they arrived in the French capital following the announcement of their betrothal.

It wasn't that they minded having their pictures taken, or admitting that they were 'radiantly happy,' but they were just two young people wanting to play a prank and see if they could put one over on the news-gatherers who prided themselves on always getting their man—or woman.

The Gare de l'Est was packed with reporters and curious onlookers eager to get a glimpse of the Princess.

The reception committee was in a great flutter because there were two trains which the royal party could have boarded to bring them to Paris from the Balkans. First things first, however, so when train number one pulled in there was much waving of Press cards and police passes and a surging of the crowd around the *de luxe* coaches. Several cameras clicked and bulbs flashed in the general direction where the mob was thickest in the hope of catching anything of importance. When no royal heads appeared at any of the windows the correspondents poured through the train, coming out at the end of the second-class cars with a look of disgust and disappointment on their faces. French reporters were shouting excitedly, "Elle n'est pas là! Venez recontre l'autre—vite, mon

vieux!" ("She's not here! Quick, meet the other one!") And there was a hurried exodus from that track to the second one several hundred yards away.

I do not know what happened to me beyond the fact that I felt paralysed, and realized vaguely that I was muffing one of the best stories of the week. While the others ran in the opposite direction I stood where they had left me, facing a third-class coach which seemed to have people in it who apparently did not wish to come out. I wondered . . .

Sure enough, there they were watching the excitement and thoroughly enjoying their little joke of having, for once, outwitted the generals of a vast news army, who had, of course, assumed it to be beneath royal dignity to travel third class.

By the sheerest luck, while the others were scouring the incoming train, I was having an exclusive interview with these members of England's Royal Family. News of the mistake reached the other reporters when the second train likewise revealed no royal party. As they rushed back to the first train the Prince and his bride-elect came out of hiding and obligingly posed at the entrance of their third-class refuge, but refused to stop for further interviews. Just one of those strokes of good luck that hinge on nothing.

It isn't every day that you run into some one who can lose five million dollars' worth of crown jewels without batting an eye—and find them again without a ripple of enthusiasm! These bits of information, exclusive front-page stories for me, seemed hardly worth mentioning in the opinion of the Spanish grandee who gave them to me. "I was sorry to lose the stones, of course," admitted the Infanta Eulalia de Bourbon, aunt of ex-King Alfonso XIII. "I intended to give them to my nieces, Beatrice and Maria Christina. I live so quietly here in this convent I could never wear the jewels myself." It was a most casual conversation we were having with our weekly cup of tea.

During the bombardment of Paris in 1918 the Infanta, fearing her royal property might be destroyed, sent the jewels in a small trunk to Madrid by *valise diplomatique*. They were delivered to the palace and placed safely in the royal vaults..

She had no occasion to question their whereabouts until the proposed marriages of the girls to their cousins, Don Alonzo and Don Alvaro of Orleans in 1932 (which did not materialize). She sent to Madrid for the treasure trunk, but when it arrived found to her dismay that it contained only a little old-fashioned umbrella, a couple of 'everyday' shawls, and a few bits of moth-eaten lace. It was not the trunk she had dispatched to the palace fourteen years earlier, but when she wrote for the second one she was informed there was no "other trunk belonging to her Highness." With a faint shrug of her aristocratic shoulders she dismissed the subject. "It's too bad for the girls," was her only comment.

A month later I again called on the Infanta, and as I was about to take my leave she said, "Oh, by the way, I found my jewels!" In taking an inventory at the palace the crate had been removed from an unidentified box and the letters "E de B" in small long-tarnished nails had been recognized by a servant who had remained with the new *régime*. She was notified she might have them as soon as the inventory was complete.

I never could take pictures with a camera that looked like anything when they were developed, but anything I can see and click with my own mental shutters makes a good print that stays with me. A memory more optical than auditory isn't always an asset, but it served me well one morning when I was hustled out of the office at eight-thirty to "Get an interview with Samuel Insull." I had never seen the public utilities gentleman, and we had no pictures of him in our morgue. I knew he was a friend of Mayor Cermac, of Chicago, whom I did know by sight, and who was also in Paris at the time. Arriving at the hotel where both were reported to be stopping, I was informed that "Mr Insull left word he was not to be disturbed before ten A.M."

I 'phoned my office, and was instructed to wait. I picked out an easy-chair, and glanced around the lobby, wondering if other reporters had been sent on a similar mission. Apparently not. I scanned the headlines of a morning paper, and when I looked up again two men had seated themselves on the arms

of a big chair as though they were waiting for some one. One of them was unmistakably Mr Cermac, the other . . . Certainly! Small, white-haired, worried . . . I called a bell-boy. "The little man over there—isn't he Mr Samuel Insull?" "Je ne sais pas, madame," he answered diplomatically, following instructions, "mais . . . je crois que oui," he added, disobeying them.

I went over, introduced myself to Mr Insull, and asked him if he would mind presenting me to the Mayor. Each thought I was interviewing the other, and by nine o'clock I was back at the office with two stories instead of one. At ten I was in the Louvre Museum talking to the curator about the mutilated canvas of Millet's *Angelus*, slashed by a vandal, when I passed the Insulls and Cermacs inspecting the Mona Lisa. We smiled and said, "Good morning." I realized what would have happened if I had taken literally the word that Mr Insull was "not to be disturbed before ten." By then he had become a good needle, and the Louvre an excellent haystack.

The next day Mr Insull fled to Athens, and Mayor Cermac returned to America and a tragic death.

Just bits from five years in France. And I had come for two weeks. But something was wrong. Might as well admit it. The foot itched, and the eye wandered. It was spring. It was Paris. But it was not enough. Still determined to cover the world, I boarded a Norwegian freight boat at Marseilles on April Fool's Day 1935, bound for China. But, then, that's another story. . . .

XII

ONE MUST KNOW JAPAN

By FRANK H. HEDGES

BORN in Springfield, Missouri, in 1895, Frank H. Hedges asserts that he feels more at home in Tokyo than in any other city in the world, including his home town. He went to the Far East in 1920 to join the staff of the *Japan Advertiser*, an American daily published in Tokyo. Since then he has served as managing editor of that paper and as contributing editor of the *Japan Times and Mail*, opened the first bureau for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Syndicate in old Peking, and later the first bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor* in Tokyo. He has also acted as correspondent for a number of other papers, including the London *Times*, *Daily Mail*, and the *Washington Post*, besides the North American Newspaper Alliance, with which he is now connected. Hedges graduated from Western Military Academy at Alton, Illinois, took an Arts degree at Drury College, and a Bachelor of Journalism degree at the University of Missouri—a course interrupted by service with the American Army as a second lieutenant during the World War. He worked on newspapers in Oklahoma, Texas, and Washington before departing for the Orient. Though Tokyo has been his home, and he has covered most of the big news events in the Far East since 1920, he has also spent short periods in other parts of Asia, in Europe, and in the United States. Among the most interesting assignments that have fallen to his lot, Hedges writes, “ were a trip through Japan with the former Prince of Wales; the wedding of the Boy Emperor of China in the Forbidden City, now the Emperor of Manchoukuo; the coronation of the present Emperor of Japan; an occasional Chinese war or two; and a miscellany of assassinations, earthquakes, and military insurrections.”

ONE MUST KNOW JAPAN

ACOUNTRY, a culture, a people, has a distinct personality.

It is infinitely varied—just as the human units that make up that nation, that people; just as the historical events in its centuries of evolution; just as its mills and looms, the brushes of its artists, and the pens of its writers, or the notes of its singers, are varied.

Running through all are certain unchangeable threads of colour and life, of motivation and particular psychological outlook, of traditions, religion, and so much else that is unchangeable through the ages and through the generations of men and women in which they manifest themselves.

It is these permanent and enduring and continuing threads that make up the personality of a nation, a people, and a culture.

They are the warp of the brocade clothing a nation: that basis on which the multi-coloured and many-sized threads that go to make up woof are woven over and under, and so, with this weaving, complete the garment which a nation, a people, wears, at which the whole world may look and which it may see—if it but will.

I came to Japan now nearly two decades ago, a short time in retrospect, in order to meet, to know, this vivid brocade-clad personality that, despite its centuries of age, is so new a comer among the nations; is still strange and young and rather shy and diffident; is still in the stage of growth and change as regards many qualities, but that is unchangeable as regards others; this young-old nation, this Empire of Japan, the action and reaction of which prove so unpredictable, so fascinating, and so provocative to many of us.

I sought out Japan, sought to know and become acquainted with it as one would know an intimate friend. And because the past and the present and the future fate of Japan and China

are so intertwined as to be inseparable—albeit each is most distinct unto itself—I sought out China also.

Since I am a newspaper-man because I cannot help it, and would not if I could, I must needs not only know Japan myself, but must introduce it by cable and by so much more satisfactory letter to all whom I can attract to read what I may write.

This chapter, then, will be on how I have met and become acquainted, and am still discovering and learning to know, this Japan with its own living and individual personality.

It will not be a tale of adventure and of high endeavour on my part. Adventure I have had to some extent, perhaps my share; perhaps more than my share; but certainly not so great a share as the public seems to believe falls to the normal lot of the foreign correspondent.

This chapter, then, will tell of how I met and grew to know Japan, and to some extent China, but not much about what a great man I really am. I shall disregard all newspaper rules and training and make it very personal—show myself, perhaps, as something of a conceited ass by a continual use of the First Person Perpendicular.

Japan makes its first deep impression on the new arrival as he disembarks at Yokohama and travels by fast electric train or by motor-car up the intervening nineteen miles to the heart of Japan's capital city of Tokyo.

That first impression is one of surprise that Japan is not stranger than it shows itself. There is disappointment, for the newcomer has looked forward to seeing a land of almost painful beauty, of kimono-clad maidens under bowers of cherry or wisteria blossoms, of uniquely attractive streets lined with queerly shapen buildings and filled with trotting rickshaw men, and the perfection of a flawless Fujiyama smiling down benignly over all.

Instead of this he finds a people peculiarly lacking in beauty of body and face, many garbed in coat and trousers that all too often fit incongruously. There are still buildings of pure Japanese architecture made of unpainted wood and roofed with black or dull grey tiles, but the modern structures of steel

and concrete, of brick and stone, are far more overpowering in their presence. All the way from port to the centre of the capital one is in a maze of factory chimneys, of railway tracks with speeding trains and of railway yards, of a veritable tangle of high tension wires that cross and criss-cross the countryside to carry the one natural resource the Empire has in abundance —its hydro-electric power.

Tokyo itself to-day is a modern city with a distinctly metropolitan atmosphere, and the Western stranger feels more at home than a stranger in its midst. It was not always thus, it was not thus even two decades ago when first I landed, although Japan had already become sufficiently Westernized to be capable of evoking disappointment in the visitor.

Despite its two million inhabitants, Tokyo was a village then in appearance and in the atmosphere which clung about it. No streets were paved, but two had pavements lining them; not a modern structural building was to be seen. Taxicabs were not even names, and one moved about by tram or rickshaw or on foot. The city was not really a village, but a conglomeration of numerous villages that through the years had crept together over the ground, but not in other ways. Tokyo was actually a great collection, a mess of many villages. This had its charm, as did the strange mixture of village life locally, of world life in so far as news went, that we then lived.

The earthquake of September 1, 1923, struck a few years later, and most of the city lay a waste of ashes and burned embers, of blackened bones and sorrowing hearts. Brains and vision were needed, and came into play, so that on these seared acres was planned a new city with wide arterial streets and frequent parks and trees, of modern buildings and of rapid transportation. What then seemed almost a foolish dream has since become almost a reality, and when one would judge Japan one dare not forget what has been done with Tokyo. The task is not yet finished, and will never be finished, for no great city ever completes its building and rebuilding, its constant making of itself anew. The village group became a town, and then a city, and now Tokyo is most decidedly one of the great metropolitan centres of the world, in which six million dwell, despite all its numerous drawbacks.

The story of Tokyo is, in gigantic miniature, the story of modern Japan, and one must know the first in order to know the other. To know the modern metropolis one must go also into its back-streets and slums, into luxurious gardens of multi-millionaires and their palace-mansions, into the homes of the middle class and the tenements of the extremely poor and the temples and the shrines and bawdy-houses and the tea-rooms and *cafés* and the theatres and schools and book-shops, into the huge department stores, and even into the graveyards—most certainly into the graveyards—and the other vast multitude of structures and the varied *milieux* in which people live and work and play and die.

The foreign correspondent may regard all this as none of his business and having nothing whatever to do with his task of conveying to newspaper readers in his homeland what is done or about to be done, or what definitely will not be done, by and in Japan or wherever else it may be that he is stationed. I do not agree in the least. It is very easy to be a correspondent for a great newspaper or a great news agency stationed abroad and to do the work just as one would cover the police run in Chicago or the waterfront in New York or San Francisco. But if one is going to cover a police run well one should certainly know the judges of the court and the police-sergeant, and should be familiar with the cells into which vagrants and drunks and women of the street are thrown. So also should one know deeply the country about which one is assigned to tell the world.

I think that I should be a very poor writer on this land if I did not know Japan to the limit of my ability while realizing my lack, and so I am constantly at work, striving to get acquainted.

Tokyo is the head of Japan, but the ancient capital of Kyoto is still the heart, and one must know both, and must know also the mountain-sides and the lovely coastline and the villages and the rice-fields and the forests of cryptomeria. Away from its cities Japan is a land of beauty, of a beauty that at times is breath-taking and is nearly always elusive and plaintive, that is primarily emotional. The Japanese have a love for and a

mystical intimacy with nature that is unknown to most of us Anglo-Saxons, but that accounts for much in the psychological make-up of the Japanese people, and even for some of the policies of the Government.

Tokyo being the head of the Empire, it is in this city that one sees Japan most clearly, but one must never forget the rural background. The tall buildings and the factories would not be possible without the tiny rice paddies and the charcoal-burning mounds. Nor without the bent backs of million upon million of peasants could the vessels of this mercantile marine nation plough all the seas, carrying in their holds as cargo to pay their way the silk spun by the 'honourable little gentlemen,' the myriad cocoons of the land. When the Emperor makes his progress under protective guard through streets that have been cleared of the populace one should not only see, but be able to feel that here is more than the sovereign of an Empire, that here is the living symbolization of a race life that goes back, fundamentally unchanged, to the days before men could read and write.

This means, of course, that an historical background is essential, and that a familiar friendship with the great ghosts of Japan's past must be established in order to know the Japan of the present. Who could understand the United States if he knew nothing of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln, nothing of the Puritans of early New England or the Cavaliers of Virginia, nothing of the forces which brought the United States into life and made it a nation instead of the group of English colonies that it once was?

This history is not news to-day, and I cannot sit down and write for my papers of past Emperors and past warriors, statesmen, priests. But unless I know them, know something of their personalities and of how they have shaped and influenced the nation to become what it is, I cannot possibly read the day-to-day developments in this year aright.

Japan's story is one of the most interesting and fascinating the world offers, but it is not easily read. It is a story of courage and heroism, and is, so it seems to me now, essentially tragic, although I hope time may prove me wrong. The whole background of the past, the whole background of the nation

to-day and in years gone by, enters into this story, but its central theme must be that of a medieval and feudal society suddenly thrust into a rather well-developed modern and industrialized, a greedy and far from scrupulous world, where nearly everything worth the having had already been gobbled up by the strong Powers. There was ample room in this over-crowded world for little Japan, with its quaint civilization and its arts and wondrously refined art of life, and that Japan was welcomed into the family of nations, each of which gazed with eager eyes upon this Empire to see wherein it might profit itself most.

But there was no room at all in the world for Japan as a great nation in a military, an economic, or any other sense, and this was what Japan aspired to, and doggedly set about to accomplish. The story of Japan for the last three-quarters of a century, and especially for the latter third of this period, thus becomes the tale of how this nation and this people have tried to fit Japan into the world at large, but to fit it in at the top and not at the bottom—when the world does not seem to want it there.

In this fact, I believe, you have the Japanese 'situation' in a nutshell, and all that is needed to complete the picture is a knowledge of Japan's qualities and abilities to achieve this ambition. The story of Japan is the story of how this is being done. It is amazing as one analyses news developments and news dispatches on Japan from this angle to perceive how they all tell this single tale. The motive for what Japan does or may not do will be found here, and that, of course, is the material with which a foreign correspondent works.

The greatest tragedy for Japan was that it emerged into the world at large too late. If it had come out of its self-imposed seclusion a century or more earlier and had shown the same ability and the same inclinations as now, then would it have started somewhere nearer scratch in the mad scramble for colonies and world trade and victorious wars of conquest and all those other things by which the so-called great Powers have become great.

Starting late, Japan has had to do in years what other nations

accomplished in decades or longer, if it were to catch up with them and hold its own. The rapidity with which this has been and is being done is one of the wonders of this modern world, and has brought with it the charge that the Japanese are nothing more than imitators, as are really all the rest of us, except that some of our imitations date so far back we forget that we did not originate them. The Japanese are good at forgetting too, and much that has been borrowed from the West is now, to most Japanese, original with them and seems their own product.

Japan turned first to making itself a great naval and military Power, believing that thus alone could it survive and seeing that other nations had prospered by this method. It 'imitated' them in this respect, and how well it did so was unfolded by the results of the Sino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese wars, by the necessity of calling a world conference to limit naval building competition, by the way in which Manchuria has been severed from China proper, and by the Chinese policy of Tokyo that has ensued thereon.

It turned also to 'imitating' the economic structure of the West, and factories and mills now dot the Eight Great Islands. Japanese products find their way into every corner of the globe, and in many are most unwelcome because they are so cheap in price and sufficiently well made that domestic products suffer in their competition with them. Truly there is no place in the world for Japan to-day unless Japan is willing 'to stay in its place,' that is, in the place assigned to it by the Western nations, which is an inferior place indeed in contrast to their own.

This Japan is not willing to do, and will not do unless kept there by force. There is no limit whatever to the ambition of the Japanese as a people, and only their own handicaps or power from abroad can prevent their achieving much of their soaring ambition. As regards the first of these impediments, they do not differ greatly from those of the rest of us; as regards the second, I have no desire to place myself in the perilous position of prophet.

In looking at Japan and attempting to understand this nation and this people (which is no more difficult fundamentally

than in any other case) one can clearly perceive that the theme of the tale of Japan is this ceaseless striving of a people, who but yesterday were still in the feudal stage, to attain and retain now a sizable niche in the front rank of world powers. Realizing this, most of Japanese policy, both welcome and unwelcome, becomes clear. The 'haves' do not like to make room for the 'have-nots,' but room Japan is determined to have or to perish.

It may be that the Empire is destined for this latter fate, but perish it will not without a death struggle, so that this is the tragedy of the tale of Japan that I, as a correspondent stationed in this Empire, cannot but see, and must record from day to day. Tragedy it seems to me at the moment, but none can tell what the morrow may bring, and life, as well as sticky novels, does sometimes have a happy ending.

There exists in Tokyo certain machinery designed to aid us foreign correspondents to get news about Japan for transmission to our papers, but it is a very inefficient machinery. Its efficiency also varies greatly with the men at the controls and with the state of Japanese public thought. In addition to this established mechanism for gathering or, rather, for supplying news, the correspondent must build up his own private and confidential news sources if he is to be of genuine value. It is in this respect, I should say, that the foreign correspondent differs from the 'reporter abroad.' Sound judgment in weighing news is, above all, his first requirement.

Since June 1936 there has been but one Japanese news agency, the Domei, headed by a retired diplomat as managing director and very much under the influence and guidance of the Government, despite any denials that Government may issue. It is quite careful to see that the best side of Japan is presented to the world, but it is not over-clever at doing this, and much slips through its hands giving the reverse side of the picture. There are also a number of really great newspapers, and their columns are open through translation to one and all. Most of the news sent out of Japan comes from these sources, although the correspondents check, verify, and amplify it as well as we are able.

The mechanism for obtaining official news of what the Government does and thinks is most inadequate. It seems incredible, but it is sober fact that one comparatively junior official, serving in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, is spokesman for the entire Empire of Japan to the entire Press of the world. During recent years correspondents stationed in Japan, now numbering more than fifty, have found it difficult in the extreme to see any other Government official, and so have been compelled to rely almost entirely on this official spokesman. No matter how able he may be, no one individual can know all that should be known about every department of Government, and so the Press abroad is handicapped in consequence. That Japan likewise is handicapped by not making honest facts concerning itself fully available seems never to have dawned upon the consciousness of the Government.

When first I came to Japan, in 1920, there was no official spokesman as such, but the institution from which arose the present Information Bureau of the Foreign Office, which he heads, existed in embryonic form. Its titular head was the Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, but its working head was then Yosuke Matsuoka, now President of the South Manchuria Railway Company, and a name known to all the world as a power in Japan, an ever-present 'dark horse' for the Premiership, and the nation's spokesman when it so dramatically forsook the League of Nations.

Matsuoka San, whom I then saw almost daily, is a most unusual type of Japanese. Educated in the common schools and a State university in America, he has absorbed much of the frankness and the brusqueness of my own country, and so is an excellent man to deal with from the news standpoint. This 'Americanism' of his has proved a real handicap during the past five years of intense nationalism in Japan, and he therefore does everything possible to live it down with his own countrymen, but he is still the same in manner to us. He likes to speak straight from the shoulder and even to issue startling statements. His little pipe is ever in his mouth or hand. He is a figure to be reckoned with in Japan, and he is honestly and sincerely convinced of the rightness of a strong military policy on the Asiatic continent, although he is a sufficiently good

business-man to see that it should pay its way if he can make it do so.

Next to Matsuoka my early contact of this nature was with Koki Hirota, later the Premier of the Empire. Hirota at that time was shy and diffident, hesitant in speaking English, and altogether a most unimpressive person. He was likeable, but he could be very stubborn, and it took a bottle or two of the warm rice wine of the country to humanize him in his dealings with foreigners. Mr Hirota rose to be official spokesman, then Minister to the Court of Queen Wilhelmina, and then Ambassador to the Soviet State. He was recalled to become Minister of Foreign Affairs. When the foundation-shaking military insurrection of February 26-29, 1936, had been put down, and Prince Konoye had refused to form a new Government, all Japan was startled by the Imperial Command to Koki Hirota to perform this task.

Mr Hirota at once got into action and named several members of his Cabinet straightaway. Among them were two who because of their Liberalism were anathema to the Army, the strongest power in Japan for some years past. The Army objected, and the new Premier yielded, and finally his Government was formed. This manœuvre was a clear index to Hirota San's methods; he is one of the shrewdest, most adroit statesmen in any country. He knew the Army would object and that he would be forced to yield; every Premier before him has had to do the same. But by naming his candidates publicly he likewise forced the Army to act in the open so that the whole nation might see and place the blame where it rightly belonged. Himself a great expert in jiu-jitsu, the Premier practises jiu-jitsu in political life. The first principle of that art is to yield, yield step by step, until suddenly the opponent is caught off his guard, whereupon a simple fillip of a muscle or so will upset and send him sprawling.

This struggle between other elements in the State and the Army for control is a never-ceasing one, and is a quite natural heritage out of Japan's feudal past.

The Hirota who became Premier is a very different man from the Hirota whom I first knew. He has blossomed and become one of the most genial of men. He radiates a distinct

magnetism that is like, yet very unlike, that of the Roosevelts. He knows his mind, and he is very stubborn, but he practises his jiu-jitsu principles until the right moment comes. He is a factor for sane policy in Japan. At times Government statements and actions do not indicate this, but this is when he is yielding and waiting for the right moment to have his way. The correspondent who does not know Premier Hirota personally cannot but be baffled at much that he does.

At times in the past Japanese statesmen have realized the value of such personal acquaintance, and news relations have been particularly pleasant. I number, and have numbered, among personal friends many of the men who have directed and formed Japanese policy, some of them still living and some dead, some few, unfortunately, the victims of assassination. Marquis Komura, son of the great Foreign Minister of Russo-Japanese War fame, was for several years the official spokesman, and a more delightful and charming as well as helpful friend could not have been asked. The Marquis was a *dilettante* as well as a statesman, and to go to the theatre or to a *geisha* dinner with him was a real treat.

Of the thirteen men who have held the Premiership during my time in Japan nine are dead, and of those nine five have been assassinated, either while in office or after they had retired.

When Premier Hirota went into power he announced that he was prepared to sacrifice himself, and every Japanese knew what he meant. This factor of direct action, of the alteration of national policy by force or by the bullet of an assassin, is still of moment in Japan, and can no more be overlooked by the correspondent than can an earthquake. It strikes with equal, unexpected suddenness; and a whole situation changes in an hour.

Hara was Prime Minister when I arrived in Japan, and a little more than a year later he was found dead from the bullet a young radical fired at him in Toyko Station on the eve of the Washington Conference. Hara was a commoner—the first ever to hold the Premiership—a Liberal, and a believer in party politics. His triumph came at a time when democracy and party Government were sweeping Japan, and he was the

man of the hour. With his extinction the Foreign Minister took over his duties for a short time, and then Viscount Korekiyo Takahashi stepped into the Premiership.

Viscount Takahashi, who later resigned his title in favour of his son and so again became a commoner, was already a venerable man in 1922, although he lived another fourteen years, only to be riddled by the bullets of rebel soldiers and slashed by their sabres. The son of a maid in a Japanese inn and a passing soldier whose name he never knew, Takahashi came up from the very bottom, and was never ashamed of his origin. His accidental birth was one of the luckiest accidents for Japan, for in him the nation had a truly great and balanced leader.

The story of Takahashi's early life in the United States, where he was a bondservant despite the law, is well known. Fat and jovial, wearing a white beard, he was dubbed the Japanese Santa Claus by some, and the Japanese Dharuma by others, the latter a Buddhist saint beloved by little children. As do so many other Japanese, Takahashi San lived in half-Japanese and half-foreign style, and when he was killed a copy of the London *Times* lay by his pillow. I have been to dinner with Takahashi, where the food and service were all-European save for that prized delicacy of all Japanese—raw fish.

After his Premiership Takahashi resigned his title and gave a large part of his personal fortune away, retiring to private life. When the crisis precipitated by Japan's Manchuria adventure arose he was recalled to the service of the State, despite his age. For several years, as Minister of Finance, he was a welcome anchor to leeward in a nation where a war psychology prevailed. He was literally idolized by the masses, and the Army respected him. This veteran financier and statesman stood in a strong position, and he alone dared defy the military when he thought they were wrong. He was strong because of the love and respect accorded him by the people of Japan, but he was strong also because he had passed beyond temptation. No office, no fortune, not even an extra year or so of life, could tempt Takahashi. He must long have known that the end would almost certainly come for him through the bullet

or the sword-thrust of an assassin, but for this he was ready and prepared.

Assassination has played so great a part in modern Japan that it is impossible not to write of it. It is, I believe, because in that country it is still recognized as a semi-legitimate political weapon. This is due in large measure to a survival of feudal thinking, and the man who has the courage to strike down his enemy, provided his motive be pure, becomes a hero to his fellow-men.

Not until a group of junior officers wearing the Emperor's uniform sought by military insurrection to alter the whole scheme of Government under the Throne in February 1936 did the Japanese people awaken to the danger of this psychology. Those young assassins were tried by court-martial, sentenced, and done to death. This should prove one of the most salutary of recent events in Japan, and henceforward political assassination must wane in popularity. The man will think more than twice before stabbing statesmen to death if he knows that he is to face a firing squad instead of becoming a national hero after a sensational trial and a few years in prison.

Yuko Hamaguchi, another of the Premiers who fell before an assassin, was a Liberal who did much for his country. He was known as "Lion Hamaguchi," but this was due to his leonine appearance rather than his nature. His essential democracy was well illustrated by a little experience I had some time before his death.

At the small town of Ise is the most sacred shrine in all Japan, for in that shrine reposes the sacred mirror which, according to orthodox Shinto belief, was handed by the Great Sun Goddess to the progenitor on earth of the Imperial House. With the sacred jewels and sword, it constitutes the Imperial regalia of Japan, and in their possession rests the tangible symbol of sovereignty. Once every twenty years this shrine is completely rebuilt, and elaborate ceremonies attend the transference of the sacred mirror to its new shrine-home.

When this rite last took place two other correspondents and I received permission from the Imperial Household to attend. Only one other foreigner had been present at these rites, and

that had been forty years before. The Premier, of course, was there, and was staying in the same inn as ourselves. Detectives lurked in every corner of the building, and we Americans were especially watched.

On the morning of the rites, which were to take place after sundown, not a taxicab was to be had in the town. The Premier's secretary, seeing our plight, stepped up and said, "I think the Premier will not need his car before noon. Just a minute, and I'll ask him." The secretary was right, and Premier Hamaguchi kindly placed his own official car at our disposal until one o'clock. It was amusing to ride through the streets and see the respect paid this car, and, incidentally, from that moment forward the detectives ceased to watch us. If the Premier trusted us with his car, they must have reasoned, they could trust us not to take his life. Not many months later he was to be shot down by a young fanatic on the platform of Toyko Station, only to linger on and finally succumb from the effects of his wounds.

The most significant and far-reaching of all assassinations or attempts at assassination in Japan were those of February 1936 and the so-called Toranomon Incident of December 27, 1923. This Toranomon Incident was the unsuccessful attempt of a young Japanese, Daisuke Namba by name, to take the life of the present Emperor, then Prince Regent. Japan was shaken to its very foundations by this act. That any man of pure Japanese blood could even conceive such an act was unbelievable. A Korean, yes; but not a Japanese!

The result was to arrest and reverse the policy, unquestionably gaining strength at that time, of drawing the Throne closer to the people in a human way, of replacing by the popularity that the English Royal House enjoys something of the mysticism and awe surrounding the Imperial House in Japan. If this policy had continued I do not hesitate to state that the whole course of events in recent years would have been very different from the actual developments that have taken place, particularly as regards the strong influence and power that the military have gained in directing State affairs. The Toranomon Incident, with its consequences, is one of the most fundamentally vital events that have taken place in Japan

during my time here, although its true significance is not generally recognized abroad, or, for that matter, even within Japan itself by the great majority. The other really 'great' landmark is the abortive February military revolt.

This policy of drawing the Throne and the people together in a more intimate and more human way had been embarked upon in part because of the present Emperor's trip to England when Crown Prince, and the return visit to Japan of the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales. I accompanied the Prince of Wales throughout his visit to this island empire, which lasted nearly a month, and found it one of the most interesting as well as pleasant assignments that has fallen to my lot. During a brief part of that trip his Majesty of to-day was present, and the genuine friendship and liking between these two was striking.

Background and all else for the Throne in Japan are so totally different from a monarchy of the West that it is most perplexing to try to make the position of the Imperial House in Japan understandable, and yet it is the cornerstone, not only of the Japanese State, but of Japanese psychology. Because we have no corresponding mental attitude the English language simply lacks the words by which to express this attitude of reverent devotion and supreme trust, of implicit and unshakable faith in the Throne entertained by the Japanese, and so we of the West all too frequently misunderstand and misinterpret.

This psychological state is one which is gradually sensed by the foreigner who lives long in Japan, and one which he comes to respect. At times it is brought vividly into the forefront, on such occasions as that of the enthronement ceremonies of his Majesty Hirohito, the hundred and twenty-fourth Emperor of his line, who now occupies the Throne.

We foreign correspondents had been working for months in preparation for these ceremonies, studying the intricate ritual, its derivation and its significance, and then endeavouring to write it in words that would make it intelligible abroad. It was one of the most trying, and at the same time absorbing, tasks I have ever attempted, and when the time arrived for

the ceremonies to take place I was so exhausted with the subject that I looked forward to them with dread. But from the moment that we saw the colourful and dignified procession bearing the Japanese Ark of the Covenant, followed by the Emperor, wind across the double bridge and out of the moat-encircled walls of the Imperial Palace on its pilgrimage to old Kyoto, very genuine emotion stirred us. Here was the heart, the soul, of a nation and a people laid bare as the morning sun rose from the waters of Tokyo Bay to strike aslant a pageant that came from out the past, but that was tangibly in the vivid present. It was a unique experience, one impossible in this modern day and age in almost any country other than Japan.

The fact of the Throne and of the attitude of the Japanese people towards the Throne is the basic fact of all Japan. Because of this it must be understood if Japan is to be read aright. I should like to repeat here what I have written elsewhere in a collection of sketches published in Japan, since it is the crystallization of long pondering on this foundation rock of Japan, of the years of such experience and contact as I may have enjoyed, and I cannot now say it in better words than these.

It is difficult for the American or the European with his conceptions of sovereignty and of executive power to grasp the psychological attitude of the Japanese people towards their Mikado. It is difficult because no parallel, no acceptable Western analogy, is offered in the thought and life of the Western World. If it be said that the Emperor of Japan is regarded as God error follows, for the divine attributes of the Emperor of Japan do not correspond to the Christian concept of Godhead. Neither does the European theory of the Divine Right of Kings of past centuries apply in Japan.

An understanding of ancestor worship and of the family system as it is conceived in the Far East is essential to an understanding of Japan and more particularly of the place which the Emperor occupies in Japanese thought. According to orthodox Shinto mythology, the Imperial Family is directly descended from Amaterasu Omikami, the Great Sun Goddess, the nearest to a Supreme Being in the Shinto pantheon. All

other Japanese are descendants of related gods who accompanied the Heavenly Grandson to this earth when he was commanded by Amaterasu Omikami, "The Luxuriant Land of Reed Plains is a land over which our descendants shall rule. Do thou, Imperial Grandson, go and rule over it; and the Imperial succession shall continue unbroken and prosperous, co-eternal with Heaven and Earth."

All Japanese are Shintoists, whether professing the Christian, Buddhist, or some other faith, and it has been decreed that Shinto is not a religion, but a patriotic cult, so that this may be possible. Shinto is, in fact, a simple religion which explains the Creation and provides for the organization of Japanese society, the existing political organization of the Empire being but the latest dress worn by this continuing organization, just as the living Emperor is but the present representative of the headship not of an organized political group, but of the Japanese people as a people, as a race.

All Japan is a family, and the head of that great family is his Imperial Majesty. There is accorded him by all Japan that reverent respect which is the homage to the head of a family in a land of filial piety and ancestor worship. There is accorded him that love which is due to the father in any land. There is, in addition, accorded him the pious devotion which is the right of a divinely descended being in whose veins flows the blood of the Great Sun Goddess. The Emperor of Japan is not only political sovereign of the land, but he is the father of his people, their high priest, their direct intercessory with that heaven of which he is himself a part.

But the Emperor is more, much more, than the head of a family. He is the centre of the Japanese cosmos. The concept of the Emperor is the all-powerful integrating force that makes for the unbreakable unity of the Japanese as Japanese. If one conceives of the Japanese as a unit (and they so conceive of themselves, even more so than do the Hebrews), the Emperor, and the attitude towards the Emperor, constitute the divine spark that gives that unit life. The Throne is the element which gives life to the Japanese as a people, as a race, as a homogeneous unit of humanity, rather than as a political nation; it is its soul.

Throne as the centre and life-giving spark of the Japanese people as a people. Death can take the father of any family, but death alone cannot destroy the family as an institution, cannot destroy fatherhood.

The place of the Emperor in Japanese life goes back to the very beginnings of the Japanese people, back to a pre-written mythology which survives and functions to-day as adequately as in the time of its origin. George Edward Woodberry has said, "In mythology mankind has preserved from his primitive experience of nature, and his own part therein, all that has lasting significance."

It has been said that Indian mythology is religious, Greek mythology social, Northern mythology philosophical, and Japanese mythology political. This is true if 'political' be taken as the organization of society, of a people's race-life, rather than of concrete institutions of governance. Japanese mythology primarily organizes the machinery of society, with the Emperor at its head as all-powerful. This was done two thousand years or more ago, and has survived to the present day. It is the basis of Japanese race-life to-day as in the past, and it happens to have been made the basis of the specific political organization of the Japanese Empire in modern times.

It is astounding to American and European students of history that there has been no change of dynasty in Japan since before recorded times. If those students will look at the Japanese throne not as a political, but as a racial institution, they will understand this.

There have been changes and modifications, there have been reversals by armed force and otherwise of the political governance of Japan, but there has been no change in the fundamental racial organization of the Japanese as a people, of which the Throne is the core. The Throne has remained above, outside politics, has been adaptable to their fluctuations because it was not basically political itself, but more fundamental. Its most remarkable historical continuity has been the integrating force that has made for the strength of the Japanese people as a people.

Throughout the centuries the Imperial Family has remained

on the Throne unshaken, and it has remained there not because of political manœuvres or armed strength. It has remained there because the people of Japan have regarded it as a heavenly created institution and have held it, consciously or unconsciously, vital to the life of the Japanese as Japanese. To destroy it was to destroy themselves. The supremacy of the Throne is to them a fact of nature, a basic truth. This truth has been recognized and given allegiance by Shoguns and Regents, by all the ambitious and powerful men who through the centuries have wielded actual temporal power in Japan, but always under the moral *ægis* of the Emperor. The unshakable hold of the Throne on the Japanese people is a moral and a psychological (one is almost tempted to say an instinctive) hold.

Prince Ito, who must be credited by the student of world history as being one of the ablest statesmen in the closing half of the nineteenth century, displayed his insight into Japanese psychology and history, into the peculiar and dangerous position into which Japan had been plunged with the coming of Commodore Perry, into the political and social institutions of the world in which Japan would henceforth have to live, in no better way than when he drafted the Constitution which the Emperor Meiji gave to his subjects. He wrote in Chapter One:

The Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal.

The Emperor is sacred and inviolable.

The Emperor is the head of the Empire, combining in himself the rights of sovereignty and exercising them according to the provisions of the present Constitution.

Prince Ito thus seized upon the keystone of Japanese race-life and made it the keystone of the new political structure of the State which the times demanded.

The period of the Restoration coincided with Japan's emergence from seclusion into the world at large, which naturally brought with it all the conflicting ideas and institutions of other nations of the world from which Japan had so long been sheltered. Prince Ito and his colleagues were quick to grasp

the significance of this fact, and to realize that adjustment was imperative. They sought to retain the spirit and basic principles of the Japan of the past, but to let them work out through institutions which mere contact with the West forced upon Japan. To do this they sought out the life spark of the Japanese people, and made it the life spark also of the political State.

The supreme emotional hold of the Throne over the Japanese heart cannot be broken unless there is a fundamental revision of Japanese psychology, unless the Japanese commit suicide as a Japanese racial unit, and of that there is scant likelihood. Neither bombs nor bullets, neither Communism nor democracy, no defeat at home or abroad, promises to destroy Japan's "line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal."

There is presented to-day a difficult and baffling problem, however, and that is the tendency of certain Japanese and certain elements in Japanese society to over-emphasize the Throne; one is inclined to say 'to hide behind it.' In their ardent zeal they fail to realize that such emphasis is not necessary and may even prove dangerous. The Throne and its place in the Japanese nation, in the race-life of the Japanese people, are so simple a truth of existence to the millions of his Majesty's subjects that there is no need to be constantly reiterating this fact.

Education is now universal throughout Japan, but even the most rationalistic of Japanese find a high place indeed for the Imperial Family in the cosmos as they conceive it. It would be far better if this simple and uniquely fine relationship of sovereign and people were left untampered with, left to follow its natural course, just as does nature itself, as modern Japan changes and evolves; the Throne in Japan is strong enough to stand alone, supreme and unshakable.

Perhaps this attempt to present the position of the Imperial house will give some idea of the difficulties besetting the foreign correspondent stationed in Japan when he seeks first himself to understand and then to portray and interpret this people and this nation to the West.

The three-cornered struggle among the bureaucrats and the

militarists, at times allied and at times opposed, and the political parties, backed in large part by capital and in part too by labour, for the direction of the course of Empire under the *ægis* of the Throne constitutes the day-to-day events which we correspondents chronicle for our papers. Each of these groups, with its differing ideas and widely differing methods, is striving towards the same fundamental end—the creation of a proud and powerful place for the Empire of Japan in the front rank of world Powers.

Such is the story of Japan, of the Japan which I have sought and still seek earnestly to know. I have not told it here. If but a glance has been given I must rest—not content and satisfied, but thankful.

To become a great modern nation Japan is willing to sacrifice much, but not all. Strong strains of feudalism and of mediævalism survive side by side with strong currents of democracy, of industrialism, of universal education. They seem incompatible to me, and I am not blessed with sufficient wisdom to see how unity and harmony are to be achieved, so that all I can do is to watch, to wait; to listen, see, sense, and feel what is transpiring in this Empire of the Farthest East, and then strive to write clearly of it.

This Empire of Japan to-day is in a state of flux, is torn within itself by conflicting emotions and by even greater conflicting ideas. As to its ultimate goal of greatness among the nations of this earth there is complete unity among all elements, but they differ so radically about how to reach it. All this makes up the story of Japan that is recorded by cable and by letter for the non-Japanese world to read. One cannot really know the Japan of the present because, save for such fundamental daysprings of being as the Throne, the Japan of the present knows not itself.

Until its own heart is stilled and pacified, until it has reached that tranquillity that its own priests and sages through the centuries have held as most desirable for all mankind, none can read aright the story of Japan—or foretell its future.

XIII

CHINA IN REVOLT

By RANDALL GOULD

BORN in Excelsior, Minnesota, on June 22, 1898, Randall Gould started for the Far East at the age of five, when his parents moved to Bozeman, Montana; he got as far as Honolulu by 1920, and reached Japan three years later. With occasional journeys back to the United States, he has remained in the Far East ever since. A year and a half at the University of Wisconsin, he recounts, was devoted largely to editing the college paper, after which he jumped to Chicago and a ten-dollar-a-week job with the City News Bureau, covering police courts and the like. His next post was with the United Press, in Springfield, where he resigned to join J. David Stern's *News-Record* the day before it sold out to the opposition. Then followed a summer of 'rewrite' work on the Minneapolis *Journal*, a year on the San Francisco *Daily News*, and three years in Honolulu, mostly with the *Star-Bulletin* there. Wander-lust led him to Japan in 1923, with three weeks on the *Japan Advertiser*, followed by a post as news editor on the *Japan Times*—a lucky break, as the *Advertiser* collapsed in the earthquake, whereas the *Times* survived. In 1924 Gould transferred to Peking, where he joined the Peking *Daily News*, and also became correspondent for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. In 1925 he was taken on by the United Press, serving in Peking till August 1927, in Manila for two years, then in Shanghai to the end of 1930. After a short period in the United Press home office in New York Gould returned to China and joined the Shanghai *Evening Post* in 1931. He is now editor of that paper and Shanghai correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

XIII

CHINA IN REVOLT

THE mysterious Far East isn't mysterious; just highly unexpected. You can always find a nice rational explanation after the thing has happened, but it's mostly a matter of how the dice roll when you go to making forecasts.

I first had that idea impressed on me by the Japanese earthquake of 1923. It shook me loose from most of my notions just when a whole three months of newspapering in Tokyo had made me fully acquainted with all aspects of Dai Nippon. Since then a long series of natural and unnatural happenings—mostly catastrophes, for somehow the Orient dotes on catastrophes—has served to keep my spirit humble and my mind well ventilated.

Show me a Far East 'expert,' and I will show you a Far East fool or liar or both. There just ain't no such animal as a real expert out here, though plenty of people have a shot at it. Most of the journalistic congregation display enough sense of the realities to sing very small when expertizing is in order, though occasionally a telegraphic order for some variety of 'think piece,' otherwise 'situationer,' compels a hapless correspondent to sweat out a learned discourse; it keeps him trembling for weeks afterwards, fearful that his colleagues will stumble on it and laugh themselves into fits. He is usually safe; most of the boys read very little in the home papers outside their own stuff.

Of course, we harbour plenty of travelling 'experts,' who swoop down on us when a big, long-continuing story breaks, and proceed to make life miserable by wiring home a vast variety of things which haven't happened, won't happen, and couldn't possibly happen. I am not referring to such serious men as were drawn here by the stirring events of the 1927 revolutionary period in China: Walter Duranty, William Henry Chamberlin, Karl von Wiegand, and "Jimmy" Sheean, who made such thrilling use of his Chinese revolution material in a book. It is usually some such rapid-fire excitement as the 1932 Shanghai hostilities which brings the overnight experts.

I may illustrate the bother these worthies can be by citing the case of a particularly flamboyant individual who, by his own account, virtually took charge of the 1932 affair. The home offices realized he was overdoing things a bit, but he had the competition worried just the same. I stopped in at the office of a Press association one day, to find the bureau manager on the verge of apoplexy, holding in his hand a query referring to this visiting star as follows: "Nothing printed from X in three days stop where is he what is he doing?"

Thinking to introduce a little comic relief for the benefit of the harassed bureau chief, I sat down at his typewriter and tapped off the following jocose reply: "X in Cathay Hotel bar stop shall we cover?"

Subsequently I discovered that the association manager had cabled my reply word for word to New York.

Anyone who really likes the Far East likes surprises, so even the astonishing messages sent home by the visiting 'trained seals' have their place in the scheme of things, especially in our recurring periods of emergency. It is these emergencies which keep Far East correspondents at their job. We run along for weeks, for months, with little happening, and then suddenly—*bang!* If it isn't an earthquake it's a revolution, or a war, or something superlative. Mere Government crises and financial panics don't count out here. They are under legal length, and we throw 'em back.

Of course, sometimes we make a mistake and throw back the wrong fish. I recall a stinging call-down I received in Peking for over-cabling. On that same afternoon some of the pals of "Little Hsu," one of the country's best ex-war-lords, were taken off the train between Peking and Tientsin and efficiently shot dead. I thought to myself, "Aha, there is one of those minor episodes which won't mean one, two, three back in New York, where they shoot people for much less than Little Hsu ever did"—so this time I saved money for the company. What I forgot was that Little Hsu had just finished a tour round the world during which he posed as a big-shot 'investigator' and bought champagne by the barrel, rating large headlines. So I was promptly called down again by the home office for being a dunderhead, which I was.

As a matter of fact, it seems to me in retrospect that many of the things which most impressed me as startling or horrifying or amusing for one reason or another never got into type at all, or were published very inconspicuously. Of course, some of them represented purely personal impressions. It was quite a thrill, for example, to ride in my first private railway carriage, or, to be exact, Roy W. Howard's ten-thousandth-or-so private carriage; anyway, it was awarded to the two of us jointly by the militaristic Chang family at Mukden in 1925 when we started off for Peking. Whether Roy was under my charge or I under his never quite became clear; that small package of dynamite never would stay put long enough to be properly chaperoned as had been ordained by high command in New York. It was even more of a thrill when I was asked by the train authorities what I wanted. They asked Roy first, and all he wanted was answers to about twenty-five unanswerable questions about the country, people, and Manchuria politics, and then to be let alone; not so simple when every stationmaster must come a-calling with his card—expecting one in return, which Roy didn't possess. I said I wanted to ride on the engine, and did so, an act I subsequently repeated in visiting civil wars and otherwise harassing the great Chinese people to whom I was accredited. But clearly none of that was 'copy.'

On the other hand, it certainly was copy when, a year or so later, I was given a nice exclusive visit up to the bloody and extraordinarily modern battlefield of Nankow Pass, near Peking, just after Feng Yu-hsiang had been pushed back into the mountains by the aforementioned Changs' flanking movements. Nothing else would have budged Feng, for he had a system of defences unique for China at that time, including successive lines of electrified barbed wire, trenches with electrified wire strung at the bottom, trenches full of sharpened stakes, elaborate artillery positions, and other novelties completely at variance with the prevailing technique of teapots and umbrellas for military campaigns. (Umbrellas weren't so funny as generally believed, when one considers they were substitutes for pup tents.) I wrote several hundred words, too much to send by the expensive Siberian route to London and New York, so I transmitted it by the slower, cheaper Manila-San Francisco radio route.

This was unusual, but ordinarily effective. Some weeks later I had a terrible call-down from Karl A. Bickel, then President of the United Press, for failing to send the story, which he had spied in a Shanghai newspaper served by mail. Subsequent inquiry disclosed that some yearning dim-wit at Kansas City had failed to relay the piece to New York against a heavy current of east-to-west news on the United Press wires.

When I got out on a Chapei roof during the 1932 Shanghai Sino-Japanese hostilities and was peppered by a machine-gun—*whose* gun I didn't pause to ascertain—while taking pictures of bodies in the street below, it was a thrill, but nothing to crash into headlines about, unless one's ego had obscured one's sense of general proportion. Chinese bodies piled like wood in a trench after a Japanese aeroplane had provided the first Far East demonstration of what aeroplane attack work could mean to a straight line of men unprotected from above—how would one classify that—a 'colour' story, a scientific advance in the art of Oriental manslaughter? I think I did a mail story on it. Or the body of an old Chinese woman, found indescribably mutilated in the temple of a Cantonese graveyard near Kiangwan after the tide of battle had rushed by? I never did devise a way to explain that to the great newspaper-reading public, for I had no good explanation in my own mind, nor could I think of how to describe it; the photographs that several of us shakily took for the record were unpublishable.

During one of the several military campaigns I experienced in Peking we were all much impressed by the fact that we could go off a cold evening to the Grand Hotel de Pekin and dance in the midst of a glittering international throng, then step into the 'lift' and ascend to the roof, where a hushed group was always to be found gazing towards the South Gate of the Chinese City, where machine-guns flashed in the night, and the dull boom of artillery could be heard. That, I felt, was real drama and ironical contrast—wine-flushed throng dancing on ground floor of hotel, Chinese peasants duelling to the death with new Occidental weapons just outside—but I couldn't write it to suit me, and I can't write it to suit me now. Yet Rayna Prohme contrived to do a little jewel of a piece which appeared on the editorial page of the *Christian Science Monitor*. We all felt, in those

grotesque Peking days just before China began to go modern in a large way, that we were completely inadequate to our jobs. Probably we are even more so to-day, but the issues are not so full of zip and colour, and our shortcomings are more fundamental and less conspicuous. Personally I am glad I started relatively early in life at the game of Far East reporting. It is possible I might know less had I left Hawaii, west-bound for the Orient, more recently than in May of 1923; but often I wonder.

The 1923 earthquake found me news editor and sole foreign employee of the *Japan Times* in Tokyo. After we could collect our wits and some hand-set type we started getting out what we called 'Earthquake Extras' on a hand press, each carrying a line at the bottom reading "Smallest Net Paid Circulation on Earth." That was a fair enough statement, because we gave the things away to such members of the foreign public as would stop running long enough to read. And as we enjoyed some thousand shocks in the first three days of this little affair, with more later in diminishing numbers, it can be seen that both producers and consumers had a good deal to think about besides the newspaper industry.

I was very lucky not to be a correspondent at this time, because the correspondents, after milling about all over the place and becoming convinced that communications really were 'out,' had to journey all the way to Kobe to find a place to cable. After that they could return to Tokyo for more news, and then go to Kobe again, and so on. They could travel between Tokyo and Yokohama, eighteen miles, by any means they liked, so long as it was on their two feet.

The late Roderick Matheson, of the Chicago *Tribune*, introduced a pleasing novelty into this alternation by going to sleep in the park at Yokohama, while waiting for a ship to Kobe, in company with a very quiet chap—and discovering on awaking that his companion was a Korean whose head had been cut off.

The Japanese had a theory that the Koreans were taking advantage of the national emergency by poisoning wells, starting fires, and so on. They had another theory that anybody who

spoke Japanese with an accent was likely to be a Korean. I hastily forgot what little Japanese I knew.

By the following spring things had become more or less normal in Tokyo, and Ray G. Marshall, of the United Press, who had once been my city editor in Minneapolis, got me a job with the Peking *Daily News*, where once again I was the only foreigner. This was an engaging little sheet with not only handset type, but a hand-operated press, coolies turning the flywheel. Again I spent a quiet summer, got well accustomed to things, and woke up to find something happening I'd not dreamed of—the streets full of soldiers with sharp and carelessly handled bayonets, the nine city gates closed tight, all telegraph and telephone wires cut. Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," had marched off to war against Chang Tso-lin, of Mukden, then doubled back and staged a *coup d'état* as soon as his superior officer, Wu Pei-fu, had sallied forth similarly by a different route.

I was correspondent for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* by then, and I suppose it would have been in order to report a great scoop. As a matter of fact, we all tamely joined in one message, to go in duplicate to all our offices, and that went out (in due course) by the American Legation's wireless. My recollection is that there was a good murder on at the time, and that some of our offices managed to cram the item in at the bottom of page sixteen, but that others didn't trouble to print it at all.

Anyway, I wasn't caring much, for I promptly discovered that a *coup d'état* meant not only a change in Government, but, in my own case, a change of jobs. The *Daily News* had been operated by the Ministry of Communications, so I was involuntarily a 'communications man.' The Foreign Office took over, and everybody resigned. I held out for quite a while, insisting that I wanted to be fired, but my superior—a very amusing lad out of Princeton, later to be with me in Manila, where he became Chinese Consul-General—convinced me that he would lose much face if I didn't quit; so I wrote him a note of resignation, signing it "Yours for a long, hard winter," which turned out to be very nearly the truth.

Before I quite got around to resigning from China Marshall went home and turned over his United Press bureau to me,

which really seems to have been the decisive event which clamped me down to China. Since then I've gone away, but, like the cat, have always come back.

Anybody who lived in China through the 1926-27 revolutionary period has to date a good share of his life from then. I took a special interest because I was one of the few in North China who had any awareness of what was bubbling around down in Canton, and what the then outlawed Nationalist Party (Kuomintang) was plotting. After all, I felt, they were the only crowd with a real programme. Sooner or later they were certain to get somewhere, on the principle that they were trying to go ahead while everybody else was milling around in circles. I never could be sold on the 'forcible unification' of various Northerners, for example, because it was such a purely selfish, personal platform.

Though I was supposed as a Press association man to be quite neutral, I took the unavoidable liberty of choosing the news which seemed to me significant, and gave the Kuomintang a good deal of airing through my mail copy. When Michael Borodin, Soviet Russian high adviser at Canton and friend of Sun Yat-sen, came to Peking in a state of mild despair at the way things were going in the south—it was early 1926—I was secretly informed, along with the German veteran correspondent Erich von Salzmann, that he and his wife were in town and at the Soviet Embassy, which resulted in a good interview and the start of an association later to prove valuable.

The only reason either von Salzmann or I got the exclusive tip was that we had been open-minded and fair, I believe. As far as I can see the only real difference between being a correspondent in the Orient and elsewhere is that there aren't so many of us out here, and people find out about us pretty quickly and pretty intimately.

When I speak of 'the revolution' I limit myself more or less arbitrarily to a relatively brief section of the larger Chinese revolution that has been going on for years and must continue for many years more. I refer to that period when present Nationalist China came into being through a temporary unifica-

tion of several driving forces which later burst asunder. The year 1926, when another northward drive from Canton got under way, the years 1927-28, when this drive achieved success, cover the time I have in mind. That success was compassed by wiping out the feudal Northern militarists, but simultaneously fell into a species of counter-revolution through triumph of the conservative forces with Chiang Kai-shek as spearhead over the radical, Soviet-minded elements. This delimited 'revolution' is really little more than a particularly conspicuous and dramatic paragraph in the long history of China's arduous process of transformation for living in a modern world.

General Chiang Kai-shek is still in the headlines as the most potent present-day leader, and he achieved that position in the period under consideration. Aided by the military advice of the Russian general Galen, and by the propaganda of the Chinese Communists, he led the irresistible northern drive from Canton. When the Yangtze was reached the capital of the Nationalists was shifted from Canton to 'Wuhan,' in the middle Yangtze—the triplet cities of Hankow, Wuhan, and Hanyang. There Borodin continued as high adviser under conditions of increasing difficulty; there Eugene Chen thundered his Foreign Office *pronunciamientos* across the oceans of the earth.

The violence of the Nanking occupation followed, and a highly delicate period in taking over the rich Shanghai area. After that Chiang Kai-shek set up a rival Right Wing Kuomin-tang Government in Nanking, which finally resulted in the overthrow of the Left Wuhan Government, departure of Borodin and the other Russians overland to Moscow, and a similar departure of Chen and Mme Sun Yat-sen (the two outstanding and outspoken 'hold-outs' from the Right Wing victory) first down-river to Shanghai and then up the coast and through Siberia to Moscow likewise.

Subsequently the Peking régime fell, and Nanking became the acknowledged capital of China. Peking's changed status was symbolized by a corresponding change of name from Peking (pronounced in Chinese 'Bay-ching,' meaning 'Northern Capital') to Peiping (pronounced 'Bay-ping,' meaning 'Northern Peace').

This in brief summarizes what I have called the revolutionary

period of 1926-28. Barring the subsequent loss of Manchuria through Japanese conquest, and the intrusion of Japan in other parts of North China, it sets the scene after a fashion for events down to the present. And, having thus set the scene, I return to the spring of 1926, when I first met the mysterious Soviet high adviser.

Borodin had come to China two and a half years before my first meeting with him, and his position and health were alike delicate, both contributing to his northern trip, which he thought might continue to Moscow. Although even then, and thereafter increasingly, the central foreign figure in affairs of South China, Borodin was, after all, merely the friend of a late leader (Sun Yat-sen), regarded by many as impractical and not yet elevated to super-sainthood. His position in Canton must have been trying. His status in Moscow seems never to have been especially high, save during the relatively brief subsequent period when he rode the triumphant wave to the Yangtze. He was acutely conscious that it was not his place to assume direct leadership in this foreign land, and the fantastic legend soon to enshroud him was still embryonic.

In describing an interview which resulted from that meeting in early March I spoke of Borodin as a half-mythical figure to most, but in the flesh a most substantial person—"a large, quiet man whose white Russian blouse and drooping moustache somehow assist materially in conveying an impression of force, poise, earnestness." I remember that when I called for tea on Borodin and his energetic, robust wife in the Embassy compound house they temporarily occupied I gazed on that calm, strong face and thought first of the farmer; next of the engineer; finally (as he began to talk deliberately in excellent English, every word 'copy') of the visionary, although he remained completely practical. Borodin made a tremendous impression upon me and upon the relatively few other foreigners in China who ever knew him at all well. Later I realized that much of what he said came from the common source of Moscow ideology, but I could never share the apparently common Moscow view that he was ordinary, nor could I later blame him for what Moscow called failure.

Both Borodin and his wife at one time taught in schools in Chicago, I have heard. That first day Borodin assumed something of the *rôle* of teacher for me, and the day marked a vital stage in my personal growth, though in what I wrote of it I strove to exclude the element of personal impact. The fact remains that to me that day compares with the night I first heard Max Eastman speak in Madison when I was a freshman at the University of Wisconsin, and found that a liberal, civilized, humorous point of view was something I might gain and must try to gain. Borodin taught me that a Communist might and must be scientific, and that the fire-eating bomb-throwing Communist of the political cartoons had no place in life itself.

Oddly, I found Borodin half-apologizing for what he was doing in Canton. "Friends ask me why I am there," he remarked, with a slow smile. "It seems to them I am at a job for a Churchill, not a Communist. I did not go with the intention of staying, and my continued presence there has been rather a result of a series of episodes than deliberate intent on my part. But I feel well justified in staying for the sake of the future. In Canton may lie the future of all China. Canton is now only a great experiment, in a most elemental stage. There is nothing sensational about Canton, despite misrepresentation to the contrary. Canton is not Communistic; there is a hard struggle for political, economic, and social progress, such as other countries have already gone through a hundred years ago. I feel it is a struggle worth while, with possibilities in store. So I stay, and do what I can to help."

Borodin elaborated this point—applicable to all China in the subsequent developments, as I was to find—that the things being attempted in Canton then would in Europe and America be considered most moderate—"but for Canton they are called Communistic," he added with a wry smile.

"Canton is endeavouring to bring about peace and normal living for the people," Borodin emphasized. "In this China has been many years behind the rest of the world, and it must make up for lost time, even though this may be branded Communism. Socially as well, Canton is doing what it can to develop a safe, prosperous, informed population. There must be schools, free

education. When this is done, when China is in a material position similar to that of the outside world, there will be further progress. Along what line no one can yet tell. It is in this further progress that I hope to find compensation."

Later, in Hankow, I was to discuss all this further and to ask more directly what Borodin thought of the prospects for Communism in China. It was his view that, in one sense, China already had a Communism of hunger and the common rice-bowl, but that, in another sense, China must wait decades, a century, perhaps more, for industrialism to provide any true basis for a real Communism. And Borodin frankly admitted that China might not want Communism then anyway!

By a queer coincidence—not so odd, after all, in those melodramatic days—I was to meet Mme Borodin next in this same Soviet Embassy exactly a year later, in the few short hours of an afternoon when she deemed herself free after months of prison and peril of her life. Chang Tsung Chang's soldiers had captured her, together with some Soviet couriers, from the Yangtze steamship *Pamiat Lenina*, which they sank at Pukow, opposite Nanking, as Mme Borodin was proceeding up river from putting her children to school at Shanghai. After nearly being shot at Tsinanfu she was kept in prison at Peking till a judge suddenly released her for lack of charge or evidence.

So there I was having tea with her, and agreeing to bring my wife next day. But that evening I had secret word that Marshal Chang Tso-lin had flown into a fury at word of her release, efforts had been made to penetrate the Soviet Embassy in search of her, she had gone 'underground,' as had the released couriers—and, in short, the date for next day was distinctly off! I did not see her again, but I heard how she was being shifted from place to place by night as the trail warmed and cooled. She sent me a promised manuscript of her prison experiences, one sheet of which I still have. It tells among other things how the prison was "miserably hot, and my disposition was such that I wanted to bite the corner of my table off." But some fresh fruit was sent in from the consulate, and her mind was diverted to thoughts of orchards, the great open plains, and

"distance and air." Eventually Mme Borodin got away, and she and her husband, who had expected to meet in Hankow after a few days' absence, were reunited in Moscow after weary, anxious months.

But for the moment the Borodins changed their northward direction and doubled back to Canton. Peppery, precise Eugene Chen, who had been mysteriously in Peking for some time, had news of stirrings to the south and showed signs of returning to his first love by starting another newspaper. He called at my house for tea, and suggested that I might be its news editor. I had a job which I valued, and I had no candidate to suggest. But there was a good candidate I'd overlooked—Rayna Prohme, whom I had known since my cub reporter days in Chicago. She was at the moment distinctly in the job market since her husband, Bill Prohme, was ill with one of his recurrent tuberculosis attacks. Rayna's sole source of income was a slender stipend from editing a monthly engineering journal, and she wasn't the sort to cry out to her well-to-do Chicago family for help. She loved her family, and her family loved her, but she was determined to row her own boat till it sank; she was a valiant little person, and her burst of magnificent red hair gave one a very good clue to the lively, acute, and merry mind beneath it.

Chen's offer of work on his *People's Tribune* came just in the nick of time, and the first issue came out just in the nick of time too—capitalizing the 'May 30 incident,' in which Chinese demonstrating students were shot down by foreign police in Nanking Road, Shanghai. It launched Rayna on the revolutionary career to be described so brilliantly after her death in Moscow by Vincent Sheean in his *Personal History*. Sheean missed one detail of her China career which I've always felt was a gem. It is the fact that she first travelled to China, in 1923 and before she married Bill, to study comparative religions for a Ph.D.!

The drive from the south started, and with it there developed a tremendous national emotion, of which most people had deemed China incapable. Soviet-directed propaganda from Canton played a part, but in my opinion the real impetus derived from the fact that the long-suffering people at last saw a

chance to overthrow the old war-lordism and get a 'New Deal' of some sort. They didn't know just what it might prove, but it sounded good on the basis of what they could find out. That is to say, it sounded good to the common people.

In Peking there were plenty of both Chinese and foreigners who weren't very close to the common people of China, and had no great desire to be, especially through the medium of being murdered in their beds, as many thought imminently probable. People like myself, who didn't believe the Nationalists would murder people in their beds, and who at any rate thought it a good idea to keep cool for the time being, speedily assumed the general aspect of traitors. Dr J. Leighton Stuart, then head of Yenching University, which lay some miles outside the city walls, fell into such disfavour because he didn't shut up shop and send his teachers in as refugees that he sent for me to come and spend a week-end with him; we hadn't met, but he heard I was likewise more or less 'in the dog house,' and he wanted to see a fellow-sufferer.

This is running a bit ahead of the story, however. We had had several tastes of civil war before the Nationalists got well started. I recall one occasion when General Feng was fighting General Chang between Tientsin and Peking, after the *coup*, but before the southern excitement swamped all else, and they cut the telegraph wires. In order to cable Tientsin, eighty-five miles distant, it was then necessary to send one's message off across Mongolia through Urga to some point near Lake Baikal, where it struck the Great Northern Telegraph Company's main line to Vladivostok, whence the message went to Nagasaki, in Japan, under the sea to Shanghai, and northward up the China coast to land triumphantly in Tientsin by a route expeditious enough, but probably a couple of thousand miles long, and costing about one and a half dollars (Chinese currency) per word.

Those were the days when one could enjoy a nice internationally attended dance at the Grand Hotel de Pekin, taking time out on the roof to watch the machine-guns spitting and the bombs bursting in the air just outside the southern gate of the Chinese City. Well, maybe when a really nation-wide civil war got under way there was some genuine reason for jitters on

the part of residents who for years had had to accustom themselves to such fantastic goings-on.

Without stringing out the details of how my interest in the Nationalist cause and my friendship for such Nationalist supporters as Rayna Prohme gradually put me in disfavour with the die-hards, I will single out one lively week early in April 1927. Those events total to approximately nothing in the story of the Chinese revolution, but they bulk large in the story of one newspaper-man caught up in the cross-currents of an epochal revolution. As an example of the risks of the profession, that tempest in a Chinese teacup has its significance. It boiled over into the world Press at the time, and gave me a notoriety that has been slow to die down. Whatever the rights and wrongs of it, I succeeded in making myself *persona non grata* in my own Embassy, excluded from its Press conferences, and restored to grace only after many cable tolls had been squandered.

Things were happening down on the Yangtze, to which point the Nationalist advance had penetrated, and it was an open secret that the foreign legations were full of individuals who were all for 'sanctions.' On the Monday of the exciting week in question I received a message for distribution to our subscribing newspapers in China to the effect that Washington was opposed to any sort of sanctions with China as target. I issued this 'dope' story, thinking very little of it, and had just cleaned up my work when I got a telephone call from my old friend "Milly" Mitchell, saying she was under Chinese arrest at her hotel. She added that our mutual friend Wilbur Burton, now with the Baltimore *Sun*, but then on a Peking visit after local newspaper work in Shanghai, was also being held.

I hurried to their hotel. Chinese police were maintaining an easy-going surveillance in the lobby. Milly had been left in charge of the pro-Nationalist Chung Mei agency by Rayna Prohme; Wilbur had made no secret of his Nationalist sympathies. Beyond that no charges against them were available. They apprised me that an American Legation official whom they called had shown no enthusiasm for helping either of them.

I jumped into my rickshaw and cornered this official in the Legation. We found ourselves talking at cross-purposes, for I gathered that he had summoned me, through a message which never got to me, to 'kill' the Washington no-sanctions story. Between my refusal to cancel that item and his refusal to intercede for Milly and Wilbur it was a drawn battle, though a friendly one. And that's how the tempest was brewed.

That evening I dined with the hotel prisoners. Our meal was interrupted by the Chinese, accompanied by two American Legation officials. I was put into the lobby to cool off while my friends were interrogated. In due course I too was summoned and, much mystified, was put through a lengthy interrogation, the point of which was beyond me. I rather took the wind out of their sails by offering to waive my extra-territorial rights and have myself and my premises searched. I wanted them to satisfy themselves on whatever was bothering them—and leave me in peace. Whereupon, after solemn conference, they told me they were now satisfied so far as I was concerned, but would hold Milly and Burt.

Next morning, at the Legation, I got little satisfaction save the information that the Chinese would presently submit proof that the pair were helping a revolutionary cause, that the extreme penalty was death (which made a good telegram for me, though I knew the threat must be poppycock), and that I had better keep clear of the business. I said that I certainly had no intention of keeping clear, and sallied out of the gate just in time to run smack into the most sensational development for many a month—Chang Tso-lin's raid on part of the Soviet premises.

Special secret permission had been obtained by Chang from the whole diplomatic body to bring armed forces into the Legation quarter for this raid. When I sallied forth innocently I beheld armed men surrounding the western portion of the great Embassy property, containing residential quarters and the military compound, where a number of Chinese refugees were known to be hiding. Even as I watched screaming Chinese began to be lugged out, along with shouting Russians, and a variety of papers and other property. I paused long enough to

get the drift of the thing and rushed off to cable to London and New York—thus achieving a minor ‘beat’ on my colleagues.

Milly’s employer, Farstan T. Sung, later to be Consul-General in Java, was among the refugees in the compound. He happened to be out for a morning constitutional which was even healthier than he realized; it prevented his being with the seventeen Chinese who were garotted about a week later after proceedings secret and unpleasant. I learned later that Sung had given Milly a letter in Chinese addressed to Canton for posting in Shanghai. The police got wind of this, and when they could not find it on Milly (for the simple reason that she had burned it) suspicion fastened on me, who knew nothing about it, because I had been her only caller after the detention.

I had cabled home extensively about the Milly-Wilbur arrests on Monday afternoon and evening; I now cabled even more extensively on the extraordinary raid. I followed it up with an interview with the Soviet *charge*, I. I. Spilvanek (now in Shanghai), who showed convincingly that the documents alleged to be found in the Embassy were White Russian fabrications. So, all in all, I was developing into a good-sized thorn in the flesh of the Legation crowd, including the aforementioned American official, who, the worse my luck, conducted the daily Press conferences.

My situation at these conferences grew uncomfortable. Washington, I judged, was asking pointed questions based on my stories, and I asked some myself to keep the ball rolling. My last word from Milly was to communicate with a Tientsin lawyer, which I did. On Thursday an acute legal gentleman dropped in from Tientsin and stirred the Legation to activity. The Legation promised that by Saturday at two P.M. the Chinese would have presented the evidence and issued a couple of warrants (somehow this formality had not yet been complied with), and a hearing would be held before an American consular official brought up from Tientsin.

When I arrived for the usual conference on Saturday morning the U.S. Marine orderly at the Legation chancery handed me an official note requesting that I “please discontinue attend-

ance." An appeal to the American Minister did no good. He took the position that the Press conference was regarded as a question of personal privilege, and the official in charge, having concluded that he didn't like me, was exercising that privilege. I went home and cabled this latest bit of news to New York, then hastened to the improvised court-room where the Milly-Wilbur hearing was scheduled. Alas, there wasn't any hearing. The Tientsin lawyer, who knew the law, and the Tientsin consul, who also knew the law, discovered on arrival that the Chinese police had quietly faded out of the picture without presenting any of the promised 'evidence.' They brought the two Americans into the Legation quarter, and that was that—except that I was still in trouble about the Press conference.

That particular mess seemed as hard to settle as the whole Chinese revolution. When the State Department, under United Press prodding, queried the American Minister about me he replied in effect that I was not in a normal state of mind owing to the exciting happenings. At home this sounded as though I might have gone crazy, so some strings were pulled, and I had a call from a missionary doctor who questioned me awhile, then burst out laughing.

"Your Minister thinks you're crazy, and told Washington so," he told me.

"Well, maybe he's right," I replied. "Anyway, we'll find out." So, keen for the joke of the thing, I went off to the German Hospital and obtained a completely impartial finding to the effect that I was at least not any crazier than usual. This I solemnly cabled home. I gathered subsequently that the Minister was rather embarrassed by the construction put upon his message.

Our Far East chief came over from Tokyo, and I was sent on a trip to Shanghai and thence up-river to Hankow, seat of the new revolutionary Government, where my acquaintance with Borodin came in handy. Milly and Rayna rode down to the ship in triumph in Wu Pei-fu's confiscated motor-car, borrowed from Borodin, and escorted my wife and myself to Rayna's apartment. During the week in Hankow I managed to meet everybody of all schools of thought before they discovered

that I was breaking the bread of the revolutionists. Incidentally, those present in Hankow at the time included Tom Mann, from England, Earl Browder, of the American Communists, and Harrison George, whom I had last seen receiving a five-year sentence from Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis in the famed Chicago trial of 116 members of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Returning to Peking, I managed nicely for a while without benefit of the American Press conference, Jimmy Butts, of the Chicago *Daily News*, having been designated to convey to me what happened at these gatherings. Finally, on the 16th of July, I had word that Secretary of State Kellogg couldn't see why I should not be re-admitted to the Press conference, provided I would be so good as not to demand "apologies, retractions, expressions of regret," but "simply resumed attending on invitation." The invitation came in a circular addressed to *all* American correspondents, and the waters in the teacup were placid again.

The whole affair, tangled and bitter at the time, illustrates how matters go round and round in moments of emergency. We had all been air-bombed, cut off from mail, subjected to multiple anxieties, during the preceding year or two, and I suppose we had a choice set of war nerves.

My brush with the Legation made me a celebrity in a small way. In one of the first Press sessions I had in Manila, soon thereafter, with gusty Admiral Mark L. Bristol out on his flagship he announced that first on the programme would be a recital by myself of how I had fought the whole American Legation in Peking! Needless to say, I was quite speechless. Up and down China coast I later found that consular officials had heard of the row. In Tsingtao I ran into the former Tientsin consul who made the fruitless trip to Peking in the Milly-Wilbur case, and he was still angry over having had to pay his own train fare!

The Chinese revolution is one of those things which goes on and on. No doubt each phase of it requires a fresh view-point. It seems to me, however, that with the 1927 phase there passed a real turning-point for both the Chinese and for their foreign

guests, correspondents and missionaries and business-men alike. At that time a great deal of idealism came into conflict with a great deal of stubborn 'realism' all along the line. The result was something of a drawn battle on every front, perhaps, but it left China transformed.

Radical 'Wuhan,' the Government which was established at Hankow as a result of the military expedition up from Canton, gave place to conservative Nanking, where General Chiang Kai-shek set up shop in alliance with the business interests of the Shanghai Bund. Similarly a great many Left Wing Chinese, notably of the Chinese Communists who were briefly allied with the Kuomintang only to break off again, were executed or thrust into obscurity hardly less painful. At the same time the idealistic correspondents found themselves without much to do but swallow some rash forecasts, fold their tents, and quietly steal away.

But China had turned a corner, and Nationalist China under Nanking was by no means war-lord China under Peking.

It has never been harder to make up one's mind on China than at present, when one can watch processes of integration and of disintegration, of idealism and crassest materialism, going on all about one. There is a Government which fights certain aspects of the narcotics problem vigorously and sincerely, yet takes in an estimated hundred million Chinese dollars a year from a monopoly covered with the cloak of 'suppression.' There is a Government yielding point after point in foreign policy, yet quietly, vigorously preparing for eventual resistance; a Government endorsing forced labour, putting down unions, but assisting farm co-operatives, sometimes redistributing the land; a pattern thoroughly confused in general aspect, yet explicable when examined in detail.

I believe that this confusion is more or less common to the whole Far East, and that out of it is coming a new technique, based on old and solid principles, for dealing with it. Diplomats are becoming more like newspaper-men and newspaper-men more like diplomats, if my reading of all this is correct.

The new technique is nothing but application of the old

principle of intelligent detachment, tolerance, and refusal to get excited. In 1927 many of us tended to forget we were bystanders, and threw ourselves into the battle. This was not a bad thing where it was a generous impulse to serve the side of progress. There were men of a conservative trend of mind in those days who nevertheless could pass through any change readily enough. There was the late Walter Whiffen, for example, for years Associated Press correspondent in Peking, later (like Rayna Prohme) to die in Moscow. Walter was no wild-eyed radical, but he believed in letting the Chinese work things out, and if he were alive to-day he could stroll quietly into Nationalist Nanking—as, indeed, his very similar Associated Press colleague, Jim Mills, does—with an open mind and an assurance that his fact-finding efforts would be well received.

I doubt if the Far East is likely to prove as relatively easy a place for the newcomer to set up shop in the future as it has in the past. Actually it is appalling to reflect how many of us, newspaper-men and others, came to Japan, China, the Philippines, completely lacking in knowledge of languages, in historic background, in virtually everything one would expect us to have—but within a short time we had dug our toes in and had begun to understand. On the other hand, I have seen some meticulously trained men, real scholars on things Eastern, come out from Europe and make a flop of it. They knew too much, or rather were so conscious of their erudition that it tended to shut their minds against living realities.

Adventure is likely to remain a large ingredient in Far East correspondence for a long time. The situation, with China flanked by Japanese ambitions on one side and Bolshevik energy on the other, and with internal social forces at work, is loaded with potential excitement. The largest excitement of all, however, is that of observing at close range the ups and downs of movements affecting the intimate lives of hundreds of millions of people in the most thickly populated area on the globe's surface.

I know this in personal terms. My own experience has in it plenty of adventurous bits: being under machine-gun fire, dodging air bombs and artillery shells, earthquake, and revo-

lution. But the one continuing adventure, in which these bits are scarcely discernible, has been to watch this un-mysterious but always fresh and unexpected Far East develop. To be passably successful in the Far East—and on any important continuous assignment, it seems to me—one must live his work. That is why newspapering anywhere, but infinitely more so newspapering in the Far East, stays in the blood for ever and inescapably once you have had a serious attack of it.

XIV

MEXICO: LAND OF MAÑANA

By JACK STARR-HUNT

THE 'by' line of Jack Starr-Hunt under a Mexican dispatch has been familiar to American newspaper readers for many years. With the New York *Herald Tribune* as mainstay, he also represents the Kansas City *Star*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*; at various times he wrote for other American papers out of Mexico, including the *Los Angeles Times*. He also edits the Mexico City *Excelsior*. Born in San Antonio, Texas, he was taken to Mexico City as a child. His father, a lawyer in the Mexican capital, intended Jack to follow in his footsteps, and gave him an education in the United States towards that end, ending at the University of Virginia. But Jack exchanged the legal profession for a career of action. As he phrases it himself, he "went world-wide." He tasted a sailor's life in the coastal shipping between San Francisco and West Mexico and Central American ports. Then the World War sent him into a series of adventures to which he alludes in this chapter, beginning with anti-British activities under German colours, leading into service with the American Army in France, and winding up with diplomatic work for the Lithuanian army. Thereafter he fell into the job of editing an English page for the Mexico City *Excelsior* about 1920, and from that vantage-point made connexions as foreign correspondent for the New York *Tribune* and, subsequently, other American papers. He has covered literally every major story in Mexico since 1920, and a good many Central American events for full measure.

MEXICO: LAND OF MAÑANA

SOME of my scrivener colleagues have described me as a 'soldier of fortune.' I never know whether to accept that as a compliment or as a slur. Too often I have felt myself a soldier of *misfortune*: during the thirteen months I spent in gaol at Fort Canning, in Singapore, for instance; the two weeks in Brixton Prison, London; the several months of detention by the Department of Justice in the U.S.A.; and an arrest at Ensenada, Lower California, where I was taken in tow by a rebelling Mexican colonel. An eight-column front-page headline in a San Francisco paper announced my 'execution' while I was a British prisoner in Singapore; many years later I was 'executed' again, this time in the newspapers of Northern Mexico rebel territory, when I was with the Mexican Federal forces as a correspondent in 1929.

I had best explain that my escapades were all of a purely political nature. The tour of gaols and prisons clear round the world while I was still an extremely young man attested a lusty appetite for change and excitement rather than a criminal streak. An American-born American brought up in Mexico (except for schooling in New York and Virginia) must not be blamed too hard perhaps for preferring to sail as supercargo on the good ship *Mazatlan* instead of entering the legal profession after leaving the university. Mexico in the grip of its civil strife, from 1914 onward, was hardly a setting for a humdrum existence. Wherever the *Mazatlan* went there was trouble, and I had my share of it: fights, seizures by rebels, mutiny, and gory scenes without end.

The *Mazatlan* adventure was a mild foretaste of what followed. When the World War broke my sympathies were on the side that offered me most thrill at the moment. In sailing from San Francisco with a German expedition to help to free India from British rule I was only interested in the ride. I figured on a few months' hell-raising; the months stretched

to four years, and lots of the hell was at my expense. Those years included thirteen days at certain uninhabited Pacific Islands, the Singapore confinement—a month of it solitary, on a diet of curry and rice—and transfer to London. When I finally convinced the British that I had been out for the sea voyage, and not to foment colonial insurrection, they turned me loose.

By that time my own country had joined the fracas, and I was keen to do my share. Ambassador Page in London explained to me that I must return to the United States across the Atlantic to join a war that was being fought just across the narrow English Channel. I shipped on the *St Paul*, the first American boat to leave Liverpool without the 'candy stripes' of neutrality painted on her. In New York I was met by a Department of Justice agent and hustled to Washington and thence, not to France, but to San Francisco, to take part in the trial of the German-Hindu anti-neutrality defendants. Two men were killed in court during the hearing. But, that over, I joined the American Army and saw service in France after all.

Discharged in Paris, I joined, of all things, the Lithuanian army, and was hurried to Washington on a diplomatic mission. In the company of other American officers we built a swell army for the Lithuanians—on paper. I met a beautiful woman and married her, resigned from the army to 'settle down,' and saw more excitement in that 'settled' condition than ever fell to me in the unsettled years. Mexican revolutions, British third-degree methods, the World War, and my headlined 'executions' were preliminary to the career as a newspaper-man.

The nearest I came to being shot in this pre-correspondent period was while purser aboard a merchantman on the west coast of Mexico. The ship was requisitioned by one of the numerous revolting forces of the time. We had two thousand troops on board, under command of General Angel Flores (later the defeated Presidential candidate against General Plutarco Elias Calles), and including some heroic *soldaderas*, those never-complaining women companions of the Mexican 'Juan,' or doughboy.

Flores had seized the ship, and an almost comical effort was

made to arm it with eight field-pieces. These were tied to the deck with ropes. The two forward hatches of the holds were removed. Below was the mass of women, children, and household pets, while the men stayed on deck.

La Paz, Lower California port, was to be attacked. I was on the bridge with the captain. As we neared port, defended by four hundred well-entrenched enemy soldiers, the order was given to shell the town. The ricochet of the first gun fired broke the ropes, and the piece bounced back and down into the mass of humanity in the hold. Many were hurt and maimed. The soldiers fastened the remaining pieces more firmly, and the bombardment continued. Soon a boat flying a white flag approached. In it were the foreign consuls of La Paz, headed by the British consul. They brought the proposal of the defenders to do battle outside the city in order to save it from shelling.

The idea appealed to everybody, Mexican fashion. Our forces were allowed to land unmolested, and the battle began in the suburbs. The Flores men won, but something went wrong with the programme. As our home-made battleship moved closer towards the dock the defenders fleeing to the hills directed a hail of bullets at the ship. The chart-room, where I was at the moment, and the bridge were peppered with bullets. Those were long minutes of helpless dodging, like trying to walk between raindrops, and to this day the miracle of my not getting wet surpasses my understanding.

Anyhow, by 1920 I was a newspaper-man, conducting the English page of the Mexico City *Excelsior*, and representing the New York *Tribune* (now *Herald Tribune*) soon after. I still hold both jobs.

Sixteen years in one post sounds sedentary. When that period compasses three major revolutions, a string of minor insurrections, eyewitness experiences in the whole range of executions —well, possibly 'sedentary' is a slight exaggeration. The illnesses of excessive sitting are not chronic among newspaper-men in the foreign field, and those in Mexico are no exception. From the World War and its aftermath into revolutionary Mexico was only a transfer from the frying-pan of war into the fire of a country in the throes of social revolution.

Like Webb Millar, of the United Press, I found no peace. But, unlike Webb, I must admit that I didn't look very hard.

That leisurely *tempo* summarized in the Mexican *mañana* is a contagious thing. Even the foreign correspondents come in time under its somnolent influence. But they have the prod of keen competition and stinging queries from the home office to keep them in a waking state. Indeed, the *mañana* of their hosts, taken together with the pestiferous *Quien sabe?* ('Who knows?')—the verbal equivalent of a hopeless shrug—costs the correspondent in Mexico more sleep than ever it lulls him into.

The anecdote tied to Jim Hill, Minneapolis millionaire on a visit to Mexico a few generations ago, has become classic. Mr Hill stopped at the magnificent Iturbide, originally the residence of Emperor Iturbide, the old ambitious George Washington of Mexico, who, because he made himself an Emperor, was shot. Having reached the final day of a pleasant vacation, Mr Hill prepared for departure. That morning he asked whether his laundry could be made ready by midday; the train for the U.S.A. left at seven in the evening. The white-bearded Don Carlos, manager of the Iturbide for thirty-five years, accommodatingly assured him that it would be done. But at midday there was no laundry, nor at mid-afternoon. Confronted by the furious American, Don Carlos was not at all flustered. With the placidity characteristically and uniquely Mexican, he launched the line that echoes through the decades, "But, *señor*," quoth he, "does not the *same* train leave tomorrow night at the *same* time?"

Neither Mr Hill nor any American to come after him has managed effectively to refute the logic of that statement. Perhaps it is irrefutable, the quintessence of a wisdom the hurrying North has forfeited in its rush for progress. Certainly the correspondent here, fume as he may, accepts it as an inevitable handicap. For the Mexican time was highly relative long before Einstein, and the heads of Government departments are in this respect more Mexican than their civilian brethren; or so it seems to me. They know nothing of editions and deadlines, alas, though they are most sympathetic when the

matter is patiently explained to them. Their sympathy, however, rarely takes the alarming form of remedial action.

Stories that could be 'liquidated' in a minute of telephone conversation are dignified by very courteous postponement. "*Mañana*, if you please." The next day unfortunately is not *mañana*, being mere humdrum to-day, so that again the question is postponed to *mañana*. Life thus tends to become a permanent race for that Never-never Land called to-morrow. Sometimes, by way of variation, the thumb and index finger are held up with a tiny space between them; that means, "Wait a *momentito*." The affectionate 'little moment' may grow into five minutes or five hours, or it may grow on and on beyond that. . . . Mexicans like to wait; it seems to do them good.

How many of the sixteen years have I squandered waiting in the anterooms of a Cabinet department, or in the offices of the President (where the chairs, it must be admitted and recorded, are quite comfortable), or some other Mexican news source! If at the end of hours of such waiting I am told, "The Minister is very busy to-day—would you be so kind as to come *mañana*?" I am chagrined, but I am not surprised. Often the Minister in question condescends to say it himself, in the full-bodied periods of courtesy, "I beg of you to be so kind . . ." Of politeness there is no lack, but unfortunately it does not make cable copy.

Recently one of my colleagues called at the Ministry of War and was informed that "the Minister is in Monterey [Northern Mexico] and will not be back for a week." At that moment the Minister in the flesh walked out of his office. The correspondent smiled accusingly, but the secretary was not to be dismayed. "But he just got back," he added.

The seeming indifference of Mexican officialdom to the news problems of the foreign Press representatives, of course, is not intentional. At the bottom of it, I am inclined to believe, is a failure to believe that news out of Mexico is really a matter of minutes, or even hours, to the world beyond its frontiers. The country is emerging slowly into the consciousness of its international standing. Until recent years the news that it contributed to the budget of an American paper was all

blood and thunder, wars and revolutions. Now Mexico begins to take an active interest in the larger affairs of the world. In the earlier years it would have seemed strange that Mexico should issue a statement supporting the rights of a neighbouring state; that a Mexican representative should sit on international arbitration boards; that Mexico's labour and capital would complete the first link of the Pan-American highway; that her Government would buy fighting craft from Europe; and that her capital, Mexico City, would become the seat of conventions of world importance.

In this international education of Mexico its leaders have failed to include an elementary course in publicity. An essential lack of understanding of the importance of correct and timely news dissemination explains half the troubles which any Mexican correspondent will exemplify by the hour if given the chance. In many cases officials show an absence of confidence in themselves, a shyness in relation to outside questioning, which is matched only by the absence of the mechanical equipment for effective dissemination of news.

But the country is slowly growing out of this age of news innocence. Men have appeared on the stage of Mexican affairs who showed a reasonable appreciation of the value to their country and their causes of favourable publicity abroad. Former Provisional President Adolfo de la Huerta was one of these. Another was his successor, the late President Alvaro Obregon.

General Obregon shocked the Press corps by announcing that he would receive foreign and native news-men twice a month at a designated hour and day. True, he didn't always show up on the appointed day, and kept us waiting two hours or more on occasion. But when finally the conference did get under way he made up fully for the procrastination. Bubbling over with salty humour, a good fellow if ever there was one, he made the gatherings memorable even if they didn't net a real news dispatch. President Obregon would order cognac for the crowd, and "place himself at the news-men's orders." His frankness was complete. Most of the time he used up telling luscious jokes, and since there were never any women present the jokes were uncensored. He won our hearts.

The most conspicuous example of the break from the closed-door school of journalism was Joe Angel Ceniseros, until recently Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It seemed too good to be true when, at his first conference with American newspaper-men, he gave them his private telephone and permission to call him directly on any subject. He was as good as his word. After he left I had occasion to question the Foreign Office about a story in a local paper to the effect that Mexico planned to leave the League of Nations. I tried the private telephone, and his successor, Ramon Beteta, answered. The story, he told me, was untrue. I pinched myself at the ease with which I had covered that story. But the real beneficiary was the Mexican Government, which was thus spared the cabling of an unfounded rumour and the need for official denials.

While President Emilio Portes Gil could also be counted among the executives who understood the need for favourable publicity abroad. He held occasional Press conferences. President Cardenas, now in office, has thus far called the correspondents only once. His private secretary acts as Press spokesman. I first met General Cardenas during the 1929 rebellion. The meeting took place in a dimly lit railway-station at a small village in the State of Durango. It was midnight. With me were John Lloyd, of the Associated Press, and a German correspondent. We had had a hard all-day ride over a sun-parched desert, and we needed food and rest. General Cardenas provided both, and showed himself the soul of courtesy. But his cavalry column moved off at three A.M., while we slept in a commandeered stable! We had to catch up with him, and did. A quiet, unassuming, courageous soldier, he did not seem to me, I must admit, made out of Presidential timber. Which only proves that in Mexico, even more than elsewhere, prophecy is a futile amusement.

Our job is complicated by the fact that the country is a whispering gallery of wild rumour. In the most amazing fashion the populace will pick up a feather and build it into a rooster. Border correspondents on the United States side of the dividing line hear its crowing, and soon enough we get wires from the home editors to investigate matters which need

not investigation, but denial. All the same, officials must be consulted, though one knows beforehand that the story will be branded as ludicrous. If their patience is sorely tried, and if they develop a cavalier attitude towards our frequent inquiries, the blame is not wholly theirs.

General Rueda Quijano was a fine, fourteen-stone, six-foot specimen of humanity. A rebel general during the 1926 insurrection, he surrendered and was shot for his trouble. He will serve as well as any to lead off a gallery of men who were executed under my eyes.

General Quijano told his men to give up the business of revolting and placed himself at the mercy of his captor. His court martial started at midnight, and he was dead at dawn. "Pete" Duboise, of the Associated Press, Harry Nichols, of the *New York Times*, and myself followed the fellow from the dingy court-room to the large courtyard of the School of Fire, on the outskirts of Mexico City. His weeping common-law wife too followed him. He asked for a couple of drinks of cognac, threw them down his throat like a man at a party, then marched erect and proud to the execution wall.

He passed the three American newspaper-men, sitting at the end of a water-trough. But after ten years what sticks in my mind most sharply of that scene in the dawn is this: two red-lipped prostitutes also sat on the trough, and as Quijano passed they smiled at him coquettishly, invitingly. The instinct to lure a man, a general at that, was so deep in them that even this one, twenty paces from certain death, did not escape their attention. I put that in my story to the *Herald Tribune*, but, all editors being nitwits (I am an editor myself now, on *Excelsior*, so I speak with authority), it was blue-pencilled out of my story. The general's last word was "Good-bye!" in English, as he waved to the three of us. This was not blue-pencilled, showing that editors have some sense after all. General Quijano personally gave the order to fire: a common action among Mexican military men who pick the wrong side of the fence and get caught.

The colonel's death—to pick another, almost at random, for that gallery—very nearly coincided with my own. His name, I

believe, was Velarde. After the usual night-time court martial he was taken out to meet his last rising sun. With me, as I stood outside the court-room, was the late Gonzalo Espinoza, night editor of *Excelsior*, and liked by us all as a fine fellow. A squad of Yaqui Indian troops stood on guard. They clearly did not know much about city streets and photographic apparatus. A photographer was about to snap a photograph of the scene, when a Yaqui sergeant, in pidgin Spanish, spat out in no uncertain manner, "Take that newfangled gun away!" The Yaqui drew his gun in self-defence, and it looked as if we might precede the colonel to the Great Beyond. The speed with which the photographer dropped his camera convinced the sergeant.

Espinoza and myself followed the racing-car in which Velarde was taken through the early-morning deserted streets of Mexico City. In the semi-darkness our driver hit a rock pile. We turned over. We escaped with nothing worse than bruises—but we had lost our quarry. Where would Velarde be shot? For some reason or other the authorities were secretive on the matter. From the general direction we judged that he might be finished off at the Santiago Military Prison, and thither, having found another car, we hastened. A stubborn commandant would not let us in.

We were not to be foiled. In an adjacent courtyard we discovered a water-tower. We climbed to its wobbling roof. It was precarious, but we had a fine close view as they stood Velarde up against the wall. The squad fired. The colonel crumpled. Somebody in the squad turned just in time to see Espinoza and myself climbing down the narrow ladder. Bang! A bullet whizzed close to me and pierced the water-tank. A second time the colonel nearly had my company on his last long journey.

I also think back to that tragic fourfold execution, in the heart of the capital, at ten o'clock one morning in 1927—a priest, his brother, a young electrical engineer, and a poor devil of a chauffeur. They were shot in pistol range of police headquarters, and the shots could be heard in the American Consulate-General, half a block away. The four had been found guilty of attempting to bomb the car of General

Obregon, then Presidential candidate for a second term. The priest knelt, prayed, stood up, and was shot. His brother followed, slumping next to him as he fell. The chauffeur was next, and the engineer, Vilchis by name, came last. It all happened in less time than it takes to write it down.

Young José de Leon Toral will complete the gallery. A youthful commercial artist and religious fanatic, he obtained entry at a restaurant where Obregon was attending a banquet by asking to make a caricature of the President elect. Starting to make the sketch, he suddenly whipped out a gun and shot the strong man of Mexico. Obregon died on the spot. Mother Conchita, Mother Superior of a clandestine convent, is serving a twenty-year term as intellectual author of the assassination. Toral was sentenced to die.

Permits were given to foreign correspondents to witness the execution in the penitentiary courtyard. Toral shaved himself carefully and dressed in his Sunday best to go to his doom, as though he were going to church. He stood up against the sandbags, took off his cap, and cried "Viva Cris—" He had meant to say "Viva Cristo Rey!" ("Long live Christ the King!"), but the bullets came too soon. Ten of them riddled his body. Photographers were barred, but one of them did get pictures—how need not be told. The most any American news agency would offer me for the exclusive use of the set of five pictures was fifty dollars. What price scoops?

I have seen many executions where the condemned showed real valour. Their philosophy is sportsmanlike: if you get caught it's part of the game, and you take your punishment gamely. That attitude is widespread in Mexico among the military class, which lives intensely and dangerously. But there is always the exception to stress the rule.

I think back to the execution of General Palomino Lopez, gunman, bad man, and unofficial executioner for the police department in his day. Lopez was a tall Hollywood type of the desperado of the plains, with side-whiskers, wide-brimmed hat, red bandanna around his neck, and always openly gun-toting. He had joined the rebels in the 1929 flare-up, and popular saga credited him with many informal executions of criminals and others. His revolutionary career was short-lived.

He was captured in Mexico City, tried before a court martial, and condemned to be shot. Unlike others who played the game and lost, Lopez went to his death a complete coward. He insisted on being blindfolded, and as the order to shoot rang out turned his back on the firing squad in a spasm of fear.

Mexico has served as a sort of school for foreign correspondents. Any number of the men now holding more influential positions in the network of foreign news-gathering served a Mexican apprenticeship. This is not entirely accidental; it happens that this country, relatively limited in extent, and certainly secondary in importance as a news source, is one of the most difficult to report. News associations for this reason have found it necessary to maintain extensive staffs, where a smaller number suffices them in more important and productive news centres, such as Moscow or Tokyo.

The Mexican authorities, as I have already indicated, are not equipped physically or psychologically to help newspaper-men as they are helped in London, Paris, and other capitals. Communications between the various sections of the country are still pretty sketchy, and the information that flows into Mexico City is on the whole unreliable. The hardship of garnering Mexican news, the never-ending patience that it calls for, make an exacting and therefore useful training school for young correspondents. It is scarcely astonishing that so many of them, having won their spurs just south of the Rio Grande, make good in ampler fields of operation.

Because of the absence of effective direct channels through which news can flow much of it must be obtained through the 'back-door.' Those qualities which make a good reporter—the ability to make friends in the proper places, the instinct for reading between the lines of the published record of events, the feeling for facts which separate the wheat of truth from chaff of hearsay—are called into constant play and sharpened in the process.

Dependable friends in Government departments are, of course, a great help. The native newspaper-men too are worth cultivating, though they look at news differently from an

American, and their hunchies need the corrective of a knowledge of their interests and character. Mexican reporters take inaccuracies in their stride, with a shrug of the shoulders and a delightful disregard for libel laws. A person who, before he has been tried and convicted, figures as 'the murderer' in the Mexican Press sometimes objects very vehemently. The editors are politely sorry and publish a 'correction,' carefully hidden in a secluded corner of their paper. American editors would gasp at some of the glaring misstatements published in attacking individuals and their actions. Men of the highest political rank are referred to blithely as murderers, embezzlers, and what not. The people attacked send a 'correction' to the effect that they are not murderers, embezzlers, or what not. This is duly published, and the matter never goes any further. The correspondent, of necessity depending on the local Press as a basic news source, is for ever in peril of accepting uncritically the hyperbolical treatment of events by Mexican journalists.

Licence with facts, however, does not necessarily imply freedom of the Press. There is such freedom in theory; in practice the requests of Government departments are virtual commands which local editors dare not disobey. The papers are filled with long official statements. Foreign correspondents receive them too, with instructions to transmit in their entirety. We accept the hand-outs, reply courteously, "*Si, señor,*" then send a fragment or two, or nothing at all.

The sword of Damocles that hangs over the foreign correspondent in Mexico is Article 33 of the Constitution, which empowers the Government to expel any foreign reporter without the formality of a reason or explanation. While it is rarely invoked, its mere existence is a curb upon correspondents and a weapon in the hands of less scrupulous officials. Only three correspondents have been deported under Article 33 in the last twenty years, to my knowledge. One of them, after an absence of some months, was permitted to return. Personally I have been up on the official carpet twice, which, everything considered, is mild enough. Once my dispatches on the religious difficulties roused the ire of Colonel Adalberto Tejeda, then Minister of the Interior, and a militant opponent of the

Church, Catholic or otherwise. I succeeded, in a heart-to-heart talk, in convincing him that a mere correspondent has no control over the editorial comment and interpolations made by his home office. The other time the mistranslation of one word in a dispatch of mine by the Government translator was what started the trouble. I was actually summoned before the secret police, and had a time of it explaining the fact that one English word might have two distinct meanings.

For a reporter whose audience is in the United States intimate contacts with the foreign colony, and especially its American subdivision, are essential if he is to be of much use in Mexico City. These friendships, supplemented by Mexican contacts of the paid and unpaid varieties, are the hard-working and perpetually worried correspondent's first line of defence in the eternal struggle for news.

There is a group of Mexican and foreign business-men, with intricately interlocking interests, who must keep close to events. They exchange information. The banker tells the industrialist, the industrialist tells the salesman, the salesman tells the land-owner, the landowner tells the mining executive, who in turn tells his lawyer. At any given moment some one in this group is aware of precisely those facts which the correspondent needs to earn his bread and to keep it buttered. The secret is to know such a group, and how to tap it for information.

A labour question, let us say, has arisen to plague investors. Mr John Doe, whose interests are most directly affected, will have nothing to say: The Labour Department keeps you waiting. But somewhere down the line, among Mr Doe's acquaintances, the details are known, and a little judicious probing, providing you have access to these people, will give you all you need.

A fairly recent example of the importance of these contacts occurred when bandits held up some tourists on the road in the state of Morelos. No telephone connexion, no telegraph, and no one with whom you can communicate. Official sources shrug their shoulders with an all-embracing *Quien sabe?* Among those in the party was Senator Robert Reynolds, of North Carolina. Rumours spread rapidly, but none of them are to be trusted. But through a link in that interlocking

group of which I have spoken I learn that a reliable mining engineer was in the hold-up, and can be found at the Club. Within half an hour I had the story accurately and fully.

The celebrated visit of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to Mexico was one of the toughest to cover; revolutions are child's play by comparison, professionally speaking. There was, to begin with, his usual "I have nothing to say," an American version of our pestiferous *Quien sabe?* Then followed the game of hide-and-seek that left us weary and wishing we had taken up hod-carrying or some other respectable profession.

Lindbergh made that goodwill flight in 1927, non-stop from Washington to Mexico City. Through a special arrangement by the New York *Times* its correspondent, Russell Owens (who later spent a couple of years freezing in the Antarctic with the Byrd expedition), had special *entrée* to the conqueror of the Atlantic. That didn't help the rest of us any. The Lone Eagle gave the news-men of Mexico City so much to worry about that an individual correspondent could not hope to cover the assignment. The entire corps pooled together and shared information, with men stationed at the American Embassy, the airport, and other points.

Our man at the airport did a magnificent job when Lindbergh crashed with Anne Morrow, later Mrs Lindbergh. By telephone he reported to us in detail Lindbergh's signals to those below, his effort to bear all the weight possible on the one remaining wheel, the final crash, and the extracting of Miss Morrow from the pillows the Colonel had placed around her when he realized that a spill was inevitable. A photographer, working for me, hid behind a lorry and obtained a fine shot of the pair as they left the wreck.

On his next visit to our beat, which preceded the announcement of his engagement to Miss Morrow, Lindbergh left the same trail of harried correspondents. He went to Cuernavaca, divorce centre of Mexico City, a resort overflowing with flowers and romantic props. Again we pooled our energies. All but two of the correspondents followed Lindbergh to Cuernavaca, fifty miles from the capital. I was one of the two who remained behind. We took turns in guarding the Associated Press telephone, while the other scribes drank mint

juleps in front of the Morrows' home, where the aviator was staying. Every so often one of them took time off from juleps to telephone us that Lindbergh was still there.

In the midst of this vigil a tip came to us that military trouble had broken out in five states and threatened to spread elsewhere. Upon the two of us in the capital reverted the responsibility of reporting the first news of the 1929 rebellion, just before the censorship was clamped on, for the entire American Press corps. This we did as rapidly and as fairly as possible. Were they grateful? Since truth comes first I must record that our only reward was a series of complaints about the style and the speed with which we had transmitted the news for the absentee julep-drinking fraternity. In any case, the combination of Colonel Lindbergh in the *rôle* of Romeo and Mexico in a state of revolt provided a test of any newspaper-man's endurance.

Another famous chase of an American news source which stands out above the plain of memory in these years had Russell T. Sherwood as its quarry. Mr Sherwood, just married, came to Mexico after having figured prominently in the downfall of Mayor Jimmy Walker, of New York City. The bridegroom thought he was concealed in Mexico. American papers told all about the gentleman's mysterious disappearance from the field of Mayor Walker's immediate troubles, but none of us dreamed that he was in our midst. Personally I had not even read those papers, and had no notion who Mr Sherwood was.

But a friend of mine played bridge with the missing American at a fashionable Mexico City club and took the trouble to 'phone me. Unaware that I had one of the big news beats of those months offered me on a silver platter, as it were, I said, "Yes, thanks. But who is this Mr Sherwood?"

"What! You don't know? Well, read the front pages of your latest New York papers."

I did, and instantly jumped to action. I found Mr Sherwood at his hotel, and gave the *Herald Tribune* a clean beat on the refugee's whereabouts. But that was only the beginning of the chase. Mr Sherwood disappeared from the hotel. I later found him lunching at the Mexico City Country Club,

where he had sought refuge. Luck was with me, and Mr Sherwood remained my pet victim during the next week.

The bar opposite the cable office is a peaceful place, where we reporters forgather as friends. But it is no more than an armed truce. When the big story breaks it is every man for himself for that five-minute or five-hour beat on his colleague. Correspondents with Mexico City as a stopping point in their careers will remember that bar for ever, and, reading about it in these pages, may be moved to order a drink at their nearest thirst-quenching emporium in its honour.

Perhaps a few of them were among the newsmen who were treated to a round at this very bar by the late Will Rogers. The conversation somehow got to the National Lottery of Mexico, and Will Rogers asked, with his immortal twinkle, whether it was run 'straight.'

"Yes," I said innocently. "It is run by the Government."

"Hey, there—are you trying to compete with me?" Will shot back.

If it is a distinction for an American to have known personally all the American Ambassadors his country sent to Mexico, I herewith stake my claim. On December 8, 1898, General Powell Clayton, then Minister to Mexico, was named our first Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. I was a toddler then, but I remember distinctly my mother taking me to the embassy receptions. As child and as man I met every one of General Clayton's successors at one time or another down to Mr Josephus Daniels, our present Ambassador.

As a rule, embassy officials are politely useless to the correspondent, being of necessity wary of the printed word. The only exception is when their own interests are affected, or when they wish to spread a report suited to their own diplomatic needs.

Each of the ten Ambassadors I have known has been different from the others, and yet—like chorus-girls—very much alike. In his larger outlines the diplomat is a type, and if he isn't he tends to become one quickly. They all have nothing to say, know nothing about everything, and everything about nothing. And all the time the probing reporter is perfectly

aware that little can transpire in Mexico with which the American Ambassador is not thoroughly conversant. I trust I am not doing any one of them an injustice, but I speak on the basis of a feeling built up in decades of personal experience.

Of them all the late Dwight W. Morrow and his immediate successor, J. Reuben Clark, stand out as men who showed a fellow-feeling for the news-gatherer. Their co-operation with correspondents did a lot to promote accurate Mexican news for the American public. Mr Daniels, himself a newspaper owner, has not yet had this opportunity, because there have not been any world-shaking stories in Mexico in recent years.

A little irreverently, but not irrelevantly, I venture to wind up this rambling commentary on the Mexican years with two anecdotes. Whether true or apocryphal, they convey a little of the spirit and the political atmosphere of the land, more so than any academic analysis could do. Or so it seems to me.

It seems that a Mexican general saw a fine American car which took his fancy. It was standing in front of the National Palace. So he simply stepped into it and drove off. The car belonged to a foreign diplomat, who promptly complained to President Carranza. This was at a time when generals were about as important as Presidents in Mexico. Carranza telephoned the general and pleaded with him.

“Come on, be a good fellow, and bring back the car. The Minister of X is furious.”

“Like hell I will!” was the answer. “I like the car; I’ve always wanted this model. Now I’ve got it, and have no intention of handing it back. What do you think we had a revolution for?”

Carranza slammed down the receiver and said to himself, “I have made them generals, I have made them rich, but it’s beyond me to make them honest.” He bought the Minister a new car.

The story holds a volume of comment on the country and its leaders. And here is the other.

A prisoner was condemned to be executed, and the man’s wife pleaded on her knees before the commanding general. The general was touched and willing to show that he was not

heartless. He consoled the woman and turned to one of his subordinates.

"Pardon this poor man," he said, "but shoot one of the other prisoners."

"Which one?"

"Any one."

And there, in an anecdotal nutshell, is a little of the sentimentality, the cruelty, the unpredictable character of Mexico. It is what makes a reporter's life here a trial, a tribulation, and a thing of endless colour and fascination.

XV

A REPORTER ALOFT

By H. R. EKINS

BORN in Minneapolis, H. R. Ekins, the son of a clergyman, has been a wanderer throughout his thirty-five years. Except for a long sojourn in Peiping, he has never lived anywhere more than two years. He attended thirty-two schools, finally leaving Clark University at Worcester, Massachusetts, to start a newspaper career and continue travelling. He joined the foreign service of the United Press in 1925, after reporting and editorial training on the New York *Herald*, New York *Evening Post*, New York *Evening Journal*, New York *Evening Graphic*, Hartford *Courant*, Manchester (Connecticut) *Herald*, and Madison (New Jersey) *Eagle*. Late in 1926 he opened a bureau for the United Press in Honolulu, and in the next two years covered a series of sensational flights across the Pacific. The years 1929 and 1930 he spent as manager of the Manila bureau, and then went to Shanghai as chief United Press correspondent in China. It fell to him to cover such events as the great Yangtze flood of 1931, the China flight of the Lindberghs, and Japanese invasions of Chinese soil. In March 1932 he was appointed to Peiping, and from there made pioneering news journeys into Inner Mongolia and the far reaches of North-western China. In February and March of 1933 he was in Chengteh, capital of Jehol Province, covering the Japanese invasion and eventual seizure of the territory. Later he was under fire several times while reporting Japanese campaigns in North China. After a brief assignment as staff correspondent in Washington Ekins became night cable editor of the United Press at its New York headquarters, breaking it to cover the Ethiopian war with Haile Selassie's forces on the southern front, with headquarters at Harrar. From Africa he went back to the night editorial desk in New York, to be called for the Scripps-Howard round-the-world assignment described in this contribution.

A REPORTER ALOFT

ABOARD an air-liner *en route* to Albuquerque, N.M., November 15, 1936." This reporter feels better if his story has a date-line. But he is finding it a lot of fun to write informally without the need of cracking a crisp, snappy 'lead' on to his copy for the benefit of a headline writer.

His last assignment, for the New York *World-Telegram* and the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, was to fly round the world as quickly as possible and entirely as a passenger aboard commercially operated aircraft. That assignment was completed less than a month ago in the elapsed time of eighteen days fourteen hours fifty-six minutes and two-fifths of a second.

You are mistaken if you suppose that in discussing a highly publicized flight round the world with the reporter who did it people ask about the horse-power of aeroplane engines or the magnafluxing of steel parts used in aircraft construction. They ask questions galore, but they are much more interested in knowing whether lovely ladies abroad use cosmetics as generously or in the same manner as lovely ladies in the United States of America than they are in the nitriding of cylinder interiors. They want to know how much I got paid, and the size of my expense account. Their interest in the flier surpasses their interest in the flight.

I first knew that I was to make my aerial journey round the world late in the afternoon of September 21, 1936. It soon became evident that I should have to start on the night of September 30. I thus had nine days' notice of the assignment. That was generous. My trip to Ethiopia was undertaken on eighteen hours' notice. I was sent to Manila in 1929 on four days' notice. Never had I been given as much as nine days' notice for an assignment abroad.

It came about in this way.

The United Press, in the person of President Hugh Baillie,

fired me so fast that it took my breath away. For a matter of moments it was a cruel blow. I had worked hard and long for the United Press. At the time I was night cable editor in New York, and, in so far as I knew, my work gave no cause for complaint.

I was discharged while deeply engrossed in processing stories on the Spanish civil strife and the French financial crisis at a desk in the home office. Mr Baillie told me I was no longer on the pay-roll, and before I had time to ask for a letter of recommendation to a prospective employer Miles W. Vaughn, manager of the United Press night services, entered the scene with word that I had been summoned by Roy W. Howard, head of the New York *World-Telegram*.

Mr Vaughn, from whom I had received arduous assignments for eight years out in the Far East, gave moral support. Aware of the divorce—United Press *versus* H. R. Ekins—and knowing that I was suffering heartbreak, "Peg," as newspaper-men the world over know him, escorted me into the presence of Mr Howard. Soon I breathed freely again. Mr Howard gave me a job, which I surely needed badly after the dictum from Mr Baillie, as a staff correspondent for the New York *World-Telegram* and the Scripps-Howard Newspapers.

It is typical of Mr Howard that he wastes neither time nor words. He can get to the heart of any situation faster, more directly, and with less useless probing than any man I know.

"You are to go from New York to New York with the world in between and do it entirely by air," he told me. "Get back as soon as you can."

As editor as well as president of the *World-Telegram*, Mr Howard instructed me to report directly to my new boss, Mr Lee Wood, executive editor of the *World-Telegram*.

There were nine hectic days of preparation. Approximately eighteen and a half days after the start I was reporting back to Mr Wood, having put 25,742 miles between New York and New York, with an actual flying time of eight days ten hours and twenty-six minutes at an average speed of a hundred and twenty-seven miles an hour, a maximum speed of two hundred

and eighty miles an hour, and a minimum speed of forty-five knots.

I should like to explain why I was selected for the assignment. Occasionally, aloft above some ocean or continent, I wondered about this myself. But I have no cogent explanation. I know only that it is my habit to hop to an assignment rather than devote time to exploring the mind of the man who gives it.

I had travelled a great deal by air—aboard commercial, military, naval, and private aircraft. Perhaps that had something to do with the case. I had served in Honolulu, Manila, Shanghai, Peiping, Inner Mongolia, Manchoukuo, Ethiopia, New York, Washington, and other places. It may be that my record of assignments abroad over a period of ten years prompted my bosses to send me into the most completely whirlwind period of travel I shall ever experience. In years gone by there had been great satisfaction in reporting from such far-away places as Olan Nor, Inner Mongolia; Chengteh, Jehol Province, Manchuria; and Harrar, Ethiopia. But my high point of rapid-fire reporting was reached when, in eighteen and a half days, I cabled in quick succession from the following points: Lakehurst, N.J.; Aboard Dirigible *Hindenburg*, Frankfort, Germany; Vienna; Athens; Alexandria, Egypt; Gaza, Palestine; Bagdad, Iraq; Basrah, Iraq; Djask, Iran; Karachi, Jodhpur, Allahabad, and Calcutta, in India; Rangoon, Burma; Bangkok, Siam; Penang, Medan, Singapore, Palembang, Batavia, Balikpapan, Borneo; Zamboanga, Philippine Islands; Manila, Sumay, Guam; Wake Island; Midway Islands; and Honolulu.

Even that list, lengthy as it is, does not include such date-lines as 'Aboard Royal Dutch Air-liner *Kwaak*,' and 'Aboard Pan-American Airways Flying-boat *Hawaii Clipper*.' *Kwaak* means 'Night Heron.'

Not until just before the start was I certain that other journalists were to make a similar start. The New York *Times* announced that its able reporter and keen aviation enthusiast, Leo Kieran, would make the same journey. The announcement came on the Sunday before the Wednesday on which we started.

The gracious and charming Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, of the New York *Evening Journal*, did not appear as a likely travelling companion for the initial portion of the journey until forty-eight hours before time of departure. I understand that Miss Kilgallen, mindful that the late Miss Nellie Bly had been sent round the world by the old New York *World* in 1889 and 1890, volunteered for the assignment. Give her full marks. I do.

Why was the circum-globular air race undertaken? There again I was not taken into the intimate confidence of my employers. I was ordered to fly, and, soldier-fashion, I flew. Mine was not to question why, mine was but to go and fly. I may record, however, that I do not own so much as a single share of stock in any company even remotely connected with aviation. I never received so much as a plugged nickel from any air-line or any branch of the aeronautics industry; the only tips newspaper folks are interested in are news tips.

In commissioning me to travel from New York to New York with the world in between, in the shortest possible time and without resort to any form of surface transportation, the Scripps-Howard Newspapers were following the traditions of the old New York *World*, now an integral part of the New York *World-Telegram*. Miss Nellie Bly's epochal trip was the basis for the assignment which fell to me nearly half a century later.

The old *World* followed through, even unto 1925, when Linton Wells and Edward S. Evans went round this dear little world in something more than twenty-eight days. Accordingly it was quite natural that the gentleman who inherited the traditions of the *World* when they purchased it and merged it with Mr Howard's *Telegram* should still be thinking of sending a reporter round the globe in the shortest time possible. Jules Verne's Phineas Fogg started something that generations of newspaper-men after me will still be continuing.

The Pan-American Airways, Inc., announced that after pioneering of a kind worthy of being described as heroic they were ready to carry passengers across the Pacific Ocean, the

biggest, deepest, and wettest drink of water your correspondent ever saw. "Pan Air," as the company is called among the boys accustomed to crossing the Pacific or the Caribbean or the South Atlantic, bridged the final gap, the great over-water stretch between the Occident and the Orient, when their "Sky-way to Asia" was completed. When El Señor Juan Trippe, President of Pan Air, announced that his clippers would carry passengers as well as mail, freight, and express matter it became obvious that the New York *World-Telegram* and the associated Scripps-Howard Newspapers should try to be the first to send just a working reporter, a man without a heavy title to lug round, to follow in the trail of Miss Nellie Bly and Messrs Wells and Evans.

If my journey resulted in any increase of circulation for the newspapers paying my salary I am happy. If it resulted in greater traffic for the commercial air-lines I am just as well pleased. For I am interested very definitely in increased newspaper circulation and greater 'air-mindedness' on the part of the travelling public. And I feel that every traveller of the skyways is paying a belated tribute to old friends of mine, who made commercial aviation possible by laying down their lives, by cracking up against mountain-sides, tail-spinning into oceans, or getting down into deserts to trek or die on the way out to 'civilization,' as it is called among those who demand showers in their hotel rooms and cream with their oatmeal in the morning.

Commercial aviation has made this a tiny and accessible world. Some years ago would I have dreamed that I could have breakfast in Athens and dinner in Basrah, Iraq; breakfast in Rangoon and dinner in Singapore? The ordinary mortal may, at any time he desires, go from one far-flung spot to another equally far-flung dot on the map if only he has the fare in his pocket. He may see lovely dancing girls in Burma—their green, orange, yellow, and red skirts tangled incredibly around their pretty ankles—one day, and admire glamorous Hollywood girls the next. I can think of few better uses for the marvels of flying.

But the ordinary world traveller, going from here to there by air, will find little of the exotic and no more of the erotic

than may be found on a trip from Cheyenne to Denver. The world is that way. It is the honest truth that the fellow travelling on the elevated railway from the Bronx to Manhattan's lower reaches sees more he should not notice as he gawks into windows than the traveller going from New York to New York with the world in between for the greater glory of the Scripps-Howard chain.

Aviation has brought the world closer physically. But it has not yet made friends and neighbours. Men continue to thumb their noses at other men, especially those across and adjoining their borders. It will require many more miles flown and more hours spent aloft to make men understand that there is nothing to gain in cutting throats just for the sake of being big enough to cut more and bigger and fatter throats. Yet I believe that ease and speed of travel must in the long run make for international friendship, so that there will be less slicing of jugular veins. Until then my toast to air travellers is in the manner of the Chinese—"Yi lu p'ing an." That means, "A peaceful road to you."

What kept me hopping in my eighteen days was the job of discovering copy. The essential news as the eighteen days unrolled in a panorama of land and water was that I had been conveyed by another aeroplane from one dot on the map to another a few thousand miles away. But the bare fact hardly sufficed for Mr Howard's customers: they expect a lot for their three cents, and get it too.

Actually my dispatches were filled of necessity with the trivia of the tour: the little things about men and motors which add up to aviation history in the making. My first sources of 'copy' aboard the L.S. *Hindenburg* on the little jaunt from Lakehurst to Germany were my colleagues and friendly competitors, Miss Kilgallen and Mr Kieran. It was something of a unique experience to turn newspaper people into newspaper copy, and fun to administer their own medicine to them.

I had not met Mr Kieran until two nights before the start, when we faced a microphone together in a broadcasting studio. We met again under the auspices of a 'mike' the following evening. Miss Kilgallen I did not meet until just before we

'went upstairs' aboard the *Hindenburg* from the U.S. Naval Air Station at Lakehurst. As travelling companions as far as Frankfort they were both delightful. As sources of copy in the fifty-eight hours and two minutes we consumed in floating comfortably and luxuriously across the North Atlantic ocean to Frankfort they were life-savers. I was intrigued no end by the fact that when Mr Kieran boarded the *Hindenburg* he wore a brown shirt and continued to wear a brown shirt all the way to Frankfort. Mr Kieran's shirt and the huge swastika on the tail of the *Hindenburg* are tied together in my mind.

Often I eyed that shirt as I sat chatting in the smoking-room of the great airship with Franz von Epp, Governor-General of Bavaria, a gentleman who indicated he knew considerable of what was in the mind of Führer Adolf Hitler.

Other sources of copy aboard the *Hindenburg*, among the forty-four afloat, were Captain Max Pruss, Master of the *Luftschiff*; Dr Otto Merkel, of the Deutsche Lufthansa, the great German commercial aviation organization; Lieutenant-Commander F. H. Gilmer, observer for the U.S. Navy; James S. Shaw, of Boston; "Whitey" Rines, of American Air-lines; Dr Dortmueller, director of the German State Railways; and Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, the delightful Russian who designs and draws beautifully, and who wants to streamline everything he sees. On every other aeroplane I found people worth the investment of cable tolls.

Sending dispatches back to London and New York as I travelled ever eastward was simple. I was able to cable from the *Hindenburg*, from aboard aeroplanes on which I travelled, and from airports at which we stopped for fuel. In transmitting dispatches I was aided by the United Press organization round the world. There was never a time when I had need to resort to any language other than English. Wireless, cable, and telegraphic facilities were uniformly good.

Writing the story was another matter. Normally a reporter sets out to record the unusual, the dramatic, the quirk which would give 'a lead' to his story. I found myself confronted with the most difficult task of all—writing the obvious. The

Hindenburg was making its ninth round-trip crossing of the Atlantic. Its goings and comings were 'old stuff' to the people with whom I had been rubbing shoulders back in New York. Captain Jan Hondong, the "Flying Dutchman" who piloted me from Athens to Batavia, was making his twenty-ninth round trip between Amsterdam and the Netherlands East Indies. As far as Batavia, therefore, the doings of the aircraft were not particularly newsworthy even to a reporter who was assigned to demonstrate without loss of time that any person with funds sufficient for the purchase of tickets could fly completely round the world and entirely by commercial air-lines.

That is why, as I travelled, I recorded the *minutiae* of the journey. To a degree that was rash. Faithfully I recorded that I had lost my hat in an Athens bar-room, and that the wily Greek operating the house of refreshment had refused to re-open his premises before your correspondent left town. The incident has been revived time and time again to plague me since my return. I fear it will continue to arise. I recorded the loss of the hat merely to explain, from Karachi, the splitting headache caused by the blazing sun of the desert refuelling points in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Iran, and India.

It has since developed that it was rash also to have recorded that I was smitten momentarily, but in a very nice way, with the dusky Lady Nancy Marinaberri, native of Sumatra and a subject of the Sultan of Deli. Her ladyship boarded our 'plane at Penang and travelled with us as far as Medan. I think you too would have written of her. And I think you too would have been smitten. Not only was she very good to look upon, but she had great fascination for a reporter whose interest is people. She had divorced the Sultan Muda Tamin-gang of Ocheh, Sumatra.

I asked her, "Why?"

She told me simply that she did not like him. That seemed to be reason enough, so we went on to discuss her travels. That seemed logical. We were passengers together. Lady Nancy, it appeared, was touring Malaya—in search of another Sultan. She had just visited his Highness the Sultan of Treng-

ganu. Obviously the quest was to go on, for her ladyship was yet travelling.

The specialized heartbreaks a reporter encounters on a hurry-up tour are legion. They would not be faced by the ordinary traveller. I ran across one potential story after another. But I could not remain in any one place long enough to develop any of them. After all, eighteen and a half days is not long for a journey round the world when the route of necessity has to be nearly twenty-six thousand miles. Fourteen nights were spent on the ground. Only three days were spent grounded, and that was in Manila, where I had resided nearly two years, away back in 1929 and 1930.

Observations had to be fleeting. Contacts with humankind had to be few. Impressions had to be, and were, superficial. That was distressing. I suspected, and the suspicion has since been confirmed, that upon my return I should be expected to discuss, with assurance and profundity, the major problems of every country through which I passed.

I beg to report that I endured no hardships other than this distress on my journey round the world. When I slept at all, which was very little (but entirely my own fault), I rested in good hotels. At times, as in Vienna, Athens, Jodhpur, and Manila, they were luxurious. I ate well—the same sort of food you were eating at the same time. I drank well. The people I met, whether fellow-travellers, customs, immigration, and medical officials, pilots, members of crews, air-port and hotel attendants, or the folk roaming the streets, were unfailingly courteous and considerate.

There were irksome moments. We were not permitted to smoke while flying the Pacific aboard the *Hawaii Clipper*. It was one of those rare occasions when I regretted some of my bad habits. We were in the air nineteen hours and thirty-six minutes on the 2410-miles flight from Honolulu to San Francisco. A fellow-passenger, Mr Charles Monteith, the executive vice-president of the Boeing Aircraft Company, was in evidence throughout that flight with an unlighted cigar between his lips. He gave Captain E. A. LaPorte, master of the *Hawaii Clipper*, many an anxious moment lest the cigar be lighted from habit or on impulse. He gave me a great desire

to throw him overboard for continually reminding the rest of us that tobacco existed and was even more desirable because taboo.

There were times when it appeared certain for many very bad moments that I should fail on the assignment. While flying from Vienna to Athens aboard the Royal Dutch air-liner *Flamingo* to catch the *Night Heron*, the ship on which I travelled to Batavia, ice formed on the wings. We were able to clear the mountain-tops by only about three hundred feet. There were de-icers on the wings, but Captain Q. Tepaz, master of the *Flamingo*, had never used them. That time he did. They functioned perfectly. Had they failed it would have been necessary to turn back to Athens. Connexions for the Near East and the Far East would have been missed.

There was also an anxious time at Zamboanga, Island of Mindanao, Philippine Islands. Aboard a Royal Netherlands Indies air-liner we flew from Balikpapan, Borneo, to Zamboanga while a typhoon raged which was to endanger the success of the assignment for four days. In the air the ship was in no danger. Pilots and navigators these days know their weather, and they know how to handle their ships. But there was danger on the ground. The winds were blowing coconuts from the trees and were levelling crops on hemp plantations. A little inter-island steamer from Cebu, *en route* to Zamboanga with fuel with which to fly to Manila, had been forced to put back to port. We had landed on a golf-course fairway. There was no hangar. There was no way of securing the ship. Nor was there fuel with which to fly on—until a newspaper-man's contacts of days gone by solved the problem.

With me it has been like that on nearly every story I have ever covered. True, there has been good hard work to supplement the 'breaks' and the blessings bestowed by friends and many times by strangers. There have been hardships and there have been bad 'breaks,' but, looking back, I find they have been more than offset by the generosity and aid of the people nearly always standing by with a helping hand.

That was the case at Zamboanga. I knew that the same typhoon which had us grounded momentarily on Mindanao was holding the *Hawaii Clipper* at Manila. I was under terrific tension. During every minute of the stay at Zamboanga I envisaged improving weather conditions at Manila and departure of the *Hawaii Clipper* for San Francisco—without me. We had to have fuel, and we had to have it fast. It had to be good fuel of an octane sufficiently high to operate our engines without danger of their 'conking out' while dodging the antics of the typhoon. For the benefit of those who give but little thought to their petrol, and without attempting to be technical, octane is the degree of the anti-knock quality of petrol used for internal-combustion engines.

The friends who helped were Fritz Worcester, of the Philippine Coconut Company, Lieutenant-Colonel Luther Rea Stevens, of the Philippines Constabulary, and Captain Joseph Myron Conway, of the United States Army. Noting my desperation, Worcester served effective refreshments at his lovely home fronting a palm-fringed beach. He gave me Oscar, his fish-eating eagle, to play with while I relaxed. He got my thoughts off petrol, aeroplanes, typhoons, and Dutchmen by discussing orchids. He grew them and loved them. He gave me two Walingwaling orchids to take to Manila with me, thereby leading me to believe for as long as was necessary that I should not be forced to cable a resignation and go on the beach at Zamboanga as a reporter who had flopped on an assignment. (For the benefit of orchid fanciers who are not familiar with the Walingwaling as such, it is known among the more erudite as the *Vanda Sanderiana*.)

While the eagle screamed, and Worcester poured drinks and talked orchids, Colonel Stevens and Captain Conway produced all the aviation petrol available in the stores of the Philippines Constabulary and the U.S. Army at Zamboanga. While rain streamed from the wings of our 'plane, grounded precariously between clumps of trees only a hundred and ten feet apart, the all-important fuel was produced and placed at our disposal.

Then began the famous battle with the Dutchmen whose

extreme caution has caused them to operate two of the world's best and most efficient air-lines. They demanded the octane of the petrol, and nobody was certain. It had to be octane eighty, they said, although Mr W. H. Oosten, of the Batavia Petroleum Company at Balikpapan, had mixed octane one hundred petrol in the hope that some would remain in our tanks and raise the standard of whatever fuel we took aboard at Zamboanga.

When the Dutchmen began discussing octane and demanding assurance that the Americans had not given them octane seventy-three I felt certain that hope of leaving Zamboanga for Manila must be abandoned. There were patriotic fulminations by all Americans who could be rallied. We insisted that petrol good enough for American pilots was good enough for Dutchmen to use in an American ship on a flight from Zamboanga to Manila.

I shall never be certain what finally persuaded the pilot, Captain Van Bremer, to take off. I do know that not long after we were in the air and defying the typhoon to keep us from reaching Manila my Dutch friends were all smiles. They had radioed to the U.S. Army Air Corps at Nichols Field, Manila, asking what was the octane of the petrol in the stores of the armed forces at Zamboanga. The answer was that it was octane eighty-seven. That was better than we needed, and the two Wright Cyclone engines hummed like tops all the way to Manila.

You will note that, after all, these details must be classified as *minutiae* as far as the story itself was concerned. They have nothing to do with the types of ships in which I flew, the state of the air-ports at which we stopped, either for a night or merely for fuel. They have little to do with the fact that it has been demonstrated that men and women now may travel round the world entirely by air without having to pilot their own 'planes or have recourse to privately owned aircraft. They have nothing to do with the tremendous strides in aviation which all of us will witness within the next decade.

But they are typical of the questions asked of me by young and old alike as I roam the country to give the readers of

newspapers a view of a working reporter in the flesh. When I have felt disposed to tell of dropping glass bombs containing aluminium powder for the purpose of measuring the drift of clipper ships flying the Pacific, the newspaper readers occupying the seats before me have displayed much more interest in the fact that on my journey I carried three watches. One was set on New York, or American Eastern Standard Time, another on London, or Greenwich Mean Time, and the third was supposed to give local time. We flew eastward so fast that I was never quite able to keep up with the local time. It kept changing from hour to hour.

I digress here to make an observation which may bring down the wrath of some of my colleagues upon my head. It is that, after having had the experience of making two tours of the United States to face personally the people who normally know us only through our dispatches, I believe there would be even better reporting and certainly a better public understanding of the reporter's problems if each of us from time to time were to go out and confront our readers.

The lecture tour which followed my return was definitely a part of the assignment. I have talked to two hundred thousand school children and tens of thousands of grown-ups. They have had a first-hand, if brief, acquaintance with a specimen of those whose lot it is to work in the far corners of the globe, rather than up and down Main Street or in the police stations, courts, and other normal news sources of their own home towns. We have chatted back and forth from platform or stage to the 'floor.'

In the towns and cities of America I have found a lively and intelligent interest in the happenings in the world outside America. Whether quizzed regarding the tripartite relations between China, Japan, and the Soviet Union in the Far East, the merits of the respective sides in the late lamented Italo-Ethiopian war, travel by air, relations between nations in Europe, or the fate of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, I have found that newspaper readers everywhere in the United States are alert to the fact that in this world the belt is being drawn tighter and tighter, and that what occurs in one

country is of the utmost importance to the inhabitants of the others.

This interest is fully reciprocated abroad. The people with whom I talked briefly in a dozen nations in a dozen days—whether they wore turbans or pith helmets or Western clothes—knew a good deal about the social, political, and economic currents in the United States. Wherever I took part in a discussion of the American scene I found not only keen curiosity, but surprising familiarity with the facts. Our Presidential campaign was then getting well under way, and it was a constant surprise to me that people so far from us geographically and socially should be so closely aware of our candidates and our issues. As a reporter for American readers, I have always felt that besides apprising Americans of what is happening abroad, it is one of my functions to tell them what people in other lands are thinking about us.

A foreign correspondent in his homeland needs, in particular, a full realization of the extent to which he is the eyes and ears of America abroad. I have gained that from answering the questions of our readers. I have told them that the task of covering wars is no glamorous business; that war is a matter of brutality and stench and slaughter wholly divorced from any picture of waving flags and blaring bands. When people ask me how war can be 'humanized' I recoil and tell them as best I can that there can be no humanization of the business of sending out masses of men to slay masses of their fellows. I ask them not to get a 'kick' out of reading of soil stained red with blood of those sent into action to be cannon-fodder.

Is this an unwarranted digression on the part of a reporter writing of an assignment in the skies? I do not think so. If modern aviation is to be more than a sport and a money-making device, if it is to be an instrument of peace rather than of war, those of us called on to report aviation progress must take the lead in hammering home the ugliness and futility of warfare. In this, as in everything a reporter touches, he wields an influence larger than he realizes in the hustle and bustle of his exacting day-to-day job.

This correspondent, for one, can only record his deep sense

of responsibility to his American readers. He dedicates himself, consciously and earnestly, to carry on in the tradition established by men such as those represented between these covers—a noble tradition of objectivity, independence, completeness, and scrupulous honesty in reporting this world's news parade.

XVI
PERSIAN INTERLUDE
By **EUGENE LYONS**

Moscow correspondent for the United Press during six years, from 1928 to 1934, which included the launching and completion of the first Five-year Plan, Eugene Lyons was an eyewitness of the most significant phase of the revolution since the overthrow of Tsardom. He was the first correspondent to obtain an interview with Joseph Stalin after the Bolshevik leader's rise to supreme authority; and in January 1931, while on an assignment in Persia, duplicated the feat by obtaining the only Press interview given by the self-made Shah of Persia, Riza Pahlevi, since his coronation. Lyons, who is in his thirty-ninth year, was brought up and educated in New York, leaving college before graduation to enter Labour and other journalism. His first newspaper job was on the Erie (Pennsylvania) *Dispatch* in 1919, followed by work on *Financial America* in Wall Street, hack writing for the publicity departments of film companies, and newspaper jobs with the Paris *Herald*, Boston *Telegram*, and other papers. From 1923 to 1927 he worked in the New York bureau of the official Soviet news agency, Tass, sending American news to Russia. Then he reversed the process, and for six years sent Russian news to America. On leaving Russia he made an extended tour of European countries, gathering material for articles for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and other publications. Since his return to America he has written and lectured extensively on foreign affairs. In 1927 he wrote *The Life and Death of Sacco and Vanzetti*, which has been translated into many languages; the German issue of this book was burned by Hitler in the famous Nazi bonfire. Lyons is also author of *Moscow Carrousel* (1935) and editor of *Six Soviet Plays*, the first anthology of representative Soviet drama in the English language. His articles have appeared in such varied periodicals as *Esquire*, *The Literary Digest*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *Variety*, *The American Mercury*, *The New Outlook*.

PERSIAN INTERLUDE

THE action of the Shah's Government, late in 1932, in annulling the D'Arcy Concession, under which the Anglo-Persian Oil Company operates, confronted the British Government with another major crisis in its eternal job of holding that empire together.

The company's profits were the least of the stakes involved. There was the strategic importance of a fuel base for John Bull's Navy in the Near East. More important still, there was the question of British prestige in the face of Pan-Islamic agitation and colonial unrest. Riza Shah Pahlevi, the self-made monarch, while maintaining friendly relations with both Russia and England, and playing one against the other in traditional style, had yet succeeded in making of himself a symbol of defiance against Europe. Like his Muscovite neighbours, he adopted Western ideas and Western industry in order to be free of the West. The cancellation of the concession was one more flamboyant gesture of independence.

No one doubted that a slight increase in the oil royalties would reconcile his Majesty to British Imperialism—he was building a real army, railways, cement factories, and fighting recalcitrant tribesmen in sections of his country, all of which cost money. But, while exacting a little more cash, he was not averse to a bonus of political credit. Patriotic Persians, of their own free will or with official encouragement, turned the annulment into an anti-British holiday. Thousands of rugs fluttered outside houses in token of celebration, and London feared that their fluttering might fan the fires of a larger revolt.

In private the negotiators spoke softly of percentages and advances on future royalties. In public both Governments spoke sharply, and the world Press began to write of impending war between Persia and Great Britain: a fantastic idea, but serviceable enough for headline purposes. The Persian lion, if you have seen the Iranic coat of arms, is a curly-haired, manicured,

and decorative creature, and one might as reasonably match a Persian kitten against the British Lion.

The United Press, however, had no intention of being caught unawares, no matter how slim the likelihood of fighting: it ordered its Moscow correspondent to rush to Teheran.

For weeks I had read the news of the Persian controversy in the casual way one reads of Chinese floods or South American revolutions or other chronic disorders. The Soviet empire in a period of tragic trouble was job enough, and left me little margin of attention for trouble beyond its frontiers. The Kremlin at this time was going to extraordinary extremes to maintain a lacquered surface; at the precise moment of the formal completion of the first Five-year Plan it was determined to hide from the world its cumulative woes. The famine in the Ukraine and North Caucasus was assuming catastrophic dimensions; a new scourge of arrests and executions was under way. A quarrel about oil in Persia, therefore, seemed a lot farther off than two thousand miles.

Yet suddenly, by virtue of a brief cable from the London office, the Persian story was in my lap. What had been casual and a little abstract one minute was close and immediate the next minute.

Actually I was packed in the hope of a European holiday, and my family, in Berlin, waited for word of my departure. Instead I telephoned to inform them that I was leaving right away for Persia, which is an indication of the uncertainties of life with a correspondent. The arrangements called for absolute secrecy, so that I might be the first, if not the only, full-fledged American newspaper-man on the scene when the fireworks started. That evening Mrs Lyons, under instructions to guard the secret, discovered that my Persian assignment was common knowledge at the Adlon bar. But no one else hurried to the scene. I was to have Persia exclusively, and there were to be no fireworks after all.

The Persian Legation in Moscow had no authority to issue *visas* except upon explicit instructions from its home office. This is a precaution a good many other Governments also take to guard against Bolshevik contagion. I could not take the time for such formalities, and pleaded for an exception to the rule.

The Persian Minister reassured me. "You just go on to Baku," he said. "By the time you get there—that's three days from now—our Consulate will certainly have instructions to give you the *visa*."

I cabled my London headquarters, which cabled New York to arrange with the State Department in Washington to cable the American Minister in Teheran to see to it that the Foreign Office cabled Moscow to telegraph Baku to issue my *visa*. As simple as that.

The Persian Consul in Baku, three days later, turned out a most affable and sympathetic gentleman. "*Baly, baly,*" he agreed with my every argument. Unfortunately he had never heard of me or my mission. He would immediately, he assured me, wire Moscow to wire Teheran to wire Baku, or conversely, if I preferred, he would wire Teheran to wire Moscow to wire Baku. I might be obliged to miss the boat that was leaving for Pahlevi, on the Persian rim of the Caspian Sea, that afternoon. But what of it? Another boat sails next week. *Baly, baly.*

I search my memory in vain for the facts on how I flattered and frightened and bludgeoned that gentleman into issuing a *visa*, despite all the regulations and despite an Oriental distaste for shouldering responsibility. Desperation made me eloquent and resourceful. When the boat chugged into the stormy waters of the Caspian Sea I was on board.

From the moment I stepped on Persian soil at Pahlevi (formerly Enzeli) I became acutely aware of the Shah. His is a presence more tangible, more pervasive, than the mountains on the southern horizon. He is more than a powerful ruler to be feared or loved or hated. He is a symbol of Shahdom as such, a sort of summary of millennia of rulers: legend, threat, something at once intimate and forbidding. Everywhere his portrait, with its beaked eagle nose and beetling eyebrows, looked down commandingly from ugly lithographs. Everywhere his name was spoken in whispers. Waiters, porters, casual travel acquaintances on the boat and at the chilly hotel, reflected a peculiar awe and uneasiness when I mentioned the Shah.

The determination to interview him had grown upon me in the days between Moscow and Pahlevi. War or no war, the first

interview with this King of Kings since his coronation in 1926 would be a scoop of sorts. Two years earlier I had been the first newspaper-man, through luck which I was content to pass off as pluck, to talk to another and equally inaccessible Asiatic ruler, one Joseph Stalin. The desire to duplicate the stunt expanded into a minor obsession the more I thought of it. That Riza Shah Pahlevi had refused to let himself be cornered for publication was common journalistic knowledge. Once or twice he had talked to foreign writers, but not for quotation: mere social meetings rather than professional interviews. Several colleagues, I knew, had invested weeks and months knocking at the gates of the imperial palace, and got nothing but bruised knuckles out of it.

From the growing roll of self-made dictators the name of Riza Shah is usually omitted, although it belongs there by any standards of classification. Because he occupies a throne passed down from Cyrus, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes, it is forgotten that he did not inherit that jewel-studded contraption. He seized it by military force and cunning, after riding into power—like his Asiatic neighbours, Stalin, Kemal Pasha, and Chiang Kai-shek—on a wave of nationalistic sentiment.

Like Stalin and Kemal too, he dedicated his unlimited dictatorship to industrialization, Western ways, and independence of the outside world. There was a moment, in fact, when the parallel with the Turkish leader was almost made complete. Riza Khan in 1925 hesitated whether to appoint himself President or King of Kings, and finally selected the ancient title as better suited to the political inexperience of his realm.

Of the dictatorial nature of his authority there can be no doubt. He is omnipotent as only an Oriental ruler can be, disposing of the life and property of every one in his domain as private chattels. The Persian Constitution, fruit of bloody struggles, is formally in force. In practice it is subordinated to the uncurbed will of the monarch. "We cannot as yet afford the luxury of democracy," his Excellency Dadgar, President of the Medjlis, or Parliament, was to tell me in the course of an afternoon's talk—a standard alibi for dictatorship. The deputies are practically hand-picked by the Shah, and it is said that they submit undated resignations to be used at his con-

venience before they assume office. In any case, Parliamentary opposition to the Shah's slightest whim is unthinkable.

Over and above these political powers, exercised in a spirit of almost medieval absolutism, is the personality of this self-willed soldier, ruthless, headstrong, relishing his might with the lusty appetite of the humbly born. His tempestuous nature is disciplined by his will and tempered by genuine patriotism. But when it breaks through these restraints there is more than a touch of Ivan the Terrible about his behaviour. The stories of how he treats those who arouse his ire, even unto the highest ecclesiastic dignitaries, sound incredible to Western ears.

Small wonder that he represents a temptation and a challenge to newspaper-men who find themselves in his precincts.

The only way to get from the Caspian coast to the capital, barring a private aeroplane, is by car across the lofty Elburz Mountains. The dilapidated 'flivver' for which I finally struck a bargain through an interpreter was driven by a ragged, taciturn fellow, made up like a stage bandit. It was a dreary and exhausting climb through mountain wilderness and swamp jungle, along pockmarked and treacherous paths, with only a rare camel caravan to remind me that the world was still inhabited. At two or three points *opéra bouffe* soldiers inspected our documents and made a record of our passage; they held leisurely conferences over my passport. This empty gesture of policing only added colour to the tall tales of banditry on this road to which I had been treated at breakfast by a Persian-American. The gist of his consoling narrative seemed that the murder of foreigners for their clothes, cash, and luggage was a local speciality. The company of my own piratical monitor was scarcely reassuring, and I found myself wishing I had selected less prosperous-looking baggage for my journey.

We were shaken in the ancient flivver like dice in a box, but finally, towards sundown, reached the crest of the mountain, a snow-covered plateau that flowed without visible break into spotless skies to make a dazzling universe of pure white. There are scenes in one's experience that remain fixed and complete in memory, like framed pictures in the mind's gallery, and for me this is one of them. Beauty is a narrow word to convey the

curious sense of isolation from the familiar world on a plane of unearthly and boundless white; physical lightness at this elevation of over eight thousand feet seemed a quality of the whiteness.

A score of men were on the plateau clearing a path through the snow for cars and lorries headed in both directions, some of which had been waiting for twenty-four hours. The men had been at the task for days, after a seasonal snowdrift, and only the lucky accident that we arrived when the job was nearly done enabled us to proceed with a mere two hours' wait. Soon we were at Kasvin, famous as the point from which a daring soldier made a surprise march on the capital back in 1921 which was to land him ultimately on the Peacock Throne; everything in modern Persia takes its special significance from the Arabian Nights story of the trooper who became Shah.

Although it was almost midnight when I reached Teheran, the affable Charles D. Hart, a former Washington correspondent, then American Minister to Albania, and finally to Persia, urged me to come over to the Legation beyond the city walls. He knew precisely how I felt after the mountain crossing. He knew that the chill discomforts of the best hotel in the capital only emphasized the desolate sense of strangeness and the need for human contact.

When the fire was lit in the grate, and the highballs had begun to thaw the chill out of my bones, Mr Hart asked how long I planned to remain.

"Until I interview the Shah," I replied ingenuously.

Mr Hart laughed a sympathetic but definitive laugh. As a former newspaper-man, he had every right to express his scepticism without diplomatic reserve. In that case, he told me, Teheran would have the pleasure of my presence for the rest of my life.

"Oh, you'll get plenty of promises," Mr Hart said. "Orientals don't like to say no to visitors. Other correspondents got such promises. But nothing will come of it. You will hang around for weeks, for months, as they did, but the interview will never come through. A few foreigners have been in the Shah's presence, and one or two subsequently wrote about these

visits, but no out-and-out reporter has yet been admitted for an out-and-out interview."

When I returned to the hotel in the wee hours and felt my way through the kerosene-lit corridor to my room I knew that I could expect no encouragement, let alone help, from the American Legation. Mr Hart quite sensibly had no intention of joining a quixotic hunt for the impossible. Though I saw him and other members of the Legation frequently in the next two weeks nothing more was said on the subject.

At the end of that time, as I was walking up the main street, Mr Hart, passing in the Legation car, pulled up to the kerb for a chat. We talked of this and that, and when he was about to depart I said, as casually as I could manage, "Oh, by the way, his Majesty will receive me to-morrow morning at ten."

"Say that again, and say it slowly."

I said it again, not without relish: Riza Shah Pahlevi next morning was to go through his first interview since he became Shah-an-Shah.

Mr Hart opined that he would be damned, and pumped my hand in incredulous congratulation.

Others had been no more encouraging than the American Minister. It was desperation rather than self-confidence that kept me pressing for the regal audience. The 'war' was not even a remote possibility, and little less than a session with the King of Kings would justify the long journey and the longer expense account.

Persian Ministers seemed to shrink visibly at the mention of the Shah. The suggestion that my petition for an interview be placed before him sounded like a bid for blasphemy, like asking Aaron the High Priest to open the Holy of Holies to an infidel. Diplomats advised me not to try the impossible, almost in Mr Hart's words. Ordinary citizens only stared pop-eyed at such incredible assurance.

My strongest hopes were pinned, none too firmly, on the redoubtable Timur-Tash, long the Premier, and reputed to be the power behind the throne. Timur-Tash had travelled in Europe, would know the meaning of the name United Press, and would recognize the importance of winning American

sympathy in the current *fracas*. An appointment was arranged for a certain noon.

Arriving at the palace at the appointed hour, I was informed that his Highness Timur-Tash, most regrettably, had fallen ill and begged to apologize. There was that in the manner of the embarrassed secretaries, and an air of confusion in the very stones of the palace, which convinced me that the illness was of a mysterious nature.

"Ill? *How* ill?" I made no attempt to hide my disbelief and indignation. A definite engagement had been made, my interview with the Shah was at stake, and I was being given the Persian equivalent of a run-around.

"Well, I don't know. But I think seriously ill . . ." the secretary said, fidgeting uncomfortably.

"How long will it be before he's cured?" I loaded the query with irony.

"At least a month—perhaps more," the secretary said.

I demanded paper and pen and indited a letter of regret expressive of my dismay at such cavalier treatment. Was that a sample of the boasted Persian hospitality? Was it for this that a great American news agency took the trouble to send its plenipotentiary across continents and seas? As I wrote I got madder and madder—so mad, in fact, that I ordered poor Musa, my interpreter, to drive straight to the Premier's private residence outside town. I would have my pound of flesh if I had to weigh it out in a sickroom.

"It isn't done, Mr Lyons," Musa pleaded.

"Isn't it? Just watch!"

Half an hour later we were at the Timur-Tash estate. A gatekeeper explained that he was under stringent instructions to admit no one. But I induced him at long last to take the letter and my card to his master. Fifteen minutes of waiting brought only an elaborate apology and a repeated assurance that Timur-Tash was 'sick.' The gatekeeper's manner was as good as quotation marks round the word 'sick.'

I then carried my reinforced indignation to the editorial chambers of the official paper. On my first day in Teheran I had managed a meeting with its editor. I had talked to him as one newspaper-man to another, and exacted a promise of

assistance in getting the truth about Persia to a waiting world. Indeed, my visit had been turned into front-page news; if the story exaggerated my standing and influence in forming public opinion in America I was not wholly blameless. Musa had informed me that the Shah reads that paper daily, and it was my initial step in introducing myself to his Majesty.

The editor listened to my account of the Premier's faked illness to the bitter end. Then he smiled.

"Yes," he agreed, "that's all sad. Very sad. But his Highness Timur-Tash is in a much worse plight than you are. The fact of the matter is that he was placed under house arrest this morning by order of his Majesty. . . . You may be interested to know that his agreement to receive you for an interview was the Premier's last official act before his arrest."

That put a new face on the matter.

"Is the arrest generally known?"

"No, it's a secret as yet. Only half a dozen of us have been taken into confidence. You're the first foreigner, I am sure, to know of it."

By a fluke I was thus able to inform the world, exclusively, of the fall of the redoubtable Timur-Tash, whose rise to power had been one of the most romantic sagas of the East in the last decade. Timur-Tash never recovered from his 'illness.' The house arrest turned into a prison arrest. Some six months later I read in Moscow that he had died mysteriously in prison. Others who had fallen from grace had died mysteriously in prison before him.

The ten days that followed this set-back were a much-told tale of hope deferred. I wrote routine dispatches about the oil quarrel while conniving for that regal interview. High officials who undertook to relay my request for an audience advised me that his Majesty was disinclined. After a while it dawned on me that these officials were probably inferring the kingly reluctance: they simply could not muster the courage to transmit my message.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs (later Premier), Mirza Mohammed Ali Foroughi Khan, a charming black-bearded gentleman who spoke excellent English, was entirely sympathetic. He would leave no stone unturned to get me into the

Throne Room. He was convinced of the need for an interview to put Persia's case before world opinion. But, alas! the Shah-an-Shah was obdurate. . . .

It was then that I decided on the most obvious and therefore untried stratagem. I wrote to the Shah directly, drawing upon memories of the Arabian Nights for forms of address and magniloquent periods of humility. I saw to it that the letter was delivered at the royal residence. The acceptance of petitions from the lowliest is a tradition as old as Asia. It is no accident that both Stalin and Riza Shah are reputed to read and reply to all letters addressed to them personally. I know of an instance where Stalin personally, because of a letter, intervened to obtain an extension of residence *visa* for an American woman in Moscow. I was told how the Shah had stopped his gold-trimmed and diamond-studded car to receive a petition from a beggar woman in a Teheran street. Could he ignore a petition from an American reporter?

Apparently he could. Two or three days of silence seemed to prove it. I made arrangements for a disappointed departure. And at that point the Foreign Office called for me. The Minister in person received me.

"I am pleased to advise you that his Majesty has agreed most graciously to give you an interview. I am happy that I have succeeded."

I thanked him profusely and said nothing about his unequivocal statement days earlier that he had failed to move the Shah. In my own mind I had no doubt that the letter had done the trick, though H. H. Foroughi doubtless had helped.

His Highness Foroughi's announcement was followed by elaborate hints from other quarters that I must have myself instructed in the 'protocol' for the occasion—how to dress, how to enter, how to deport myself, and, most important of all, how to back out!

It was this prospect of backing out, if not gracefully at least safely, that loomed most disturbingly ahead of me. Backers-out, like poets, are born, not made. It sounds like a simple manœuvre, but try it sometimes in the privacy of your own room and find out. Imagine a stern and perhaps menacing royal eye fixed on your plebeian insignificance as you walk

backward some thirty feet, heading (that is to say, backing) for an invisible doorway. Try to down the panicky feeling that you are backing into a cupboard door or a fragile and priceless statue under the impression that it is an emergency exit.

My impression of a fierce, incalculable potentate had been confirmed from the moment I landed. Anecdotes retailed in the foreign colony strengthened the impression with forbidding strokes. The disgrace of Timur-Tash, in particular, was a text richly embroidered day after day with details of the Shah's unbridled temper and ferocity. The story that when he dislikes a visitor he draws a revolver and shoots him down is patently untrue, but it characterizes the man's reputation. Getting to the Shah might be a formidable task, but getting out of his presence unscathed would be a miracle.

The news that Riza Shah had agreed to be interviewed got round Teheran with lightning speed.

It caused a slight flurry at diplomatic bridge tables and at the more exclusive clubs—both of them. Congratulations were tinged with pity. In a jovial vein, of course, but hardly calculated to set my nerves at ease. The Shah-an-Shah, they said, was as likely as not to explode into one of those famous fits. Don't in any circumstances wear a ring, they said, or a wrist-watch, as such baubles are lighted matches to his Majesty's highly inflammable temper. (Covertly I removed the sky-blue turquoise I had picked up that morning in the bazaar.)

"That's all right," an American diplomat said consolingly. "We will have an ambulance waiting outside the palace gates."

"Why bother with an ambulance?" Count Somebody put in gently. "Have the hearse ready."

Such is the sinister aura surrounding the King of Kings. It explains why most of the excitement of interviewing him comes before the event. Helpful diplomats, erudite in royal etiquette, coached me on the 'protocol' of calling on Eastern monarchs.

It begins with a series of profound bows from the waist, properly spaced across the length of the reception chamber. It involves an appropriate arrangement of facial muscles and careful control of one's plebeian tongue. Finally there is the same

row of obeisances in reverse order during the delicate operation of backing out.

A little expert instruction in the fine art of elegant retreat was provided by a prince of the very family whom Riza Shah had eased off the Persian throne. That was, in a way, the most curious episode in the whole business.

The evening before my scheduled interview, it happened, I dined with Prince Amir Esmail Malek Mansour Kadjar, grandson of the great Shah Nasr ud Din and first cousin to the last Kadjar Shah. The former ruling family is not only permitted (in the main) to remain alive, but is left (in the main) in possession of its real estate.

Prince Ismail bears the Shah no grudge. His interests run to modern agronomy and philosophizing rather than crowns. Indeed, the work of national revival being pushed by Riza Shah has the complete sympathy of this member of the ousted dynasty. It was with absolute goodwill, therefore, that the spectacled young Prince offered some pointers on the proper behaviour in audience with a Shah.

One of the family seats still in Kadjar hands is Parc Mansourieh: a cold, rambling, slightly depressing place, its grandeur sadly faded and stamped with the mark of impoverishment. Here Nasr ud Din Shah—"Grandpa," as the Prince referred to him all the evening—scowled down from his frame, over the fireplace he had imported from France, on a company of eight or ten men, in which I was the only foreigner.

Maybe it *was* tactless to make so much fuss in his presence about an invitation from the upstart trooper who had cut off the Kadjar line. But I was too full of the impending meeting to repress the news. "Grandpa's" enormous moustaches seemed to bristle in justified annoyance, but the younger Kadjar became almost as excited as his American guest.

The scene that followed is worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan. Prince Ismail recalled his own life in the great palace while his roly-poly cousin still sat cross-legged on the Peacock Throne (when he was not spending money and accumulating fat in France). He described State occasions when notable foreigners had come to call upon the Shah-an-Shah.

Then he proceeded to teach me how to bow properly and

how to back out safely. There was a rich piquancy in this spectacle of a Kadjar prince instructing an American how to retreat becomingly from the presence of that swashbuckling 'impostor,' the first of the new Pahlevi line.

Not that it did any good. Backers-out, I discovered (and as I have already said), are born, not made. Another thing I discovered, leaving Parc Mansourieh at midnight, was that I had spent the evening across the street from the Shah's brand-new palace. With a forbearance hard to understand—especially for anyone fresh from Moscow—the new monarch is allowing members of the former ruling house to live quietly as his next-door neighbours.

I passed the walls of the Pahlevi Palace. An ominous silence enveloped the Shah's residence like another higher wall. All wheeled traffic is cut off for blocks around after nightfall, and even loud talk is quickly quelled by soldiers. Highly embellished guards stand at rigid attention at the gates. My footsteps echoed hollowly in the silence. My premonition of a fierce, scowling, unapproachable Eastern monarch grew and grew.

The sense of unease generated by all that I had heard about Riza Shah—by more that had been unsaid but implied—by the impenetrable mystery and hush surrounding him—was with me when I went to sleep at the Hotel Palace. It added a sharp spice to the meeting next morning.

The Westerner in Teheran is almost more conscious of exotic sounds than of exotic sights. Before sleep is fully shaken off those sounds insinuate themselves into his waking mood: the sad singsong of hucksters crying their wares, the laments of a beggar, the shrill plaints of muleteers and camel-drivers urging on reluctant animals. The soft rhythms of approaching flutes he recognizes, having been in the city for two weeks, as the music by which Persian soldiers march. He cannot get over the faint amusement at the incongruity between warriors with fixed bayonets and the unmartial strains. It is a constant element in the fantastic, unreal quality of life there for the uninitiated.

My costume that morning possibly was of a piece with the slightly theatrical setting. Having arrived unprepared for such

an emergency, I was fitted out by friends. The borrowed shirt fitted, but the morning-coat and striped trousers—although George Wadsworth, then first secretary of the American Legation, looks elegant in them—were a few sizes too big. Too much of a good thing, as it were. The search for a silk hat had failed utterly. A skull of my particular size and shape, it seems, had never before butted into Teheran's placid existence. I therefore set out in a battered slouch hat and in a camel's-hair over-coat which made every passing caravan shout recognition. A really impressive car had been hired for the grand entry into the palace precincts—its splendour somewhat marred perhaps by the legend "Teheran Transport Company. For Hire," lettered in bold crimson characters across the bonnet.

Determined not to be caught napping, I rehearsed the protocol of bows in my mind on the way to the palace. His Majesty must not suspect that Imperial audiences are not routine everyday episodes in my life. Even the fact that the Master of Ceremonies of the Court, his Highness Amir-Nezam, met me so genially and greeted me in such workmanlike English did not mislead me. I was not to be trapped by his urbanity into being *gauche* in the Shah's presence. Diplomatic counsel and Prince Ismail's efforts must not prove in vain. I gave up the slouch hat and the blond coat, but held on firmly in my mind to the protocol.

Amir-Nezam wore a tan uniform, a toothbrush moustache, the inevitable inverted dishpan of a hat, and a reassuring smile. He led me across magnificent gardens, between mirror-smooth pools, to the Pahlevi Palace, and up a broad carpeted marble staircase. And there, all too soon, all too suddenly, in the very midst of a nonchalant comment on the balmy weather, I was in the work-chamber of the King of Kings.

It was all disconcerting, anti-climactic. Enough to make a romantic reporter feel a little cheated. Amir-Nezam executed a deep, an inimitable obeisance at the threshold, and escaped, leaving me at the mercy of the protocol. But I had not quite unbent from the first of the prescribed bows when Riza Shah Pahlevi, who should have been scowling at me from a jewelled throne, strode across the room, smiling kindly and offering me the royal palm for a handshake mentioned nowhere in the rules

of the game. It was not a condescending hand-clasp either, but a robust, hearty, businesslike grip.

Then he offered me a chair near the fireplace, another to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, his Highness Foroughi, who had preceded me, and the interview was under way. For the next fifty minutes H. H. Foroughi sat on the edge of his chair, eyes downcast and voice reverential, as he interpreted from English to Persian and back. I guessed that it was the first time he had ever sat down in his monarch's presence.

At this late date it will do no harm to record that the interview was 'framed' in advance. I was to ask five prescribed questions, to which his Majesty would make five prescribed answers. The whole thing was to be a cut-and-dried formality. The questions were duly asked and answered, and in accordance with all the arrangements I should have been dismissed at the end of those five minutes. The Minister for Foreign Affairs expected it—I expected it—and the Shah probably expected it.

But to the Minister's astonishment, my own delight, and perhaps his Majesty's surprise as well, I was not dismissed. Having allowed a reporter into his presence, the Shah seemed to relish the experience, and made no move to end it. On the contrary, he smiled invitingly for me to shoot more questions.

It was there, in the Shah's work-room, that I made a solemn vow. Never again, I pledged in my secret mind, would I come into the presence of the great of this world without scores of questions carefully prepared in advance for an hour or two of interview—even if the arrangements called for only a few minutes of it. Once before, in November 1930, I had been caught off guard. I had faced Stalin for what was understood to be a 'two-minute' conference—just long enough to enable me to testify that the reports of his 'assassination' were exaggerated. At the end of the two minutes I found that Stalin was in no hurry, and there I was without a programme of interrogation. I remained in Stalin's offices nearly two hours, and for ever after would reproach myself for having failed in the excitement of the thing to ask significant questions. And here I was again, facing another dictator, with a crackling fire in

the grate, oodles of time ahead, and no questions prepared beyond a dull prearranged routine.

The substance of that interview was published in the world Press at the time. His Majesty defended his course of action in annulling the D'Arcy Concession. He expressed genuine friendship and admiration for America. He voiced his hopes for a new Persia, absorbing modern ideas and Western technique without sacrificing its own rich cultural traditions. There was nothing startling in any of these pronouncements. Anyone might have foretold them. Indeed, it would have been surpassing strange had he taken another tack.

What interested me more than his views was his manner, his personality. Although he knows Russian, having started his fantastic career as a common trooper in a Russian-commanded regiment, his nationalistic conscience forbids him to speak anything but his native tongue. The cumbersome process of translation gave me welcome intervals for studying the Shah and his setting.

His Majesty is a tall man, broad of shoulder, with a truly regal military bearing. Only the powerful chin-line beginning to blur in encroaching flesh and the grey in his plentiful hair gave away his sixty years. His face was still unlined, and his lively greenish eyes still youthful. His ready smile uncovered a strong set of flawless white teeth under the thick steel-grey moustaches. His most striking feature, so well advertised in hundreds of thousands of profile portraits hung everywhere in the land, is the prominent beaked nose, a large gash across its bridge—memento, it is said, of a sword fight when he was still a private soldier.

He was dressed in utter simplicity, in a semi-military khaki outfit reminding me inevitably of Stalin's habitual dress. Perhaps as a token of the first step in his climb to power, under Cossack officers, the Shah was wearing the sort of Russian blouse known as a *tolstovka*, flaring from the waist under a broad black belt. It was without decorations, except for gold buttons and a tiny gold coronet in silhouette on either shoulder. Long, narrow trousers ended, incongruously, above blue leather house-slippers. Throughout the audience, of course, he wore a visored hat, as prescribed by Moslem custom, and his

long, capable fingers toyed with a short string of tiny, highly polished amber beads, from which dangled an exquisite silver tassel.

The simplicity of his appearance, running counter to all one's preconceptions of Oriental magnificence, was reflected in the modest work-chamber, where the three of us talked round the fireplace. The imperial office was astonishingly unpretentious. The 'throne' was an armchair behind a flat-top desk, both completely and delicately mosaicked in ivory and gold: the only touch of real Eastern splendour in the room. The sole visible sceptres were some pens and pencils on the desk. For the rest, it was a room such as the head of a large American corporation might frown on as too simple. A large wall-map of Persia dominated the room; fine rugs were scattered on the floor; a stack of books and pamphlets rested in one corner.

The Shah leaned forward politely to hear questions, his narrow eyes lighting up quickly with humour when I ventured rather unorthodox queries. He spoke slowly, a little hesitantly. Even through the veil of an unknown language I could see him groping for words now and then. Speech, I felt, was scarcely his natural medium of expression. Action, energy, single-mindedness, are the channels of his will. Perhaps he was hinting that very thing in answering a question I put to him. I wanted to know how he explained his amazing rise from obscurity to the throne.

"I am a soldier," he replied, and the beads of amber sped through his fingers, "a simple soldier—and I enjoy the job I am doing."

No one in Persia has any doubt as to what that job is. It is to free his country from foreign domination, to 'Westernize' it in terms of industry and technique, to shake off the millennia of sleep which have kept the East backward and apathetic.

What I visualized as perhaps ten minutes of a stiff audience, bound in formalities, had stretched to nearly an hour of pleasant, effortless conversation. The Shah, for all his ominous reputation, can be urbane, thoroughly human, even democratic, when he chooses.

When we rose for leave-taking he shook hands again. He protracted the vigorous grip while I had my last say.

"Your Majesty will probably forget this meeting in twenty minutes," I said, "but for me it will remain an experience to remember all my life."

"No, no," he protested smilingly. "After all, I do not often receive foreign journalists."

Outside the palace his Highness Amir-Nezam was waiting for me. The giant cup of silvery mountains in which Teheran rests was ablaze with sunshine. From somewhere on the other side of the palace came the faint, plangent singsong of a fruit-vendor.

"Well?" his Majesty's Master of Ceremonies asked, a twinkle in his eyes.

And then I suddenly remembered that I should have backed out!

Little is known about the Shah's past. Rumour and fact are hard to disentangle. Most Persians do not try. The rumours are as much a part of the glamorous legend of their self-made Shah as the facts. What matter if they sometimes contradict one another? Even his age is in dispute, though he certainly passed sixty several years ago. He comes of hardy North Persian landholding stock, was brought up in relative poverty, and took to soldiering from the very start.

His youth and early manhood were spent in barracks and in military campaigns, with scarcely a hint of the triumphs which awaited his maturity. Few of his comrades were sufficiently impressed to remember him in those days: he has practically no boyhood friends. From his subsequent behaviour it is possible to surmise how he must have resented the orders barked out at him by Russian officers; how it must have rankled to do guard duty before the doors of foreign legations. The bitterness then stored up was fated to make history for his country.

The Russian revolution loosened the Tsarist bonds in the North, and Riza Khan, by that time at the head of his regiment, used the opportunity for a *coup d'état* that eventually put him on the throne. The walled-in capital of Persia awoke one memorable morning in February 1921 to find a dictatorial military order posted on its mud-coloured walls. It was signed with a new and totally unknown name—Riza Khan Pahlevi.

Instinctively the inhabitants knew that the unfamiliar syllables

spelled out Fate for their land. The name reverberated through the narrow, winding alleys between windowless house-fronts, through the miles-long maze of covered bazaars. It penetrated mosques, harems, chancelleries. Through the twelve sky-blue mosaicked gateways of old Teheran it spread to the rest of the country.

That day Riza Khan marched from Kazvin to the capital, overthrew the Government, and made himself Minister for War in a new Government. Two years later he was Premier as well as commander-in-chief of the army. In December 1925 he cleared out the ancient Kadjar line and became the first of a new dynasty. To-day he is Shah-an-Shah, Persia's King of Kings, heir to all the glories of the Persian monarchy, and one of the few absolute rulers extant.

From the moment he entered Teheran triumphantly at the head of his army he was the real ruler. It mattered little that the obese young man Ahmed Sultan Shah was still on the throne. Riza's coronation, early in 1926, only set the seal of history on an established dictatorship. Gone was the effete, routine Shah-dom. Something young, ruthless, and energetic stirred to life in sluggish Iran, and Riza Shah was its embodiment.

Western clothes were decreed for all men; soldiers with shears stopped wayfarers at the gates and clipped the skirts of their long caftans to coat length. Marriage laws were reformed to give the inmates of the harem a little more freedom. Elementary education was extended. The construction of roads, railways, factories, and schools was undertaken.

First and last the Shah saw to his defences. For the first time in a thousand years the Persians watched the development of a real, independent, and disciplined army, able at least to cope with recalcitrant tribal chiefs and brigands, if not yet with the outside world.

But the mystery attached to his name on that February morning has not dissolved. Few persons, even in the capital, even among political leaders closest to his energetic reign, can tell specifically whence he arose and why.

When occasion calls for it the Shah can outdo his predecessors in showy grandeur. At such times he mounts the Peacock Throne—a platform of surpassing ugliness it is—in the dizzying

magnificence of Golestan Palace, even his strong military figure dwarfed by the Imperial robes heavy with gold and precious stones. But it is a nuisance. His tastes are more subdued. The palace in which he received me, and where he lives with his younger wife, opulent by any ordinary standards, is simplicity itself when contrasted with Golestan Palace, which he abandoned. He has only two wives, which, as such goods are reckoned in Persia, is also extremely modest.

Who are the Shah's close friends? Has he any cronies? Nobody could answer these questions for me, for the simple reason that he hasn't any. The Shah stands alone, quite alone, on the great heights which he has scaled. He shares his enormous tasks with no one, perhaps because there are few in whom he can repose sufficient confidence. Unquestionably the world's hardest-working monarch, he rises as early as four A.M., and controls details which never even come to the attention of other rulers. Three or four months each year he spends 'on the road,' taking personal charge of punitive expeditions and making a personal check-up of construction jobs under way. Travel in Persia, moreover, cannot be smoothed even for a Shah. It means weeks and months of jogging over pockmarked roads across mountains and deserts.

As time goes on the Shah's interest centres more and more upon the heir to his throne, a boy of nineteen studying in a Swiss school at the time I was in Teheran. The determination to make the Pahlevi dynasty permanent is becoming the dominant passion of his existence, to an extent overshadowing even his flaming nationalism. He knows too well that swords of intrigue and ambition hang perilously over his son's head, ready to descend when the first Pahlevi departs.

Somehow he must prolong his own life, despite the necessity for a staggering burden of work and responsibility. Somehow he must toughen the fibre of his son to make him strong enough to perpetuate the Pahlevi line. These are objectives in which he must of necessity stand alone against the world.

The isolation of unlimited power is a deeply tragic element in the Shah's life. Being self-made, he cannot take his position for granted, but must fortify it with his own hands day after day. Hard-boiled, essentially plebeian in his psychological make-up,

he does not minimize the envy of those under him, nor accept at face value the adulation of his subjects.

In his youthful eyes, as we parted that morning, I thought I detected a sort of nostalgia. Surely I was not imagining it. Once he was down there, among us, one of the madding crowd, a common soldier with an illiterate peasant girl for a wife, in the rough-and-tumble of an existence he relished to the last drop. Now he is at the apex, defending a jewelled throne, turned from a human being into a symbol.

In the mental picture of him which I carried away, which will remain with me, there is a touch of wistfulness, a suggestion of pain. I saw those things in his eyes, in the movement of his fingers playing with golden beads of amber. I think I caught a glimpse of the human being under the imperial surface.

I retraced the road over the Elburz Mountains to Pahlevi, on the Caspian. Even the chauffeur knew that I had been in the effulgent presence of the King of Kings, and there was awe in his manner. At the hotel, waiting for the Baku boat, I met my Persian-American friend of three weeks earlier to prove that some foreigners are not murdered for their luggage. Off-handedly I mentioned that I had spent an hour with the Shah; the news spread through the seaport, and a reporter had an hour of glory on the southern edge of the Caspian Sea.

In the larger world the interview was printed one day, noticed by a few of my friends, and forgotten the next day. Only in my own memory it remains edged with excitement.

XVII

THE LITTLE WORLD WAR IN SPAIN

By WEBB MILLER

WEBB MILLER, in his forty-sixth year, is European news manager of the United Press, and one of America's key reporters abroad, with six wars—from the great World War to the "little World War in Spain"—as milestones in his exciting career. Though he directs a large staff of able correspondents stationed in a dozen capitals, he prefers to cover the really big stories personally. Born in Dowagiac, Michigan, Miller began newspapering on the local *Daily News*. In 1911 he went to work on the Chicago *Evening American*—five years of crime reporting, during which he covered thirty-three murders and three hangings. In 1916 he joined the United Press, reporting the Pershing punitive expedition to Mexico as his first assignment. Then he passed quickly through the Mexico City, Chicago, New York, and Washington Bureaus of the agency, and in July 1917 went to Europe as war correspondent. He covered the Sinn Fein riots in Ireland, went to the British front in Flanders, and then to the American front in 1918. He was present at the battles of Château-Thierry, the Vesle, and the Argonne, and was in the trenches when the Armistice came. He went to the Rhine with the American Army of occupation, and after the Peace Conference served for six years as United Press bureau head in Paris. He was at the Spanish front in Morocco during the war against the Riffs, and in the Ruhr during the French occupation. Few of the major events inside or outside Europe in the past twenty years have been without the benefit of Webb Miller's incisive, colourful reporting. In 1931 he flew to India and back to cover the Gandhi riots: a total of fifteen days and sixteen thousand miles in the air. He covered Hitler's 'bloody week' of purges in Germany in 1934. He did one of the outstanding reporting jobs in Ethiopia from the Italian front lines, scoring a world scoop on the actual start of the fighting. After taking off a few months to write his autobiography, *I Found No Peace*, he rushed to Spain to cover the civil war. He has visited thirty-four countries in all continents 'on assignment.'

THE LITTLE WORLD WAR IN SPAIN

THE summer of 1936 was for me an idyllic interlude of peace. I lived on a farm, alone in a wooden shack twelve feet square perched on the rim of the Housatonic Valley, in Northern Connecticut, writing an autobiographical book. My open windows looked miles across the broad, sunny valley to the wooded green ranges of the Berkshire foothills on the other rim. Peaceful white homesteads among stone-walled fields of waving corn lay on the slopes below, where sleepy cattle grazed knee-deep in lush alfalfa beside sparkling brooks.

The turmoil of Europe seemed only a faint disturbing echo on the horizon. When the last words of my book were written I called it *I Found No Peace*. I did not realize how quickly I should have to make good on the title. I did not know that from this tranquil countryside I should plunge directly into the atmosphere of blood, tears, and terror in Spain.

After I delivered the manuscript my New York office decided that I should sail directly to Spain. I chose to join the insurgent army because it was on the offensive and likely to be more productive from the journalistic standpoint.

After motoring from the French frontier Reynolds Packard and I left Burgos next day before it was light for Talavera, through Valladolid, Avila, and over the grim Gredos Mountains. We were halted forty-seven times for inspection of credentials between the frontier and Talavera.

In the squalid mountain village of La Parra I caught my first sharp vignette of one of the innumerable horrors of the civil war in Spain. While the village guard of four sunburned, wrinkled peasants armed with shotguns examined our papers I noticed a lorry loaded with crude black pine coffins.

On top of the coffins sat four bare-headed peasant women, dressed in shabby black garments. The strange expression of mingled grief, determination, and horror on their weather-beaten faces seized my attention. Then I noticed two men

standing on the ground apparently pleading with them to come down. They harangued earnestly while the women shook their heads stubbornly.

"Pack, let's find out what's happening here," I said.

We questioned the peasant guards. One of them took off his thick greasy felt hat, wiped his brow, and said, "When the *Rojos* [Reds] evacuated this village about two weeks ago they took as hostages twenty-five men who were suspected of sympathizing with Franco's cause. We heard no more until two days ago. Then a shepherd up in the turpentine forest stumbled upon their bodies in a lonely place. All the twenty-five men had been shot down with machine-guns. Their hands were bound together with wire. Their bodies lay in heaps just as they fell. Wild animals and vultures had eaten the bodies; they are in a horrible condition.

"We made some coffins, and are going up to gather the bodies to bury them. These women are widows of four of them. They insist upon going to see the bodies of their men. We don't want them to go because it is too horrible for them to see."

As we left the four women were still sitting on the twenty-five coffins gesticulating stubbornly.

A few miles outside Talavera a sickening stench polluted the air. In the ditches beside the road lay crumpled figures in twos and threes, dressed in coarse blue denim overalls—the decomposed bodies of Government militia killed in the fighting about two weeks before. The faces had turned black under the hot sun. We held our noses in handkerchiefs and hurried past.

On the outskirts of Talavera beside the road we saw six fresh corpses in a heap. There had been no fighting in Talavera for many days, therefore we asked an officer in the city about the newly killed bodies. He knew American slang. "Oh, bumped off last night," he said with a shrug.

Beyond Talavera, near Santa Olalla, we came upon the battlefield where hot fighting had occurred several days before. There the Madrid Government had made its most determined stand to halt the drive upon Toledo. Huddled bodies, sprawling in the grotesque postures in which they fell, dotted the

stubble fields on either side of the road. Bloated bodies of horses on their backs with legs in the air strewed the roadside—some partly across the road, with entrails spilled. Every few hundred yards wrecked, bullet-holed cars and lorries lined the route.

Here and there bodies sprawled partly in the road; no one bothered to drag them out of the traffic. We drove around them and proceeded.

One scene I shall never forget. An armoured car stood on the edge of the road with eight dead militiamen around and in the car. It had broken down in the thick of the fighting. The occupants tried to escape, but were trapped by Moors lying in the ditches. As the crew left the machine to escape the Moors flung hand-grenades, killing them all instantly. Death caught and arrested them in motion as though a film had suddenly stopped, and the bodies were stiffened in the exact postures of their last movement.

The driver, still with one hand on the wheel, had managed to get a leg out of the door when struck dead. An expression of fear and horror contorted his face. Another man was half-way out of the other door, and six others crumpled around the car. Evidently they were taken by surprise, because none had drawn their revolvers.

We pushed on as far as Torrijos, which had been taken a few hours previously.

Buildings were burning, and the cobblestoned streets were littered with household effects and papers thrown out by looters. Moors rummaged the houses, picking up whatever struck their fancy. One tried to sell me a pair of silk socks, and another offered a handful of cigars.

We decided to motor 230 miles back to Burgos in order to telegraph our dispatches, and left next morning before dawn to return to the Talavera front.

By the time we reached Torrijos again the enemy had been driven back many miles and held a line on the high ridges behind the Guadarrama river, only about seven miles to the east of Toledo. Captain Aguilera, seventeenth Count of Alba y Yeltes, bustled round gathering the half-dozen correspondents' cars in the main square.

To avoid attracting the attention of the enemy artillery or aircraft we were ordered to proceed at intervals of seven minutes and drive fast.

About two miles from the Guadarrama we reached a point beyond which it was impossible to go in cars. General José Varela, commanding the column driving to the relief of the Alcazar, and his staff were observing with field-glasses the effects of their artillery-fire upon the ridges ahead.

The front lay in full view on sweeping, treeless ridges which rose abruptly to a height of three or four hundred feet just beyond the river. From where we stood the lines were about three miles away. On our right two batteries of six-inch guns fired continuously. Tall geysers of earth shot up on the nearest ridge where the enemy crouched in 'fox-holes' hastily scooped out in the ploughed fields. We heard a continuous crackle of rifle-fire at the rate of hundreds of shots per minute and saw the flashes.

Through glasses we watched long lines of crouching Moors silhouetted against the skyline, thrusting cautiously round the left flank of the enemy. About two thousand yards to our left lay the *débris* of a three-engined Potez (French) bomber shot down an hour before. The crew of four were killed.

Among the group of tense officers observing the battle I noticed two in the uniforms of the Foreign Legion who appeared to be British. I learned that one was a soldier of fortune named Lieutenant G. W. Nangle, who had joined the Spanish Foreign Legion for adventure; and the other, a tall, slender Englishman with a wispy blond moustache, preferred to be known as Fitzpatrick.

"I came here," he said, "because I hate Reds and want to kill some. I have fifteen cartridges in this revolver, and every one is going to kill a Red." Two days later I gave 'Fitzpatrick' a lift in my car from Talavera. We ran over a dog, but Ricardo, our Spanish driver, refused to halt. 'Fitzpatrick' turned deathly pale at the sound of the piercing howls of the animal, and said in tones of anguish, "Oh, God, some one ought to put the poor brute out of its misery."

Shortly after midday permission was given to advance on

foot with General Varela and his staff, but we must scatter into small groups with intervals of several hundred yards.

Débris of war littered the road, which was sprinkled with blood, apparently from walking wounded. Smashed lorries and carts were in the ditches. Dead horses and donkeys sprawled across the road. One poor horse had been machine-gunned in the belly, and apparently ran in terror up the road, spurting blood, until its entrails spilled out, and it died. Bodies of men like collapsed meal-bags dotted the fields of rye stubble.

John Whitaker, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, and I were walking together down the road about a mile from the Guadarrama, when we heard the venomous swish of bullets over our heads, then the crackle of a burst from a machine-gun a few hundred yards on our right. We dived into a ditch and lay tensely for several minutes. We had supposed there was no enemy nearer than the ridges, but in this sort of open warfare enemy posts were often overrun in the confusion and left behind. While we crouched flat in the ditch discussing what to do a group of Legionnaires came along. We joined them and reached the river without being fired upon again.

We removed our shoes, rolled up our trousers, and waded the shallow stream, for the bridge had been blown up. A lively fusillade continued ahead.

We scrambled up the first bare range of hills. At the crest where the enemy resisted only an hour before they had scooped out in the ploughed fields shallow 'fox-holes' and hastily erected foot-high piles of big, hard clods of earth for concealment.

On the crest we found an amiable, handsome, smiling major nicknamed "El Mizzian," the only Moorish officer in the army. While he talked five three-engined bombers, escorted by four tiny fast fighters, appeared from the direction of Madrid. Several correspondents shouted, "Now we're in for it!" The Major blew a shrill whistle, and hundreds of soldiers within sight melted into the earth instantly, like a covey of partridges.

About a dozen correspondents dived hastily into the nearest

ditch in a jumble of stinking Moorish soldiers, together with "El Mizzian" and Captain Aguilera. In the confusion I drew the shallow top of a ditch full of thistles. As the bombers roared overhead we cringed closer to the dusty earth breathlessly. In my mind I knew that the chances of being hit lying flat in open country were infinitely small, but the body wouldn't heed the mind. My body was frightened, but my mind wasn't.

Aguilera, lower down the ditch where it was deeper, shouted, "Get lower, Miller, get lower, and keep still! They'll see you moving." I yelled back, "Damn it, Aguilera, I'm lying in thistles and can't keep still!" I was acutely uncomfortable, top and bottom.

The bombers thundered past, about two thousand feet above us, and circled the isolated farmhouse we had left an hour or so before. They were searching for Varela's two batteries of artillery which had been sending shells slithering over our heads to the ridge ahead. The whole front was silent and immobile; not a human being in sight from our ditch; only the droning roar of nineteen aeroplane engines in the sky.

In a few minutes the bombers spotted the artillery position, circled, lined in a row, and swooped lower. From our ditch we watched the drama as from a grandstand seat. Once over the position they loosed their cargo; I could see the individual bombs fall. Within a few seconds great columns of earth leaped into the sky. One, two, three . . . twenty, as fast as I could count. They fell so rapidly that the geyser of soil from the first bomb had not yet commenced to settle when the last bomb struck and threw up a solid curtain of earth hundreds of feet high and about three hundred yards long. Then the shattering sound of the explosions reached us, many seconds later. The curtain hung in the air for what seemed half a minute, then drifted away. The bombers wheeled leisurely and headed back towards Madrid. El Mizzian blew his whistle, and the ridge suddenly came to life again; the brown earth erupted brown soldiers, and the crackle of rifle-fire broke out on the next line of hills. Later on we heard that the batteries were wiped out.

I managed to find an eight-by-eight cubicle that night in the squalid Fonda Nacional at Talavera, which boasted a dozen rooms without running water and without mattresses on most of the beds; price one shilling and fourpence per day.

I put my typewriter on the bed, knelt on the floor, and started hastily to write. Soon the door was shoved open, and two surly Civil Guard officers pushed in. The more sinister of the pair said, "Give me your papers." I handed over my passport and military passes, and after verifying the photograph he put them in his pocket.

"But my papers are in order," I protested. He admitted that they were, but said, "Now, where's your baggage?" I indicated my hand-case containing a few shirts, changes of underwear, stationery, and toilet necessities.

They emptied it on the bed and commenced a painstaking search that lasted half an hour. They opened my soap-box; they took each of my safety-razor blades from the packets. With one of them they slit the lining of my bag and felt behind it. I protested as best I could in broken Spanish and demanded to know the meaning of the search, but they refused to tell me.

"You're under arrest. Come with us," said the leader. I demanded that they take me first to the *comandancia*, or military headquarters, where I expected to find a Press officer.

Outside in the darkness a guard of four men armed with rifles surrounded me. We stumbled through the uneven streets darkened as protection against air-raids. I expected that once we found the Press officer I'd be released immediately.

At the *comandancia* I found Lieutenant Roca, lately *attaché* of the Spanish Embassy in Lisbon, now appointed censor at Talavera. At first he listened politely, but when the Civil Guard showed him a slip of paper he stiffened.

"This is a very grave matter. You're under arrest, and you'll have to go to gaol. After an investigation, if you are innocent, you'll be freed. But you must go now," he said coldly.

"But what is the charge against me?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you, but it is serious. You must go with them."

"But I have had nothing to eat all day. Let them take me to the hotel while I eat," I pleaded.

His voice rose in anger. "Get out of here! Take him away!" he shouted to the Civil Guards. They seized me by the arms and led me out into the darkness. At that moment in the lighted doorway of the comandancia I glimpsed Captain Aguilera and shouted in English, "Aguilera, I'm under arrest!" As I shouted the Civil Guards grabbed me roughly and marched me away into the darkness to the Civil Guard gaol.

They seated me in the squad room, where I was surrounded by a group of curious Civil Guards. One planted himself in front of me, grinned maliciously, drew his finger across his throat, and clicked his tongue.

About an hour later Captain Aguilera came in. After a long time in the chief's office he emerged and took me in. The chief apologized. "There was an error. A certain telegram was sent to you from London which was misunderstood. It has now been explained and you are released." This was about 10.30 on the night of the 25th of September.

Out in the dark streets Aguilera said, "You're lucky that you saw me. You know it's war-time, and these Civil Guards act first and investigate afterwards. Your London office sent you a telegram which contained the words 'Assassinate General Mola.' That telegram was intercepted, and orders issued for your arrest. They didn't understand that it was a routine newspaper query about a rumour in London of a plot to assassinate General Mola."

Weeks later I learned more of the background of the affair. Rumours of a plot to assassinate General Mola had reached London. My London office had unwittingly cabled to me, "Rumours plot assassinate General Mola."

There *had* been suspicions by the authorities of a plot to assassinate Mola, and shortly before my arrest a man called Neumann, who claimed to be a newspaper correspondent, had been executed in Burgos in connexion with the suspected plot. Apparently the military authorities at Cáceres had concluded that I too was connected with the plot.

Before dawn next morning we started for the front again.

All that day we were held fretfully at the Guadarrama river. The crucial battle for Toledo was being fought out on the line of ridges ahead.

We heard the chatter of machine-guns; sometimes half a dozen of them rat-tatting simultaneously, sporadic bursts of rifle-fire, and the pounding of artillery.

Three-engined German Junker bombers flown by German aviators made trip after trip, strewing two-hundred-pound bombs on the last ridge. Each time a 'plane appeared officers scanned it eagerly through glasses, and if red markings were discerned the whistles blew, shouts of "*Rojos, rojos!*" went up from the hundreds of red-fezzed Moors and grey-green shirted Legionnaires. Every one scurried for cover under the shelving river-bank, under lorries, and under the thick stone arch of the ruined bridge which extended over the land. That was the safest spot, but would shelter only about fifty men. Moors, Legionnaire privates and officers, and correspondents ran pell-mell and flung themselves two and three layers deep under the masonry, panting and perspiring. Once I was sleeping when the whistles shrilled an alarm. By the time I reached the arch it was crammed with odorous humanity, and I could get only my head and shoulders under the masonry. My protruding parts felt remarkably large and exposed.

In mid-afternoon twelve enemy 'planes, five bombers accompanied by seven fighters, swooped out of the sky over Varela's lines. The bombers came down to two thousand feet and released a shower of bombs about two miles ahead of us which shook the earth where we stood. Wounded Moors, their faces a greenish tinge from pain, were carried across the causeway to ambulances concealed under the olive-trees.

At sunset we drove back to Talavera. Bodies of men and animals which had been lying in the fields beside the road and partly across the road for days were still there. Several times our cars had to turn to avoid hitting them. Around Santa Olalla the bodies (we heard there were about three hundred in this area) had lain nearly two weeks. The stench was revolting; the faces had turned quite black. Ghastly grins contorted the faces of the two dead men sitting upright in the armoured car.

Just beyond Torrijos we halted to verify a story we'd heard repeatedly. The *Rojos* were said to have executed the village priest of Torrijos and tried to burn his body about twenty yards off the road beside the brook. Fitzpatrick, the British officer, told me he had seen the body with hands wired together, partially consumed by fire. We found the spot, but the body had just been buried in a shallow hole. Evidences of the burning of a body and charred bits of a priest's cassock and a few buttons remained above ground.

When we passed the Santa Olalla area next day gangs were gathering bodies from the battlefields, pouring petrol over the heaps, and burning them. The heaps still smouldered and stank. During the next few days I saw six large piles of ashes of corpses within a few hundred yards of one another. One pile was about four feet high.

Twice in my messages I included a mention of the burning of bodies on the battlefield, but upon each occasion the censor cut it out. Undoubtedly he feared that such news would offend the religious susceptibilities of Catholics abroad. Eventually I ascertained that one censor did not read English as well as he might have done. Far down in the text of the next dispatch I included one sentence, "Saw six heaps of ashes of human débris of battlefield." He passed it.

Next day, Sunday, the 27th of September, the Press officers held us in Talavera all the morning. Then reports came that the militia were driven off the last line of ridges; that Toledo would fall at any moment.

At five P.M. from the last ridge, which rose about six hundred feet above the plain, we gazed down into the city lying under mellow autumn sunshine about four miles away. Through field-glasses we detected the Government forces retreating across the San Martin bridge over the gorge of the Tagus in long lines of scurrying lorries. From a hundred yards behind us two batteries fired continuously. Shells slithered above us and sent up great jets of masonry in the city and clouds of dust which drifted slowly away in the light breeze. My glasses revealed that the four great square towers of the massive rectangle of the Alcazar lay in ruins.

An officer told us that the enemy that morning had exploded

two three-ton mines under the Alcazar before commencing their evacuation. The all-important question of the fate of the people in the Alcazar was still doubtful, but a prisoner had stated that the sound of machine-gunning came from the Alcazar immediately after the mine explosions. So apparently some still lived.

At that moment fighting broke out in the cemetery outside the city, and we heard the sharp tat-tat-tatting of machine-guns. Then a red-winged bomber appeared. The officers of the batteries behind us, in a panic lest our group betray the position of the guns, shouted "*Abajo, abajo!*" ("Down!"). Captain Aguilera ordered our group of about forty persons to disperse over the ploughed fields, lie down, and remain still. I flung myself down so enthusiastically that my sun-glasses were broken in my pocket. The fields were speckled with shell-holes and little breastworks of clods of earth behind which the militia had made their last stand before Toledo. Here and there blood sprinkled the clods.

We rode back to Talavera without being able to learn whether the Alcazar had been relieved. Late in the evening the military authorities announced that their skirmishers had entered Toledo, and that most of the people besieged in the Alcazar were alive.

Next day we were again held in Talavera. Press officers said that it was too dangerous yet to enter Toledo.

Late that night the first survivors of the siege of the Alcazar reached Talavera. Packard and I found four eating their first good meal for seventy-one days. Never had I seen men who had lived so long so near to death. Sunken, blood-shot eyes stared out of haggard faces the colour of waxed paper, greyish dust from explosions matted their hair and beards; and dirty, tattered uniforms hung loosely on their emaciated bodies. Although all were young, deep lines etched their faces. A bandage stained with dried blood swathed the head of one wounded in the mine explosion the day before. As they ate their thin hands shook.

Between gulps of food and wine twenty-five-year-old Lieutenant Tomas Katina said, "What kept us alive were ninety-seven horses and twenty-seven mules in the Alcazar. We ate

all except one horse and five mules. We boiled the bones and even the heads and made soup. From the fat we made candles. The enemy cut off our gas and electricity, and down in the underground passages where we lived we had no light except those candles. Without those animals we should have starved to death. Once we captured and carried back two hundred sacks of grain in a night sortie to a warehouse outside the Alcazar which was dominated by our machine-guns.

" We dragged an old car down underground, and rigged up a mill to grind our grain. With the coarse flour the women made a hard, black bread. It was difficult to eat, but sustaining.

" At first we had sufficient water from the deep cisterns inside which collect rain-water. But the supply diminished rapidly because of lack of rain. So the last twenty days we were rationed on one quart of water a day. That's why we look as we do. We couldn't wash or shave. Some of the men gave part of their water to the two mothers of babies born during the siege.

" The most terrible days were those when we heard the sounds of the drills driving holes under the Alcazar for the mines. We knew what they were doing; they shouted to us through megaphones that unless we surrendered their mines would blow us to bits. Day after day we heard the drills. It was like a dentist's drill in your brain. Our engineers discovered the place where the drills worked and roped off that area to keep us away from it. Then one day—I don't remember which—the drilling stopped. Those hours of waiting for the mines were horrible.

" When the mines finally blew up many of us were stunned. The shock was terrific. Thirty were killed. One man committed suicide—shot himself. For minutes the dust and gas was so thick that we lay on the floors gasping or breathing through pieces of cloth. When the dust settled we rushed up to the courtyard with machine-guns and hand-grenades and fought off the attack which followed as soon as the enemy could see through the dust. We killed dozens when they tried to climb up into the courtyard. The *débris* was carpeted with dead and wounded.

"We had a radio which received broadcasts from Madrid, Lisbon, and sometimes Rome. Sometimes in the lulls when there was music some of the younger men and women danced to the music of the radio. We had no means of communicating with the outside, and only knew of the advance to relieve us from the Lisbon broadcasts.

"Several times we were awakened while off duty during the night to fight off enemy attacks. They made eight attempts to fight their way up into the courtyard. These attacks were always preceded by heavy artillery-fire which sent up thick clouds of dust so that it was difficult to breathe.

"We swore an oath to fight until not a single one of us was living. Every one was sure that we should be shot immediately if we surrendered.

"We had plenty of ammunition because a million cartridges were brought into the Alcazar just before the war started. We fired six hundred thousand rounds during the seventy days."

Next day, the 29th of September, we entered Toledo forty-one hours after the relief of the Alcazar, which will rank as one of the most tenacious and dramatic actions in history.

Toledo was again a scene of blood and terror, not rare in its twenty-odd centuries of history.

As we motored down from the hills into the tawny plain the medieval city stood on its granite promontory in a loop of the Tagus deep in a rocky gorge, bathed in golden sunlight.

Columns of thick smoke rose from burning buildings. San Juan Hospital, just outside the city, burned fiercely, and the smoke bore the stench of burning flesh. Trees in the boulevard leading to the main gate were shot off cleanly or torn by bombs and shells.

We entered through the famous Puerta de Sangre (Gate of Blood), the first civilians permitted to enter the stricken city. General Franco and his staff and General Millan Astray were just ahead of us.

Inside the gate lay crumpled bodies covered with dust thrown up by passing lorries. Other bodies with hands wired together behind them were jumbled together at the foot of a

parapet near the gate, apparently tossed over after having been executed.

The east side of the Plaza de Zocodover, Toledo's principal square, had collapsed in a heap of broken stones. Every window within sight had been blown out by the terrific concussion of the mine explosions. Dead horses and mules littered the square through which red-fezzed Moors and grimy, unshaven Legionnaires milled in a pall of dust from masonry pulverized by explosions which lay a quarter of an inch deep everywhere. Here and there huge blobs of blood reddened the pavement, sometimes with a militiaman's cap beside it.

A fifty-foot-high pile of dusty rubble represented the northern wall of the huge rectangular Alcazar towering above the square. The four square towers at the corners of the fortress had tumbled.

Stumbling in single file behind General Franco, we clambered over the vast hillock of broken rubble interspersed with smashed rifles, twisted steel beams, cartridges, and fragments of uniforms. Officers warned us that the ruins contained unexploded hand-grenades; that we must be extremely careful because Spanish grenades may detonate if trodden upon. Soldiers posted at intervals hauled us by the hands over blocks of stone and shouted warnings of grenades in the path. The top of the heap of *débris* led us directly into the courtyard.

Hundreds of gaunt, bearded men, their dazed eyes staring vacantly, their faces the colour of old parchment, their hair and beards matted with the dust of pulverized stone, sent up a wavering cheer of "*Arriba Espana!*" when General Franco entered the courtyard. Women in torn dresses stiff with dirt, snarled hair like tangled strings, wept hysterically. Listless, half-starved children silently stared. The stink of unwashed bodies and human excrement filled the air.

General Franco embraced Colonel Moscardo, commander of the Alcazar, and then spoke to the survivors. Moscardo, tall, stooped, and care-worn, his uniform caked with dust, stood with tears streaming down his unkempt beard while General Franco spoke.

When Franco concluded, "You have written one of the

most glorious pages in Spanish history; in this very edifice constructed at the height of the Spanish Empire you have laid the foundations of a new Spanish Empire!" the survivors of the siege wept hysterically. Beside me an emaciated youth swayed and sobbed uncontrolled. Many of the survivors remained below in the subterranean passages, too weak to climb the stairs.

After the ceremony we picked our way through the *débris* in the courtyard in which were strewn priceless old books from the library of the Military Academy, many pierced by bullets and stained with blood. Medieval paintings torn by bullets and shells lay among the piles of rubbish. One painting of a general had a big splash of fresh blood across the face, although it hung ten feet above the floor. In the library thousands of rare books lay knee-deep on the floor.

In the dark, tunnel-like passages a hundred feet below, lighted only by dim, flickering candles of mule fat, the scene resembled an illustration for Dante's *Inferno*. Here 1670 men, women, and children had worked, slept, and eaten for seventy days. Except for a narrow runway down the middle, the floor was covered with pallets side by side. Famished, haggard women and wizened children still lay inert on mattresses, empty burlap sacking, and piles of historic old uniforms from the museum of the Military Academy. Many were too weak to sit upright. Others sat silently on their pallets clasping their emaciated children and gazed wonderingly at us as we threaded our way through. Children wailed in fright. Every one in this nightmarish dungeon was the colour of mushrooms in dark places. The tunnel had almost no ventilation; the fœtid air gagged you. A scrawny woman proffered a piece of the bread they had lived on for weeks—chocolate-brown, and of flinty hardness.

A tall, hollow-eyed officer stood proudly beside a small, emaciated woman dressed in an old bathrobe sitting on a heap of old uniforms and nursing a tiny baby born only a few weeks before. Shaking with excitement, he wrote in my notebook, "Angel Valero Gonzales, padre del niño que nació en el Alcazar" ("Father of the boy born in the Alcazar"). While we walked through the hell-hole stretcher-bearers

carried out several women who were too weak to walk to the hospital.

From an embrasure in the four-foot thick walls I caught a glimpse of a heap of bodies lying two and three deep in a huge crater a dozen yards outside the Alcazar towards the east. I counted about fifty, but they overlaid one another so that it was not possible to count accurately. Obviously some had been dead many days, for their faces had turned black, and their teeth were bared in horrid grins. The ghastly heap swarmed with flies.

In one dark corner behind a flimsy railing crouched four militiamen with legs chained, whom the defenders had kept prisoner throughout the siege. They cringed in grey cloaks, and their sunken eyes even in the obscurity revealed the terror they felt concerning their fate.

An officer gave us official statistics kept during the siege. They showed that 11,800 shells, ranging in calibre from two-inch to six-inch, were fired upon the Alcazar. In one day 472 shells hit the structure. Two thousand hand-grenades and two thousand dynamite bombs were thrown into the building. In thirty air-bombing attacks five hundred air bombs were dropped, two hundred bottles of inflammable liquid, and thirty-five tanks of petrol. Ten fires had been started by artillery shells and bombs.

The number of combatants at the beginning of the Alcazar siege was eleven hundred, of whom eighty-two were killed in fighting and 580 more or less seriously wounded. Fifty-seven completely disappeared after the mine explosions, probably blown to bits, or buried under *débris*. Thirty deserted or were otherwise unaccounted for, five died natural deaths, and three committed suicide, unable to bear the strain.

Besides, 520 women were in the Alcazar, with fifty children; two children were born, and one old woman died; otherwise there were no casualties among the women and children, according to the official statement.

After the Alcazar we visited the Santa Cruz Museum. Inside the eastern gallery literally thousands of bullets had raked the walls. Dozens of valuable old paintings were riddled; Roman statues were chipped and broken by bullets. I saw

half a dozen religious subjects, including two Bassanos, which had been slashed by knives. One Christ on the Cross contained thirty bullet-holes. In the corridor I witnessed one of the frequent pathetic reunions one often saw in the streets. A bearded survivor of the siege met a soldier comrade; they embraced wordlessly and remained with arms around one another, weeping silently.

The fabric of the Cathedral, one of the richest Gothic structures in Christendom, remained intact except for the magnificent Flemish stained-glass windows. Most of the 730 windows were blown in by concussion of the mine explosions, and the nave was paved with fragments of rare old glass. A splash of blood three feet long showed on the stone upright of the main entrance. A group of women knelt before a dim candle in thanksgiving prayers in one of the chapels. With difficulty we finally found one of the canons, an unshaven priest in shabby civilian clothes. He said he had hidden for weeks, and had not dared to wear clerical clothing. He said:

"I cannot give my name because I'm afraid my relatives in enemy territory might suffer. There were eighty-five priests in Toledo. All were killed, except about six. The famous Dean Polo Benito was executed. I am one of the only two canons who still live. Sixty-four priests were executed on the twenty-fourth of August as a reprisal for the first air bombing of Toledo. You saw the blood outside on the gateway? One of the priests was executed there.

"We do not know yet what happened to the wonderful treasury of the Cathedral. The priceless custodia of gold and silver-gilt which stood ten feet high and had two hundred and sixty silver-gilt statuettes was broken into three parts. The top part with the monstrance made of the first gold brought by Columbus from America is still missing. [Later it was officially announced that the missing part had been found.]

"As you can see, many pictures are missing, and some of the gold-and-pearl encrusted medieval vestments gone. But there are ten packing-cases in a chapel. Two we've opened contain art objects from the Cathedral, so we hope perhaps all the treasury is there. The enemy had apparently planned to take them away, but didn't have time."

We saw the ten packing-cases and verified that the two which were open contained ecclesiastical art objects.

In the Calle Sixto Ramon Parro, near the Cathedral, I saw nineteen pools of blood, about three feet in diameter, in an irregular row before a wall. Obviously a mass execution had taken place before the wall and not many hours before we entered Toledo, because the blood was fresh. At a dozen other places in walking round the streets I found pools of clotted blood, sometimes with a militiaman's cap lying beside it. Often passers-by had walked through the pools, leaving bloody footprints for yards.

Officers in the Foreign Legion afterwards told us that many executions occurred after General Varela's troops entered Toledo. I concluded that these fresh pools of blood marked the spots where some of the summary killings had taken place.

I could not ascertain what happened at the San Juan Hospital outside the city, which was burning. Mystery enveloped the circumstances under which the fire started. Foreign Legion officers said that a detachment of Anarchists resisted within the hospital, and in the attack upon them hand-grenades set fire to the building. Another told me that more than two hundred wounded men in the hospital were burned to death in the fire. A foreign soldier asserted that the wounded men were killed by hand-grenades in the fighting, and that in three wars he had never witnessed such a sickening scene of carnage.

Apparently several thousand of Toledo's population of twenty-five thousand had remained in the city. Except half a dozen, all the shops were closed, but those which were not looted or smashed by shells were commencing to re-open. In the Calle Comercio every second or third shop had been looted. Away from the area around the Alcazar the buildings had suffered comparatively little except broken windows.

On the following day I revisited Toledo. San Juan Hospital still burned. Another huge column of smoke and fire rose from the Conciliar Seminary. I stood outside it while watching the flames consume rich brocaded curtains, velvet hangings,

paintings, and crystal chandeliers, without knowing about the drama enacted there a few hours before. I noticed a few Civil Guards intently watching the doorways.

Afterwards I met General José Varela, the captor of Toledo, in his headquarters in the writing-room of the Hotel Castilla.

Varela, a handsome, pleasant-mannered officer of only forty-one, told us his version of the burning of the Conciliar Seminary. He said, "Last night we discovered that about forty Anarchists were hiding in the seminary. They had been cut off in the retreat. There was no escape for them. They got themselves drunk on anisette which they'd looted from shops, defied us with shouts of 'Viva la muerte!' ('Long live Death!'), then set fire to the seminary, and committed mass suicide. We think they are all dead by now, but are watching the building so that none escape."

He related another version of the burning of San Juan Hospital. "About a hundred Anarchists were also burned to death in San Juan Hospital. When they were surrounded there and resisted we had to shell the building, which set it afire," he said.

The General added that the enemy suffered about eight hundred casualties in the defence of Toledo, and that among the prisoners captured were fifteen Russians, who, he said, were immediately executed. When I wrote my dispatch the censor deleted the General's statement that the Russians were executed. Varela gleefully exhibited a typewritten telegram, marked *Urgentísimo*, to the Ministry of War in Madrid, signed Enrique Casado, which in the hustle of evacuation had never been transmitted. It was captured in the headquarters of the enemy commander with a cigarette case lying on top of it, and read, "Heavy fighting in cemetery. Cannot keep touch with battalions. Cannot evacuate either wounded or civilians. What shall I do?" Which indicated that the wounded had not been removed from the hospital.

At this period evidences of foreign intervention commenced to become marked. At Avila we saw seventy-two German flyers in distinctive uniforms (not Foreign Legion) 'heiling' one another; twenty-four at León; and about twenty eating in Talavera in the hotel dining-room. Officers arriving from

Cadiz and Sevilla told of the coming of about a hundred Italian tanks manned by Italians. All Franco's aeroplanes were German and Italian. These were coherent forces, and not a part of the Foreign Legion, which is normally 90 per cent. Spanish. At the end of the first six months, according to the best evidence I could get from both sides, about sixty thousand foreigners were fighting in the war, about two-thirds with Franco's armies.

In Valladolid, after five days in bed from the effects of abominable food and bad water, I heard that Oviedo had been relieved. The ancient capital of Asturias, a city of seventy thousand persons, seat of a great university and fine Gothic cathedral, had been closely besieged by Government forces of Asturian miners for ninety days. The tenacious miners held the ring of high hills closely hemming the city. Colonel Aranda, with two thousand men, fought off repeated vicious attacks for three months. In mid-October a column stormed Mount Naranco and managed to free partially one narrow, crooked road into Oviedo, over which convoys of lorries rushed reinforcements into the city.

Packard and I reached Salas, headquarters of the relief column, about thirty-five miles from Oviedo, on the night of the 18th of October, after starting at five A.M. and motoring all day.

Before he permitted us to proceed General Lombarte insisted that we should sign a document acknowledging we had been warned of the danger of entering Oviedo and that no responsibility would fall upon the Franco Government whatever happened. That precaution was extraordinary, and should have given us pause.

Next morning we reached Escamplero, about five miles east of Oviedo, beyond which we had been told it was too dangerous to proceed in our car.

Pacos (snipers) fired every minute or two within a mile of the hamlet. Ricardo, our faithful driver, who had been through numerous tight spots before, got cold feet and stubbornly refused to wait for us at Escamplero. The frequent crack of rifle-shots frightened him, and in the midst of a

violent argument with us he climbed into his car, shouted that he was returning to Salas, and fled.

A young lieutenant in charge of two bus-loads of youthful Spanish volunteers promised to let us ride in his buses. We had proceeded about a mile when furious fighting broke out two miles ahead and held us up all the morning. From nine A.M. fighting continued for four hours. We could see the rifle-flashes and shell-bursts—rifles fired at the rate of hundreds of shots per minute, which sounded like gigantic bundles of fire-crackers. In the six wars of which I'd seen something I had never heard such intense rifle-firing. Then sharp firing broke out on the hills about a mile to our right and also a few thousand yards to our left, and enemy shells whizzed over our heads to burst half a mile behind us.

A few soldiers had a tin of sardines each; the rest had nothing, nor had Packard and I. So we brought maize from a near-by field, built a fire, and roasted the ears.

About one P.M. the battle died down. The buses were loaded, and we started to run the gauntlet. None of these troops had ever been under fire, and were obviously jittery. When the buses approached the slopes held by the enemy they flattened on the floor of the bus; some even placed their bedding rolls round their heads as futile protection.

About a mile from the outskirts of Oviedo heavy rifle-fire suddenly opened upon us from a range of a few hundred yards.

Our driver spurted: the bus swayed and careened precariously round the sharp curves of the rough, narrow trail. One youngster cringed with his head on my legs, pale and shaking with terror. He wrapped his bedding roll round his head and muttered under his breath. The firing continued for three or four minutes—several hundred shots in all. I peeped from the open window once and caught a glimpse of dead and wounded lying in a field a few yards off the road. Three of the wounded shouted at us, and waved their arms, asking to be picked up. But we roared on. A few dozen troops of the relief column crouched beside the road firing up the slope. Hip deep in a brook, a Moor hidden under a culvert leaned out and fired.

I noticed some confusion in the lorry ten yards ahead. After we passed the danger zone our convoy halted, and a dead soldier was hauled out of the lorry ahead and laid beside the road—the only casualty in our convoy.

We went first to talk with General Antonio Aranda at his headquarters in the arms factory. He had commanded throughout the ninety-day siege. Aranda stated that his defending forces had suffered 70 per cent. of casualties—probably the highest percentage of any besieged city in modern times. He said:

“Our little army comprised five hundred soldiers, eight hundred Civil Guards, three hundred Assault Guards, and about four hundred volunteers, a total of two thousand men. At the end of the first seventy-five days we still had fifteen hundred men able to man guns, but at the end of ninety days only five hundred remained, of whom two hundred were so seriously wounded that they were unable to take positions in the lines. Of our eighty officers only twenty were left.

“The civilian population suffered terribly from the constant bombing and rifle- and artillery-fire. Six hundred persons—men, women, and children—were killed and wounded.

“We estimate that ten thousand shells, five thousand air bombs, millions of rifle bullets, and several hundred bottles of inflammable liquid fell into the city.”

Asked how he coped with the well-known Left tendencies of the civil population of Oviedo, General Aranda said smilingly, “Well, of course, we had to imprison about seven hundred whose sympathies were known, and several hundred others managed to slip out to join the enemy.”

He told us that in one day, the 24th of September, during the hundred-and-tenth and hundred-and-eleventh air raids, a total of 1910 bombs were dropped on the city. On another day five hundred fell. The entire Santo Domingo and San Lazaro quarters of the city were heaps of ruins.

At the arms factory a queue of care-worn women, hundreds of yards long, stood patiently with buckets and jugs waiting for their rations of water from the wells there. Early in the siege the enemy had cut the municipal supply. At first three

quarts per person per day were allotted, but recently this had been reduced by half. At the Cervantes, the principal *café*, I could not get a glass of water, but vile coffee and sour wine were available. The broken windows and door were filled with sandbags; candles lighted the dark interior jammed with Moors and Legionnaires. For more than two months there had been no gas for cooking or electricity for lighting; the enemy had cut the supplies.

The seventy thousand persons in the beleaguered city slowly starved. Only half a dozen shops issued meagre supplies of foodstuffs, which were strictly rationed to queues.

Little remained except small quantities of rice, flour, and chick-peas. Although I possessed four thousand pesetas, I could buy no food of any kind during the day and a half we had to spend in the city. Few had eaten a morsel of meat in more than two months—or milk, butter, or vegetables.

During three months Oviedo had been completely cut off from communication with the outside world, except for a small radio used for military purposes.

In the Hotel Francés, the principal hotel, I found several foreign commercial travellers who had been caught in the city on the 18th of July. Their relatives and friends did not know whether they were living or dead. I promised Herbert Zander, a German traveller, that when I returned to England I would telegraph his brother at Elberfeld that he was living. In gratitude Zander gave Packard and me each a plate of boiled chick-peas—the only food we had that day except an ear of roasted maize. About twenty persons lived in the Hotel Francés, but for more than two months it had not been able to provide any food. They formed a community mess, pooled their rations, and lived mostly on rice soup and chick-peas. Their sallow, sunken faces plainly revealed the effects of long malnutrition.

In spite of the 'relief' of the garrison, the enemy still almost completely surrounded the town a few thousand yards outside on the hills. Rifles crackled continually; scarcely a minute passed that afternoon without shots. People casually went about their affairs, but in certain streets hugged the sides of the buildings to avoid bullets.

Children, some still wearing bandages covering wounds, played in the safer streets, oblivious to the fusillade. Two little girls in front of our hotel played a game in which they pretended to shoot one another with fingers imitating revolvers, merrily shouting "Ping, ping!" Another game was called 'bombing.' A boy lay on the ground, while his companion held a half-brick above, then dropped it. The excitement lay in rolling over before the brickbat hit him.

In the Cervantes Café, over muddy coffee, residents told me of the terrors they had lived through. When the bombardment was at its worst tens of thousands lived day and night in cellars for weeks. Typhoid broke out, and many died. On the 6th of October a heavy bomb cut clean through a six-storied apartment building, killing forty-four people living in the basement, and wounding more than a hundred. Another bomb went through a five-storied house and killed fourteen. They said that several hundred women and children had been killed and wounded in the bombings. In mid-October the enemy succeeded in penetrating into and holding one quarter of the city. The defenders tunnelled through the walls of six houses and set fire to twenty-four buildings to drive out the enemy. The entire quarter was then burned.

At four P.M., while we talked, an enemy 'plane appeared. People in the streets scurried for cover in the public shelters and cellars which were marked with pencilled signs. In the *café* nobody stirred. The 'plane dropped four bombs which harmed nobody.

General Aranda had promised to send us out in the next convoy, which expected to leave at dusk. But the enemy had closed in on the road, and it was impossible for convoys to move until they were ejected. We were besieged and forced to remain that night.

The Hotel Francés could provide only one bed. I drew it, and Packard slept on the floor. During the night heavy fighting actually within the city awakened me six times. Many thousands of shots were fired, and artillery roared repeatedly. I was so exhausted that I fell asleep again each time the firing slackened. Once, about four A.M., the Asturian miners thrust their way to within four hundred yards of our hotel. A

dozen bullets smacked against the side of the hotel building. I awakened Packard, who hastily moved his pallet into a corner, and in the darkness we discussed what to do—and finally decided to do nothing. Aranda rushed reinforcements—we heard their running feet in the street below—and beat off the attack.

All the next day firing continued almost every minute all round the city. Military authorities considered the road still too dangerous to travel, and four times the departure of our convoy was postponed. Twice we entered the lorries, then the officers changed their minds. We were exhausted and shaky, for we had had nothing to eat that day except coffee, one tin of sardines, and a piece of bread given us by a Frenchman.

Just at dusk our convoy reloaded and waited again interminably. Officers said we should start the moment an incoming convoy got through. In the darkness the convoy of about twenty-five lorries bringing some three hundred troops roared into the square. It had suffered heavily, and had twelve dead and eighteen wounded.

We started immediately to run the gauntlet once more. Headlights were extinguished, and orders issued forbidding smoking. Everybody lay flat on the floor of our lorry with heads pointing away from the side whence the firing would come. About two miles outside the town firing commenced; the sharp crack of rifles a few hundred yards up the slopes was continuous. At the first shots our driver slowed; we feared he had been hit. Every one shouted frantically, "Go on, go on!" He speeded up the lorry, which plunged crazily in the darkness while we cringed breathlessly on the jolting floor.

I knew that the chances of being hit with only the sound of our racing engines as targets in the darkness were small. I mentally calculated how small a target my body offered while lying prone. But my body insisted upon being frightened. I found myself shaking from fright.

Firing continued for three or four minutes, and I estimated that about four hundred shots were fired. Near Escamplero another flurry of shots broke out, and we found the principal

building of the hamlet in flames from an attack that afternoon.

Late that night we reached Salas, ate a big meal, snatched a few hours' sleep, and left at five A.M. for a long day's trip to Burgos to telegraph our dispatches. Except Paul Bewsher, of the *Daily Mail*, Packard and I were the only British or American correspondents who entered the besieged city of Oviedo, which was still under enemy fire three months later.

I came out of Spain badly shaken by the atmosphere of blood, tears, and terror, and profoundly discouraged about the future in Europe. What I saw and heard of the wide development of the use of terrorism as a definite weapon in warfare was sickening. In merciless ferocity on both sides it resembled in some ways ancient religious wars in which it was an act of piety for a Christian to kill an infidel, or *vice versa*. Never in modern times has there been such a holocaust of cold-blooded slaughter of prisoners, of wounded, and of helpless hostages in thousands. Terrorism of civilian populations by indiscriminate bombing from the air had largely wiped out the distinctions between combatants and non-combatants. Among the dead and wounded on both sides were many thousands of women and children.

"We are fighting an idea," an officer said to me. "The idea is in the brain, and to kill it we have to kill the man. We must kill every one who has that Red idea."

Another amiable, attractive, intelligent young officer told me he had himself executed seventy-one men. "But they started this sort of thing. We had to adopt their tactics," he said.

The rebellion of the military clique, supported by the politically minded clergy, the landlord class, and Falangistas (Spanish Fascists), who saw their old-time privileges menaced by the Republican Government, dragged on six months and still kept going. The leaders of the Franco movement actually expected at the beginning to seize the country within two weeks. They failed to foresee the unprecedented popular uprising which opposed them.

Probably the total casualties will not be known for years, if

ever. But on the basis of inquiries on both sides I believe at least 250,000 were killed in battle, shot as reprisals, or executed out of hand in the first six months. And Spain's agony is not near an end.

“Viva la Muerte!”—the Anarchists' cry of “Long live Death!”—seemed a fitting slogan.

Poor Spain, poor Europe—yes, poor human race!

